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# AMERICANA

(AMERICAN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE)



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The National Americana Society  
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# Americana

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JULY, 1909

# AMERICANA

FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN, Editor

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

**W**ITH the July issue the AMERICAN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE changes its name, widens its field and passes under new editorial management.

The new name is AMERICANA, a title that seems to the publishers more in harmony with the scope of the National Americana Society, but no radical departure from its historical character is intended. There will be an enriching of its resources in this direction, and writers will be employed who have been successful in bringing to the light the buried treasures of our historical literature. Biography will remain a prominent feature, and several notable articles in this line are in preparation.

But Americana is to have a more distinct literary atmosphere from this time. The articles will be rather shorter and more narrative in character; there will be besides the editorial department, several others later on, which will add much to the attraction. The management will spare no pains to make of the magazine a distinguished, progressive periodical, the fitting organ of all that is best in our history and of most permanent value in our American life.

The new editor, Mrs. Florence Hull Winterburn, is a Washington woman who has made a substantial reputation as the author of sociological books, and has been several times associate editor of New York magazines. Completely identified with the interests of her country both by the traditions of her family as well as by her strong patriotism, Mrs. Winterburn is well qualified to take charge of a magazine so essentially patriotic as Americana.

The illustrative department of the magazine will be richer and stronger than ever. The illustrations will include, as formerly, steel plates, half-tones and line engravings in the text.

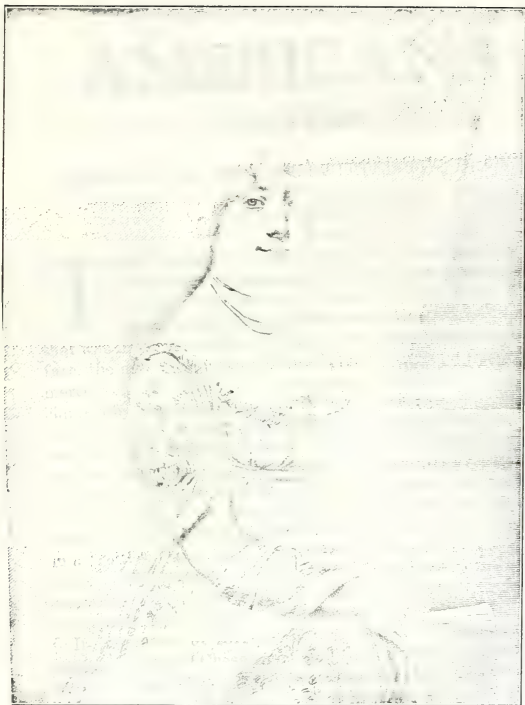
The subscription price will remain at three dollars a year.

Address all communications of a literary nature to the Editor of Americana, and all business communications to

NATIONAL AMERICANA SOCIETY,

154 East Twenty-third Street,  
New York.





THE  
First

DOLLY MADISON



# AMERICANA

July, 1909

HOW DOLLY MADISON OUTWITTED THE BRITISH.

and how By HELEN HARCOURT

**T**HE twenty-fourth of August, 1814, was the most memorable day in the history of our then young national capital. On that day the troops of Great Britain marched through its streets and destroyed all the best that was in it. It was the culmination of two years of fierce warfare, the outcome of British interference with our foreign commerce and the seizure of American sailors under the right claimed by England to search our ships for English deserters.

It was however, with avowed reluctance that President Madison, on June eighteenth, 1812, signed the declaration of war against Great Britain. He knew the power of the enemy, and our own unpreparedness for war, but his calmer judgment was forced to yield to the clamor of the nation and the will of congress. The President declared that such a war could only result in a fruitless destruction of American lives and property. And he was right. When the bloody war of two years was ended, the questions that had caused all the trouble were still far from being settled as the United States desired.

In the winter of 1812 Admiral Cockburn with a squadron of warships entered Chesapeake Bay. His proximity to the national capital naturally excited great apprehension among the people, but General Armstrong, the secretary of war, and other high military authorities, ridiculed the idea of the enemy's attacking Washington. The city was declared to be impregnable, and so vehemently did those who should have known insist on this being





the case, that a bill to increase the military forces in the District of Columbia was voted down by the congress as being unnecessary.

And as a matter of fact the English admiral had at this time no thought of attacking Washington, supposing the city and its approaches to be well fortified. His object in entering the bay was not a dangerous attack on the capital, but a safe attack on the defenceless seaboard town and villages, dock yards and harbors. Accordingly, he bombarded every little town that could be reached by his ships. Marauding parties were landed, towns pillaged and burned, many of their inhabitants killed or carried off as prisoners, and others wounded and left to die or live as the case might be. Such superfluous cruelty gained for their perpetrator the contemptuous title of "Cockburn the marauder." The very mention of his name filled timid hearts with terror, brave ones with scorn and hatred.

As the months rolled on the admiral became emboldened by success, and drew nearer and nearer to the capital. And still, in spite of the urgent advice of the President, his military chiefs derided the idea of danger to the city of Washington. Finally, in the early summer of 1814, came the startling news that a fleet of transports carrying a large force of Wellington's veterans had sailed from Bermuda for the Potomac river. Then at last active steps were taken for defence. A hasty cabinet meeting was held and the President laid before it a well considered plan of defence, which was eagerly adopted. The execution of the plan was placed in the hands of General Winder, and he was authorized to raise an army of ninety-three thousand men.

But now, as ever from that day to this, "red tape" obliged the general to submit to annoying and useless delays at every step. Official interference and leisurely ways handicapped his every effort even in the face of impending danger. His urgent call for volunteers too, met with but a feeble response, and ten thousand raw, undisciplined militia instead of the desired ninety-three thousand, were all that answered the call. The only quick response came from the gallant Commodore Barney, who, with his little flotilla of fourteen armed vessels, took his station in the Patuxent river, twenty-five miles south-east of the city.



In the meantime the British were not idle. Admiral Cockburn's squadron had been joined by twenty-one others under Admiral Cochrane, and these, carrying the five thousand veterans from Bermuda, under General Ross, entered the Patuxent river on the eighteenth of August. Two days later, the brave Barney, realizing that the only hope of saving his flotilla was to conceal the vessels, retreated as far up the river as it was possible to navigate them. Then, leaving a few sailors on guard with orders to burn the ships rather than permit them to fall into the hands of the enemy, he himself marched with four hundred of his men to join the militia who were hastily assembling.

Suddenly, on the early morning of the nineteenth, the people of the towns and villages lying between the Patuxent river and the capital, were startled from their slumbers by the furious clatter of a horse's hoofs through their main street, and the voice of a man shouting: "To arms, to arms, Cockburn is coming!"

Fast upon the heels of the excited rider came the official intelligence that a British force of five thousand troops under Cockburn and Ross had landed not more than forty miles from the city. The hated name of Cockburn was full of terror, and all along the route women and children prepared for flight to the woods. Some men also fled, but more, thank heaven, prepared to defend their homes and their country.

General Winder ordered a large detachment of militia to march out to intercept the enemy, whose avowed intention was to overtake and capture Commodore Barney and his brave band of four hundred sailors. The latter, however, succeeded in joining the militia unmolested. It was only now, it would seem, that emboldened by previous impunity and enraged by his failure to intercept Barney, Admiral Cockburn resolved to march on the cherished seat of the American government. One document above all others he vowed to seize and destroy, the hated Declaration of Independence; two persons above all others he vowed to capture and send to England as prisoners,—the President and his wife. It was the belief of this gallant persecutor of helpless women and children that thus the British government could wrest whatever terms it desired from the audacious Americans.





Admiral Cockburn succeeded in neither one nor the other of his objects. The bravery of one frail woman alone, however, stood between the spoiler and the precious document that he would have destroyed, a woman in whose honor a grateful nation should long ago have erected a monument in memory of her heroism in saving its most precious treasure from destruction.

In the midst of all the wild excitement following upon the news of the landing of the British, Mrs. Madison, Dolly Madison, as the people termed her with affectionate respect, continued quietly in her accustomed round of duties, although she was not quite satisfied by the assurances of her husband and General Armstrong that there was no danger of the enemy invading the city, as General Winder had ample forces for driving him back.

But serene though she seemed, Dolly Madison's senses were on the alert. The spirit of unrest was in the air; the gathering of troops, the roll of drums, the galloping couriers from the outlying army, the hurried flight of the people, bearing such household goods as they could carry, the shouts and cries in the streets, all imbued her with a sense of impending calamity. And, as the event proved, with reason. Each succeeding dispatch from the front told of the continued advance of the British without opposition. On the afternoon of the twenty-second, Mrs. Madison's husband bade her a hasty farewell and sped away on horseback to join Winder on the field. Then indeed, his wife's anxiety and dread became acute.

Scarcely had the President left the city when came the startling news that the flotilla in the Patuxent river had been burned to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy, who was now at a point almost opposite to the city. Wild rumors of all sorts added to the ominous news. Nor was the general terror lessened the next morning by a dispatch from James Monroe, secretary of state, who, with General Winder, had been reconnoitering, "The enemy is in full march to Washington. Have materials prepared to destroy the bridge. You had better remove the records."

Had a bomb alighted in the midst of government circles the consternation could hardly have been greater. Not a moment was lost in beginning the work of saving the records and public



documents. All that day and late into the night every clerk and official worked at top speed. In the midst of scenes of wildest confusion, Dolly Madison waited anxiously for tidings from her husband, knowing that his life was in danger not only from his natural foes, but from his own affrighted people who on all sides were loudly blaming him for the failure to check the British advance and to defend the city. To the worse than uncertainty of her own position, Dolly Madison gave little heed, though most of her personal friends had left the city, after vainly urging her to accompany them. The White House guard of one hundred men had deserted in a body, and it was with difficulty that the few servants were kept from following their example. At last came a hasty note from the President asking his wife to be ready at a moment's notice to enter her carriage and leave the city.

Soon brave Dolly was at work. Her first thought was for the valuable national documents that were stored in the White House. These, with the help of the remaining servants, were quickly packed into the two or three trunks that could be taken in the carriage. No personal belongings of her own or her husband's could be saved. It was impossible to hire a wagon or conveyance of any kind. Such as had not been pressed into service for the army, had been captured by the departments for the removal of the government records. When wagons failed, anything that could run upon wheels was eagerly seized upon by the terror-stricken citizens. Wheel barrows, dump carts, ox-carts, hand carts, sledges, big boxes, and even row boats set on hastily constructed runners in lieu of wheels, were piled high with household goods and with women and children and invalids, and hurried out of the city. Thus, those who were so fortunate, but the majority could find no medium whatever for removing their personal belongings, therefore the most valuable articles were buried, and their owners generally remained on guard, hoping with a forlorn hope, to find some means of saving their property from the ruthless foe.

As the day wore on all sorts of rumors filled the air, and the excitement and disorder increased. The British were advancing; there had been a battle and the Americans were retreating; the slaves were preparing for an uprising, and were arming



with knives and whatever other weapons they could procure. The government clerks, spurred on by desperation, summarily seized every wagon in sight, ejecting army rations and private goods and replacing them with bags and bundles of priceless records and documents. Thus the twenty-third of August, 1814, closed on a scene of uproar and fearful suspense.

As may well be imagined, that was a sleepless night for Dolly Madison. Repeatedly urged to fly from the approaching perils she as often refused to go until her husband returned or she was assured of his safety. Sunrise on the morning of that fateful twenty-fourth of August found the brave mistress of the White House at a window, eagerly scanning the horizon with a field-glass. All through the morning she waited and watched, hoping to see a loved form approaching. In the distance she saw only groups of soldiers marching here and there. Towards noon these groups united and got into active motion, and then presently came the dull, rumbling roar of cannon from a point scarce five miles distant.

It was on the famous tract known as the "Blandensburg dueling ground" that the British met the Americans who had hastily assembled, ready to fight a wholesale duel for the honor of their country, a duel on the result of which depended the fate of the national capital. It needed no prophet to foretell that result, when six thousand tried veterans hurled themselves upon three thousand raw, undisciplined militia, many of them under fire for the first time.

The Americans fought bravely, but in vain. Individual valor could not withstand the disciplined attack of a perfectly trained foe with a settled plan of battle, which latter was totally lacking on the part of the Americans. All evidence points to the fact that the whole engagement was hopelessly mismanaged by the American general. A Washington, a Moultrie, a Marion, would have spared the national capital the disgrace and destruction of an invasion by an enemy who now boastfully announced his intention to capture the President and his wife and to burn the nation's treasured Declaration of Independence.

The only portion of the American army which distinguished itself, were the sailors under Commodore Barney, who served as



gunners and made a stand so heroic and determined as to evoke the admiration of their enemies. This gallant band might have saved the day had they not been forgotten then, and a retreat ordered, leaving the brave sailors to their fate. Even so they fought on, yielding not one jot until they saw their noble leader fall wounded and helpless. Still they would have continued the hopeless struggle but for his stern commands to leave him and save themselves. "Go, your country can't spare you," he said, "I command you to retreat while you may." He himself was taken prisoner by the triumphant enemy, and, as he said later on, "was treated by them as a brother."

Laughter is akin to tears; humor is a sister to adversity. Prominent among the militia was a company from Baltimore, composed almost entirely of the higher classes, and therefore nicknamed the "Silk Stockings." After their return home as vanquished heroes, its members were quite naturally made a target for good-humored jokes. One of the men was a witty fellow, and not even misfortune could drown his sense of humor. "Yes," said he, when teased on the subject of their encounter with the foe, "The British did get the better of us at first, but we got the better of them in the long run!"

Of how the battle was faring, however, no word reached the city. For two hours it raged with ceaseless fury; so much the people of the doomed capital knew, because they could hear the roar of the big guns, the rattle of musketry. But at last, emerging from the distant smoke of the conflict, arose a cloud of dust in the road. The cloud grew larger and larger as it swept on towards the city. In its midst was a rider, the inglorious vanguard of the coming flood of fugitives. His horse was foam-flecked, himself covered with blood and begrimed with powder, panic-stricken and shouting hoarsely as his weary steed dashed up Pennsylvania avenue,

"Fly, fly, the enemy are coming!"

Close behind the messenger who bore into the city of Washington the first definite of the defeat of the Americans and the approach of the British, came General Armstrong, secretary of war, he who had so persistently laughed to scorn the idea of danger to the capital. He was not laughing now. Behind him





swept on a terrified mob of terrified militia, in a whirl of dust and of horror. Their panic spread as panics will. Men, women and children rushed for the river, crossed the Long Bridge, and sought hiding places in the woods of Virginia in a perfect frenzy of fear. The terror of "Cockburn the Marauder" was as great as would have been that of a band of savage Indians.

Two gentlemen on foaming horses dashed up to the White House to inform its mistress of that which needed no telling, and to urge instant flight. Mrs. Madison calmly bade them secure their own escape, but for herself, she would remain until the last possible moment in the hope of seeing her husband return and of accompanying him in his flight. So bravely Dolly waited, but not in idleness, and her friends reluctantly waited also, patrolling the streets near by. In one of the state parlors hung a valued life size portrait of the "Father of his Country." This Mrs. Madison resolved should not be lost to the city, or at least not desecrated by the hands of the enemy. The portrait was in a heavy frame screwed to the wall. There was no time to unscrew it, so she ordered one of the few remaining slaves to loosen the frame with an axe, and lay it upon the floor. She then cut the picture without injuring it save at the very margin. Carefully rolling up the precious portrait, she wrapped it in coarse brown paper, with a ragged edge of old muslin conspicuously protruding, so that it looked like nothing more than some "old clothes," treasure of a poor woman to whom she hastily confided the package. This trusty woman was a Mrs. Baker, and she at once started in a hack for Georgetown. The studied choice of the most forlorn old rattletrap of a hack that could be found, resulted in its passage without molestation. Who would have dreamed of a famous treasure of the American republic being concealed in such a dilapidated conveyance and in the custody of a solitary old woman? No one, and that was just what shrewd Dolly Madison calculated upon. "But," said she, as her faithful messenger departed on her mission, "If there is danger of the portrait falling into the hands of the British, destroy it. It must not be desecrated by their touch." It was not, and to-day is one of the treasures of the nation.

Scarcely had Mrs. Baker left the mansion when the two gen-



plemen again dashed up to the door. "Fly, fly," they exclaimed. "The British are almost upon us!" Then at last brave Dolly felt that the time had come for her retreat. And now came the moment of inspiration, for such it must have been, that has made the name of Dolly Madison immortal in the heart of every true American. She was in the act of hurriedly stepping into the carriage when she turned to look back at the beautiful home she was about to abandon. She had no doubt that it would be burned to the ground. Had she overlooked anything of special value?

Startling as a lightning flash in the midst of darkness, came the answer. The Declaration of Independence! Yes, she had indeed lost sight of this, the most precious of all the treasures of the American people. Better that any other document should be lost rather than this. Specially guarded in a glass case apart from all other documents, and in an apartment but seldom entered, it had been forgotten in the wild rush and packing of more conspicuous papers.

"Thank Heaven that I remembered in time," gasped Mrs. Madison, turning red and white, "I must go back!"

"Stop, for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried her astonished friends, as the gallant little woman, regardless of the danger of delay, darted into the house and sped into the room where was the priceless document for which she was willing to sacrifice life or liberty, if need be to secure its safety. The case was locked, the key was not at hand, and so pausing only to wrap her handkerchief around her hand, Dolly Madison drove her little fist right through the glass door, and snatching up the precious document, waved it triumphantly over her head as she met her anxious friends at the door. Entering her carriage at last, she was driven rapidly out of the city in the direction of Georgetown, the Declaration carefully concealed in the folds of her gown, where it remained during the remainder of her flight.

The doomed city had been left but a short distance behind when having learned that the enemy had not yet reached the capital, Mrs. Madison ordered her reluctant coachman to return to the White House in the hope of gaining some tidings of her husband. Her joy, therefore, was great when presently she met him approaching on horseback, accompanied by several other



gentlemen. Mournfully the party turned their backs upon their beloved city, forlorn fugitives, like hundreds of others, desperately seeking a haven of refuge. Crossing the Potomac to the Virginia shore, Dolly Madison set off for a rendezvous some miles up the river where the President planned to meet her on the following day, his pressing duties preventing his accompanying her further.

The roadway was so crowded with fugitives, military and civilian, with horses and wagons and sledges, that Mrs. Madison was finally obliged to leave her carriage in the woods and tramp through the scorching heat and deep sand, and in the midst of a mob of rough soldiers, country people and insolent negroes who rudely pushed her aside and insulted her with coarse and angry remarks. To these, whenever she was recognized, were added insults and threats against her husband. Thus, suffering, humiliated and exhausted, she took refuge in a farmhouse for the remainder of the night.

The battle of Blandensburg ended at four o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of August; at eight o'clock "Cockburn the Marauder" marched triumphantly into the city. As we have seen, the admiral had openly avowed to destroy the document so revered by the young republic, and to capture the President and his wife. With this first object in view he marched his troops to the Capitol, in the belief that so precious a document would be stored there and in a conspicuous place. Cockburn at the head of a detachment of officers and privates, burst in the doors and entered the building. A hurried search was made for the coveted paper. Needless to say, in vain, and angered by failure, Cockburn mounted the speaker's chair, and with mock gravity, put the question, "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burnt?"

The hint was sufficient. A shout of delighted assent rang through the building. Papers and other combustible materials were piled under the desks and set on fire. The magnificent Congressional Library was broken into and there also books and papers were heaped up and fired. In a few moments the stately building that had been twenty years in course of construction, was a mass of seething flames. Involved in this wanton destruc-



tion was a vast quantity of official documents of great historical value which had been stored in the library.

Another of the chief objects of Admiral Cockburn's invasion was the capture of the stores in the navy yard and arsenal, but as he had been forestalled in the capture of the Declaration of Independence by brave Dolly Madison, so was he forestalled in this object also by the commandant of the navy yard, Commodore Tingley. Acting under orders received from the navy department, he set fire to all the stores, magazines and shipping as soon as he was assured that the British had actually entered the city. This second failure to make good his boasts still further incensed the brutal Cockburn.

From the burning Capitol he turned to the White House hoping to intercept the flight of the President and Mrs. Madison. Here too, as we know, he met with disappointment. Finding the White House locked and deserted, the vandals fired volleys of musketry into the windows, then battered down the doors and swarmed into the building, breaking mirrors and furniture, raided the provision closets and enjoyed a hastily prepared feast in the state dining-room. The banquet finished, the soldiers threw the costly dishes on the floor, looted the silverware, ransacked the mansion from attic to basement, looting every small article of value, and finally finished their work of destruction by setting fire to the stately building.

Guards were left at the Capitol and White House to prevent the outraged citizens from attempting to extinguish the blaze, while Cockburn marched his marauders up Pennsylvania avenue and set fire to the Treasury building and those of War, State and Navy departments. Not content with the destruction of public buildings, many handsome private residences were fired, among them that which had been the residence of the first President.

A detachment of troops were sent to destroy the Patent office building, and their commander, finding that to set it on fire would involve the destruction of a number of dwelling houses, prepared to batter down its walls with cannon. Needless to say that this commander was not Cockburn, else had such a trivial consideration not deterred him from using the torch. The head of the Patent office at that time was gallant William Thornton,





and seeing what the enemy was about to do, he threw himself in front of the cannon.

"Are you Englishmen or Goths or Vandals?" he cried indignantly. "This is the Patent office, the repository of the inventive genius of America, in which the whole world is concerned. Would you destroy it? If so, fire away and let the charge pass through my body!"

The cannon was not fired and the Patent office and its valuable contents were saved by the heroism of this one man who risked his life for the good of others.

Fanned by the gusts of a coming storm, the fires that had been started in various parts of the city spread in all directions with increasing fury, lighting the streets with a brilliancy greater than that of daylight, and revealing the marauders looting the houses and reveling in their terrible work of wanton destruction. Higher and higher leaped the flames, spreading further and further until the whole city was enveloped in a sea of flame whose lurid glow startled the people of Baltimore forty miles away.

The mighty waves of flame rolled and surged high above the doomed city until it seemed as though the black vault of the heavens were afire. And as if excited to frenzy by the horrors of the scene, and anxious to pit the powers of the elements against the comparatively puny efforts of man, thunder and lightning broke forth in a storm of almost unparalleled violence. For hours wind, rain, thunder and lightning raged with increasing fury until the dawn of day, when a hurricane of terrific proportions completed the ruin that the flames, extinguished in many places during the night by the deluge of rain, had left unfinished.

Overawed as they might well have been, at the fearful devastation wrought by their own hands and supplemented by the powers of nature, the British marched silently out of the city on the night of the twenty-fifth of August, retreating in haste, having received information that a large force of Americans were preparing to intercept their return to their ships on the Patuxent river. It was an additional evidence of the incompetency of the military chiefs that this information was false, and that the British were permitted to reach their haven of refuge on the



twenty-sixth without the slightest molestation. Their advance had been made through a country which the Secretary of War himself described as "covered with woods, and offering at every step strong positions for defence." But in spite of this advantage, as Cockburn contemptuously remarked "Not a single musket was fired during the retreat."

And what of brave Dolly Madison? According to appointment she was rejoined by her husband on the twenty-fifth at a small tavern sixteen miles from Washington. Arriving before the President, she was at first refused admittance, and it was only the fierceness of the storm that finally induced the rough mob which had taken shelter in the tavern, to permit her entrance, though the permission was accompanied with gross insults. She who a week before had been the idol of the populace was now contemned and humiliated because that same populace had turned against her husband, who, of all the high officials, was probably the least to blame for their misfortunes.

Gladly therefore, Dolly Madison left this inhospitable shelter on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth, in disguise and attended only by a friend and trusty soldier. The President had been compelled to leave her on the twenty-fifth, having heard that Cockburn had learned his location and had sent a detachment in pursuit. Reaching Washington on the night of the twenty-sixth, Mrs. Madison paused only to take a brief and mournful survey of the smouldering ruins of her late beautiful home and then drove to the house of her sister which had escaped the general disaster. Here she anxiously awaited her husband, who presently rejoined her in safety.

The noble capital of the young republic lay in ruins, but its destruction roused the spirit of patriotism of whole American people. Forgetting party lines and partisan bitterness, they rallied as one man to the support of the government, and by glorious victories of Baltimore and New Orleans effaced the disgrace that had fallen upon the nation, and wiped out the shameful defeat at Blandensburg. From the ashes of the inglorious fall of the capital city, arose another and greater city, a vertiable Phoenix, the grandest and most beautiful city in the world to-day.



But all the spirit, all the patriotism, all the wealth, all the architects in all the earth, could never have replaced the priceless piece of parchment that Dolly Madison risked her life and liberty to save for her country's honor and glory. Surely for such a heroic deed her memory should be enshrined in every heart, and perpetuated by a grateful nation. Among all the distinguished men immortalized in Statuary Hall, none are more worthy the place than Dolly Madison, the preserver of the sacred Declaration of Independence.



## THE SONG OF PEACE

### A LEGEND OF OWOTANNAK

BY AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS

**O**N late, long winter nights in the northwest, many are the legends, which the old tell the young. Full of charm and mystery are these strange primeval histories which have come down from generation to generation, lip from lip, to present day hearers. Of all these stories, the one which listeners lean most eagerly to hear and the one which the old love most to tell is the legend of Owotannak.

Owotannak, an Indian brave of the Sisseton tribe, was a dreamer of dreams and a singer of songs, a poet of the forest who voiced the wonderful mystery and the pulsing beauty of the wilderness. His eyes were ever open to the fair, changing panorama about him, and his ears were always listening to the symphony of nature's music.

His quick eyes caught numberless shifting changes of color to which others were blind: the delicate network of gray limbs blending into the mauve twilight-haze, the glinting rose-gold of the embers, the deep brown of fir trunks against the blue-white snow, the iridescent sheen of the dragon-fly's gauze-wing, the silver flash of dancing mist-sprites in the marsh, the quiver of rainbow-lights across the distance of open space, the sheathed pinkness of willow buds, the blue gossamer veil, enwrapping the far mountains.

He heard music when to others there was silence. He was sensitive to all exquisite gradations of sound: the muffled fall of snow, the soft stir of bird's wings, the rhythmical swaying of young growing branches, the gentle drop of leaves, the opening of buds, the music of waiting dawn.

He sang of all these things about the camp-fires, voicing the





fancies and dreams of his comrades for which they had no words.

The song he sang most often was his Song of The Unbroken Trail, which was the cry of his restless spirit, his response to the call of the unknown and the untried.

His tribe loved him well. Every Sisseton knew Owotannak's songs. The braves sang them over and over in their hearts, but there was not one in the tribe who could voice a single song which was Owotannak's.

The old braves nodding over their pipes, whispered among themselves.

"A spell is cast about Owotannak's songs—so it is no other can sing them."

Thus a strange air of mystery grew about Owotannak and when he approached the camp-fires he was greeted with a certain awe.

Beside his gift of song, Owotannak was miraculously sure with his arrow. His tent was crowded with wonderful trophies of his hunts. His comrades in the hunt watched him bring down zig zagging game with astonishing sureness. Many were the excited tales of Owotannak's prowess which were told and retold among the Sissetons.

Strange it was,—no Indian maid had ever held his thought. His glance which clung so caressingly to the faces of flowers, never rested but passingly upon the fair oval of a maiden's cheek, or the smouldering fire of her passionate eyes. The maidens whispered among themselves that it might be Owotannak was wedded to a spirit-maid—some dream princess of his fantasy to whom he sang his rare songs of love. When sometimes, at twilight, he lifted his wonderful voice full of such haunting witchery, and sang his songs of love, his listeners caught their breath, so poignant was the stinging sweetness of these melodies which gripped their hearts the closest.

One day when the forest was a-pulse with spring promise, Owotannak pushed aside the red kinnikinic boughs and stood upon the edge of the water, singing his Song of The Unbroken Trail. He slipped into his canoe and paddled alone down the river. Upon the wind spiced fragrantly with new pine needles, echoes of his song came back to his tribe who knew that he had



started upon another of his adventurous trips into the unexplored parts of the country.

"When he returns, what tales he will have to tell!" sighed the young braves enviously.

"And his spoils,—always more wonderful than the last," murmured Winnepak, the old chief reminiscently.

It was many days before Owotannak came back. He went far to the southeast where white men were setting up their camps. When he returned, he brought with him no big game, no rich treasure of gems.

They heard him coming far off singing a new song, a pean of joy. And who came with him? They leaned and listened. Like the faint trill of birds above the blue, like the tinkle of far-off bells, like the lute-notes of little singing winds, was the voice which sang in unison with his. When he came in sight they saw that he carried in his arms a little white child, who snuggled her head upon his shoulder in rapturous response to his crooning tenderness.

The Sissetons gazed at the wee child in wonder and crowded about Owotannak with many questions. How had he come by her? Had he stolen her from her people? Where had he found her?

"She is mine, she is content, as you see, to be with me, what matter how I came by her?" Such was Owotannak's answer.

They called her Ortega, "the golden-crested," because of the golden shower of hair which fell softly about her flower-like face.

"The face of her is like the pink of early blossoms beneath the snow," exclaimed one of the Sisseton maidens.

"And her hands! They move like quickly poisoning humming-birds!" cried another.

The old squaws shook their heads as they touched her softly.

"She is like a dream-child. She is so frail, she will soon waste away from sickness, or will die of longing for her own kind."

"Hark, her laugh!" interrupted a young brave. "It ripples like the soft fall of waters slipping along through the willows."

Each day the Sissetons grew in wonder over Ortega. She lived among them quite contentedly with never a moment of sickness.



She was always with Owotannak and the two seemed strangely akin. They were very happy together. Owotannak set before her every dainty of the wilderness and with his own hands, fashioned her garments from soft skins.

Together Owotannak and little Ortega sang about the campfires. They sang of gypsy winds, the wing-to-wing flight of birds, the flow of heedless brooks, the beckon of waving poplar tassels, the vagabonding flash of color in the spring, the hum of insects sharing the summer-sweets, the gold in the forest-lily's heart, the crash of trees in storm, the rush of waters, of all these things they sang, telling endlessly of the heritage of the world's beauty which is mortal's own for the taking.

Sometimes they sang of things of the spirit, which the tribe only dimly understood but which lingered in their memory and roused the dormant poetical response of their beings.

Soon they found that Ortega had a strange kinship with wild things. No creature of the forest was afraid of her. Wild animals came to her and played with her fearlessly. She seemed to understand their language, and answered their calls in mimicry, wonderfully like.

One day there came hovering about her tent a white bird, the like of which the Sissetons had never seen. It brought her berries from the deep of the woods. She took it in her hands each day and kissed its little white crest. Soon the Sissetons perceived that the crest was turning from snow-white to gold, the color of Ortega's own silken hair. Then they came to look askance at her and draw apart from her with wonder and half-fear.

Before many months a strange sickness came upon the tribe. None of the medicine men could stay the disease for it was something for which herbs seemed to have no healing. The tribe fell away till but a handful was left.

Then the white people began to edge their way into the Sisseton's lands. The tribe was worsted in every attack they made upon the white people.

"An evil spell is upon us," declared Winnipak, the chief.

He held long talks with his braves, all except Owatannak, who was excluded from all their meetings, for it was whispered



among the tribe that he had wrought ill luck upon them by bringing Ortega to live among them. At last it was decided that in order to break the spell, both Owotannak and Ortega must die.

So it came that Ortega was bound to Owotannak's back, and together they were tied to the old oak which overshadowed Ortega's tent portectingly by the edge of the lake. Owotannak fought with all his wild strength to save Ortega. He begged to die any death of slow torture if they would but let Ortega go and restore her to her own people. But the Sissetons were deaf to his pleadings. With the look of a wounded deer in his eyes, Owotannak watched his people pile the brush thickly about him.

Winnipak set fire to the brush and a frenzied shout went up as the flames leaped upward.

A hush fell upon the tribe as suddenly Ortega and Owotannak began to sing. It was a song of triumph, this, their last song together, as if they glorified in the liberty of death. Soon the flames reached little Ortega; her golden head drooped, and her voice died away in a soft cadence.

As Owotannak heard Ortega's voice grow silent and her little body relax in death against his own, his voice rang out in an imperious call. He cried out to his tribe for an oath that they would make a vow of peace with Ortega's people, the white settlers who were coming into the Sisseton's territory. He sang so compellingly that the tribe huddled before him, and brokenly shouted their oath to hold peace forever with the white people.

Then Owotannak chanted a Song of Peace, a melody so solemn and full of unearthly beauty that it rang out through the forest-gloom like some spirit-song. It ended with a low minor note, then Owotannak's voice rose in a terrible curse upon his tribe should they ever break their vow and raise a hand against Ortega's people.

Owotannak's head dropped back against Ortega's and as Death softly muted his glorious voice, the gold-crested bird fluttered down from the oak into the flames and perished with them.

At the sight of the white bird, the Sissetons sprang forward, as if released from a strange thrall, to rescue the two victims from the flames. Remorsefully they unbound Ortega from





Owotannak's body, and frantically sought to bring the two still figures to life. But their healing touches were futile. The tribe gathered around silently for the death rites.

Winnipak, impelled by some inexplicable force commenced to sing Owotannak's Song of Peace. All the tribe took it up, amazed that they could voice a song which Owotannak had sung. They buried Ortega and Owotannak together beneath the old oak. Each night thereafter the tribe sang the Song of Peace, the only song of Owotannak's they could ever sing. Then one by one they each dropped two handfuls of earth upon the grave, in token of their remorse. So faithfully they observed this rite, that the grave grew to be a great mound.

One morning the Sissetons awoke to find the mound and the old oak tree separated from the rest of the land, floating in the lake. They named the new island the Isle of the Golden Spirits.

Every night, as they listened at the hour when Ortega and Owotannak were burned, they could hear,—as those whose spirits can perceive other than things of earth, can still hear, in the rustling leaves of the fire-scarred oak, the echoing Song of Peace, sung by the soft spirit voices of Ortega and Owotannak.

So it was that the Sissetons became and remained forever a tribe of peace.

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\*It is an historical fact that the Sissetons were a tribe of peace.





Joseph M. Smith



## HISTORY OF THE "MORMON" CHURCH\*

BY BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS

ASSISTANT HISTORIAN OF THE CHURCH

## CHAPTER I

## THE ANCESTRY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET

## I

*The Smiths of Topsfield, Massachusetts*

ON the paternal side the ancestry of Joseph Smith the Prophet, can be traced only to Robert Smith, who is known to have come from England to America in 1638, when about fifteen years of age. Nothing is known of the antecedents of Robert in England. After his arrival in America he settled in Essex county, Massachusetts, where he married Mary French, by whom he had ten children. Robert is accredited with having begun life in a humble way; with having won the esteem of his neighbors; and with having prospered fairly well as to material things. He purchased two hundred and eight acres of land located partly in Boxford township, partly in Topsfield. He was usually spoken of as Robert Smith of Boxford, but some times of Topsfield. He was esteemed as a quiet, unassuming man; interested in the welfare of Boxford, and generous to the needy. It was from this man that the Mormon Prophet descended through the following line:

- Samuel (I) third son of the above Robert;
- Samuel (II) first son of the above Samuel;

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\*The official name of the Church is, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; but for reasons that are obvious the name by which the organization is more generally known is here used.



—Asael, second son of the above Samuel (II);

—And Joseph, second son of the above Asael, and father of the Prophet.

In view of recent efforts to account for the Mormon Prophet and what are regarded as his "more or less abnormal performances," in bringing into existence the Book of Mormon, and founding the "Mormon" Church, the study of his ancestry becomes important, since no pains are spared in making systematic pathological studies of that ancestry in the hope of finding some abnormalities that would justify the theory that the Prophet's revelations were but hallucinations, the product of a mind diseased. It will be well, therefore, to state what is known of this line of men from whom the Prophet descended, as also to inquire concerning his maternal ancestors.

Samuel Smith (I) son of the aforesaid Robert Smith, was born January 26, 1666. He was a carpenter by trade and married Rebecca Curtis, daughter of John Curtis; and to them were born nine children, two sons and seven daughters. Twenty-three days before his death Robert Smith made his will, which bears the date of August 7th, 1693, in which he appointed his wife Mary and Samuel (I) his executors. But later, and at the request of both mother and children, Samuel (I) became sole administrator of his father's estate, a substantial testimony of the family's confidence in his ability and integrity. The letter of administration was issued from Judge Jonathan Corwin, October 3rd, 1698. After the settlement of the estate, Samuel (I) moved from Boxford to Topsfield where he became an influential member of society, and while a carpenter by trade, he was also a land owner, and held several offices of trust. He died July 12th, 1748.

Samuel Smith (II) first son of the above Samuel Smith (I) was born January 26th, 1714. He inherited from his father the homestead in Topsfield, and married, first, Priscilla Gould, by whom he had five children. After her demise he married, second, her cousin of the same name. From the number of public offices Samuel (II) filled and the length of time he served in them, it is evident that he was a man of education and enterprise, prominent in the affairs of Topsfield, and active even in the affairs of





the State. From the public records of Topsfield town it appears that he was grand jurymen in 1760; in 1770, road supervisor; in 1779, 1780, 1783, 1784, and 1785 he was on the Committee of Safety.<sup>1</sup>

From 1771 to 1777 and in 1781 and 1782 Samuel (II) was assessor and selectman in Topsfield, declining the honor in 1783; he was moderator of the Topsfield town meetings—chosen by the ballots of the people at each meeting—in 1758, 1759, 1760, 1762, 1764, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1782, and 1783; recognizer of debts in 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1782, and 1783; representative to the General Court (H. of R.) in 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1772, 1777, 1778, and 1781; town clerk in 1774, 1776, and 1777; delegate to the Provincial Congress at Concord, October 11, 1774, and again January 19, 1775. He was chairman of the local "Tea Committee," and thus had some part in that movement which more than any other of the preliminary steps of resistance to Great Britain's encroachments upon the rights of the colonies, gave good earnest of the greater resistance so soon to follow.

In the "Massachusetts Archives"<sup>2</sup> is found the following entry:

1. This was a patriotic organization that grew out of the "provincial congress" movement, that had John Hancock for President. Dr. Joseph Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill, was chairman of the committee. It was made the duty of the committee to collect military stores, with power to call out the militia—(Fiske's "American Revolution" I.—Cambridge edition—p. 129: "History of the United States," Morris, p. 189), in a word, to prepare for the impending Revolution. Feeling surprised that the "Committee of Safety" should have been perpetuated in Topsfield, according to the town records—from which the above information was obtained, a letter was written to Mr. George Francis Dow, Secretary of the Topsfield Historical Society, which elicited the following answer, bearing date of April 28th, 1909:

"Committees of Correspondence" were organized as early as May, 1764. The first one being in Mass. At the beginning the correspondence concerned a federation of Colonies, but as the Revolution drew near the towns appointed 'Committees of Correspondence' to keep in touch with the central Committee located at Boston. This central committee early in 1775 was styled 'The Committee of Safety and Correspondence for Boston,' and similar Committees in all the other towns in the Province shortly began to adopt the name 'Committee of Safety.' That Topsfield's Committee continued to be elected until March, 1785, is not surprising. The war was not over until the spring of 1783 and political conditions were in a very unsettled situation for several years. The Committee was in a way the mouthpiece of the central agency at Boston and in turn represented the influence and political power of the town, as a unit in the government of the State."

2. "Civil Government," Fiske, p. 26.

3. Vol. 157, page 510.



“Province of the Massachusetts Bay. To the honorable the general court, Committee Accounts now Sitting at Wattertown:

“The selectmen of Topsfield hereby exhibit for allowance the account of the powder and lead that the said selectmen delivered out of the town stock, to the minute men and others, to the number of 32, in the whole—and all of the town. It being what they expended in the engagement with the ministerial troops, on their retreat from Concord on the 19th day of April last, viz: One quarter of a pound of powder to each man, amounting in the whole to eight pounds of powder, and also to each man 12 leaden bullets, amounting in weight to 17 pounds. By order of the selectment of Topsfield.

Topsfield, April 11, 1776.

Pr. Sam'l Smith.”

Samuel (II) was active throughout the Revolutionary war, and was known as “Captain Samuel Smith,” a title he received from service in the militia. He died November 14, 1785, in the ninth year of the Independence of the United States, to obtain which independence he had devoted courageous and efficient service. On his death he left an estate valued at five hundred and forty-four English pounds, which roughly estimated would be equivalent to \$2,700. His obituary published in the “Salem Gazette” of 22nd of November 1785, said of him:—

“Died.—At Topsfield, on Monday the 14th instant, Samuel Smith, Esq., aged 72.—So amiable and worthy a character as he evidently appeared, both in public and private, will render the memory of him ever precious. For a number of years he represented the town in the General Court, where he was esteemed a man of integrity and uprightness. His usefulness among those with whom he was more immediately conversant was eminent. He was a sincere friend to the liberties of his country, and a strenuous advocate for the doctrine of Christianity.”

“The memory of the just is blessed.”

Asael Smith, second son of the above Samuel Smith (II) was born 7th of March, 1744. His early life was spent in Topsfield, and at twenty-three he married Mary Duty, of Windham, New Hampshire, in which place he lived for sometime, thence moving successively to Dunbarton, and Manchester in the same State.



During the American Revolution he served, though with less distinction than his father, in the American army.

On the death of his father, Samuel Smith (II), Asael returned to the old homestead at Topsfield, which he had inherited. At Topsfield, Asael was made to feel the pressure of sectarian intolerance. It is evident that he had strong inclination himself towards that system of doctrine known as universalism—the belief that all souls will finally be saved, that good will finally triumph, universally and permanently.

He was a man of strong convictions in religion, courageous, outspoken, but tolerant withal; and held to the view, not so popular then as it afterwards became, that men should be free to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. These views brought upon him the displeasure of the severely orthodox, who, at that time were swayed by the spirit that regarded toleration with the suspicion, so well expressed in the following quatrain:

“Let men of God in courts and Churches watch  
O’er such as do a toleration hatch,  
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice  
To poison all in heresy and vice.”<sup>4</sup>

This long had been the spirit dominant in New England, and therefore when Asael Smith made free to express his unorthodox opinions and further emphasized these by giving shelter in his home to a despised and persecuted quaker, it brought such displeasure of the community upon him that he resolved to leave Topsfield, the home of his fathers, and seek a more congenial society. He went first to northern New Hampshire, thence to Tunbridge, Vermont, where with the aid of his sons he cleared a large farm of virgin forest. In the later years of his life he made his home with his son Silas at Stockholm, St. Lawrence county, New York, where he died October 31st, 1830, in his eighty-sixth year.

4. These lines were found on the person of Thomas Dudley, who was the author of them, at the time of his death. Dudley, it will be remembered, was associated with John Winthrop, as Deputy Governor of Massachusetts. “Beginnings of New England,” Fiske, p. 125.



It is necessary to deal further with the character of this ancestor of the Mormon Prophet, since he is much relied upon by the hallucination theorists to prove the physical and mental defects which they feign Joseph Smith, the Prophet, inherited from his forefathers. It has been said that Asael had a physical deformity, that one shoulder was higher than the other. Nehemiah Cleveland, in an address at Topsfield, on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the town's incorporation, alluded to this supposed defect by saying:

"This man, like 'Ammon's great son, one shoulder had too high,' and hence usually bore the significant and complimentary (!) designation of 'Crooked Neck Smith'." One may easily discern the bias of the speaker, as he adds: "He was so free in his opinions on religious subjects, that some regarded his sentiments as more distorted than his neck."<sup>5</sup> The facts in relation to this physical "deformity" are, that while a small child Asael's neck was severely burned, the cords contracted, drawing the neck to one side, and rendering it stiff. This misfortune the malice of those whom he offended by the freedom of his religious opinions seized upon as an "abnormality" that later was pressed into service to account for supposed mental abnormalities in his grand-son, founder of the "Mormon" Church. As to the "distortion" of Asael's mind, two documents of his exist which reflect the quality of his mind so clearly, that he will need no other evidence to establish the soundness of his understanding, the clearness of his intellect, or the refinement of his nature, than their publication.

The first of these documents is a letter written by Asael Smith after his removal from Topsfield, Commonwealth of Massachusetts,<sup>6</sup> and reads as follows:

*Asael Smith's Letter to Mr. Jacob Town.*

"Tunbridge, Jan. 14th, 1796.

"Respected Sir:—Having a favorable opportunity, altho' on

5. "Address at Topsfield, Massachusetts," New York, 1851, p. xxv, quoted by Riley, "Founder of Mormonism," note, p. 63.

6. The original, in 1872, was in the hands of the son of Jacob Town, then the town clerk of Topsfield: who, while not willing to part with the original permitted a copy to be taken by the Mormon Church Historian, George Albert Smith, grandson of Asael, which copy is now on file at the Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City.





very short notice, I with joy and gratitude embrace it, returning herewith my most hearty thanks for your respect shown in your favor of the 30th of November, by Mr. Willes, which I view as a singular specimen of friendship, which has very little been practiced by any of my friends in Topsfield, altho' often requested.

"My family are all, through the goodness of the Divine Benediction, in a tolerable good state of health, and desire to be remembered to you and to all inquiring friends.

"I have set me up a house since Mr. Willes was here and expect to remove into it next spring, and to begin again on an entire new farm, and my son Joseph will live on the old farm (if this that has been but four years occupied can be called old), and carry it on at the halves, which half I hope will nearly furnish my family with food, whilst I with my four youngest sons shall endeavor to bring to another farm, etc.

"As to news, I have nothing, as I know of, worth noticing, except that grain has taken a sudden rise amongst us, about one-third.

"As to the Jacobin party, they are not very numerous here, or if they are they are pretty still; there are some in this state, viz., in Bennington, who, like other children crying for a rattle, have blared out against their rulers, in hopes to wrest from them, if possible, what they esteem the plaything of power and trust. But they have been pretty well whipped and have become tolerably quiet again, and I am in hopes, if they live to arrive to the years of discretion, when the empire of reason shall take place, that they will then become good members of society, notwithstanding their noisy, nauseous behavior in their childhood, for which they were neither capable of hearing or giving any reason.

"For my part, I am so willing to trust the government of the world in the hands of the Supreme Ruler of universal nature, that I do not at present wish to try to wrest it out of His hands, and I have so much confidence in His abilities to teach our senators wisdom, that I do not think it worth while for me to interpose, from the little stock of knowledge that He has favored me with, in the affair, either one way or the other. He has conducted us through a glorious Revolution and has brought us into the



promised land of peace and liberty, and I believe that He is about to bring all the world into the same beatitude in His own time and way; which, altho' His ways may appear never so inconsistent to our blind reason, yet may be perfectly consistent with His designs. And I believe that the stone is now cut out of the mountain without hands, spoken of by Daniel, and has smitten the image upon his feet, by which the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver and the gold, (viz.) all the monarchial and ecclesiastical tyranny will be broken to pieces and become as the chaff of the summer thrashing floor, the wind shall carry them all away, that there shall be no place found for them.

"Give my best regards to your parents and tell them that I have taken up with the eleventh commandment, that the negro taught to the minister, which was thus—

"The minister asked the negro how many commandments there were, his answer was 'Eleben, sir.' 'Aye,' replied the other, 'what is the eleventh? That is one I never heard of.' 'The eleventh commandment, sir, is mind your own business.'

"So I choose to do, and give myself but little concern about what passes in the political world.

"Give my best regards to Dr. Meriam, Mr. Willes, Joseph Dorman, and Mr. Cree, and tell Mr. Cree I thank him for his respects and hope he will accept of mine. Write to me as often and as large as you can and oblige your sincere friend and well wisher.

(Signed) Asael Smith.

"Mr. Jacob Town, Jun."

The second document is an intended posthumous address to his family. This brave, silent man, who had suffered because of his opinions, is conscious that he "is not free of speech," even under any circumstances, but especially not free of speech "when sick or sad." And not knowing what leisure he might have in the hour of death, or how soon death might overtake him, he writes this Address some thirty years before his demise, in which he "speaks his heart" to his beloved ones, and wishes them to cherish the product. Though it was the intention of the writer of the document not to have it delivered to the family until after his demise, yet, owing perhaps to the unexpected prolongation of his life after he had written it, its existence became known to and



was read by the family before the death of its author. The original writing, in a good state of preservation, is now in the possession of a branch of his family, in Salt Lake City, by whom it is treasured, as well it might be, as a sacred heirloom.<sup>7</sup>

*Asael Smith's Address to His Family.*

"A few words of advice which I leave to you, my dear wife and children, whom I expect ere long to leave:

*"My Dear Selfs*—I know not what leisure I shall have at the hour of my death to speak to you, and as you all know that I am not free in speech, especially when sick or sad; and therefore now do speak my heart to you, and would wish you to hear me speaking to you as long as you live (when my tongue shall be mouldered to dust in the silent tomb) in this my writing which I divide among you all.

"And first to you, my dear wife, I do with all the strength and power that is in me, thank you for your kindness and faithfulness to me, beseeching God who is the husband of the widow, to take care of you and not to leave you nor forsake you, or never suffer you to leave nor forsake Him, nor His ways. Put your whole trust solely in Him, He never did nor never will forsake any that trusted in Him. One thing, however, I would add, if you should marry again, remember what I have undergone by a stepmother, and do not estrange your husband from his own children or kindred, lest you draw on him and on yourself a great sin. So I do resign you into the everlasting arms of the great Husband of husbands, the Lord Jesus Christ.

"And now my dear children let me pour out my heart to you and speak first to you of immortality in your souls. Trifle not in this point; the soul is immortal; you have to deal with an infinite Majesty; you go upon life and death; therefore in this point be serious. Do all to God in a serious manner; when you think of Him, speak of Him, pray to Him, or in any way make your addresses to His great Majesty, be in good earnest. Trifle not with His name nor with His attributes, nor call Him to witness to any thing but is absolute truth; nor then, but when sound reason on serious consideration requires it. And as to religion,

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7. "Asael Smith of Topsfield," by Joseph F. Smith, Jr., from Topsfield Historical Collections, Vol. VIII.



I would not wish to point any particular form to you; but first I would wish you to search the Scriptures and consult sound reason and see if they (which I take to be two witnesses that stand by the God of the whole earth) are not sufficient to evince to you that religion is a necessary theme. Then I would wish you to study the nature of religion, and see whether it consists in outward formalities, or in the hidden man of the heart; whether you can by outward forms, rites and ordinances, save yourselves, or whether there is a necessity of your having help from any other hand than your own. If you find that you stand in need of a Savior, Christ saith: 'Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth;' then look to Him, and if you find from Scripture and sound reason that Christ hath come into the world to save sinners, then examine what it was that caused Him to leave the center of consummate happiness to suffer as He did—whether it was to save mankind because they were sinners and could not save themselves; or, whether He came to save mankind because they had repented of their sins, so as to be forgiven on the score of their repentance. If you find that He came to save sinners merely because they were such, then try if there is any other [sinner] so great that He cannot save him; but mind that you admit no others as evidences but the two that God hath appointed, viz., Scripture and sound reason. And if these two witness that you are one whit better by nature than the worst heathen in the darkest corner of the deserts of Arabia, then conclude that God hath been partial towards you and hath furnished you with a better nature than others; and that consequently, He is not just to all mankind. But if these two witnesses testify to you that God is just to all and His tender mercies are over all His works; then believe them, and if you can believe that Christ came to save sinners and not the righteous Pharisees, or self-righteous; that sinners must be saved by the righteousness of Christ alone, without mixing any of their own righteousness with His, then you will see that He can as well save all as any. And there is no respect of persons with God, who will have all mankind to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, viz., 'that there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself





a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' And when you believe this you will enter into His rest, and when you enter into His rest you will know what that rest is, and not before. And having gotten this evidence that God is true, be still adding to your evidence and enjoy your present assurance. Do all to your God as to your father, for His love is ten thousand times greater towards you than ever any earthly father's could be to his offspring.

"In the next place strive for those graces, most which concern your places and conditions and strive most against those failings which most threaten you. But above everything avoid a melancholy disposition, that is a humor that admits of any temptation and is capable of any impression and distemper; shun as death this humor which will work you to all unthankfulness against God, unlovingness to men and unnaturalness to yourself and one another.

"Do not talk and make a noise to get the name of forward men, but do the thing and do it in a way that is fair and honest, which you can live and die by and rise and reign by; therefore, my children do more than you talk of, in point of religion; satisfy your own consciences in what you do; all men you shall never satisfy, nay, some will not be satisfied though they be convinced.

"As for Your Calling—Any honest calling will honor you if you honor that. It is better to be a rich cobbler than a poor merchant; a rich farmer than a poor preacher; and never be discouraged though sometimes your schemes should not succeed according to your wishes.

"Persevere in the way of well-doing and you may hope for success. For myself (who had never your parts nor helps), I never found anything too hard for me in my calling, but discouragement and unbelief. If I was discouraged and did not believe I could do a thing, I never could; therefore, when you think anything is too hard for you, do not undertake it.

"As to Your Company—Abandon all infectious, self-serving companions; when once you have found them false, trust them no more. Sort with such as are able to do or receive good. Solomon gives you the best counsel for this in many places. Read the Proverbs and remember him in this: Forsake not an old friend; be friendly and faithful to your friends. Never trouble



nor trust friends unless there be a necessity, and lastly be long in closing with friends and loth to lose them upon experience of them.

“As to your Marriages—I do not think it worth while to say much about them, for I believe God hath created the persons for each other and that nature will find its own.

“But for Your Children—Make it your chiefest work to bring them up in the ways of virtue that they may be useful in their generation. Give them if possible a good education; if nature hath made no difference do you make none in your affections, countinances nor portions; partiality this way begets envy, hatred, strife, and contention.

“And as for Yourself Within Yourselves—My desire hath been to carry an even hand towards you all and I have labored to reduce you as near as I could, all circumstances considered, to an equality; and, therefore, my last request and charge is, that you will live together in an undivided bond of love. You are many of you, and if you join together as one man, you need not want anything. What counsel, what comfort, what money, what friends may you not help yourselves unto, if you will all as one contribute your aids.

“Wherefore, my dear children, I pray, beseech, and adjure you by all the relations and dearness that hath ever been betwixt us and by the heart-rending pangs of a dying father whose soul hath been ever bound in the bundle of life with yours, that you know one another. Visit as you may each other. Comfort, counsel, relieve, succor, help and admonish one another; and, while your mother lives, meet her, if possible, once every year. When she is dead, pitch on some other place, if it may be your elder brother's house; or if you cannot meet, send to and hear from each other yearly and oftener if you can; and when you have neither father nor mother left, be so many fathers and mothers to each other, so you shall understand the blessings mentioned in the 133 Psalm.

“As to Your Estates—Be not troubled that you are below your kindred; get more wisdom, humility and virtue and you are above them, only do this. Deal with your hearts to make them less; begin low, join together to help one another; rest upon the promises which are many and precious this way. Love mercy



Fac-simile of the concluding  
paragraph of Asael Smith's letter.

Sure I am my Saviour Christ is pre-  
sent and never will fail in one circumstance  
I commit your souls, bodies,  
names, careers, Lives, Deeds  
and all, and my self waiting when  
he shall change my vile body and  
make it like his own most glorious  
Body. and wish to leave to you every  
thing that I have in this - World but my  
selves, and them I take with me to  
the grave, there to be buried in eter-  
nal oblivion. but leaving my portion  
of love I had any, to revive and live  
in you - Amen So Come Lord Jesus  
Come Quickly Amen

The Above was written April  
the 10<sup>th</sup> 1799 and Left for my  
Dearly Beloved wife and children  
to view after my Departure

Asael Smith



and have mercy on yourselves and one another, and I know, I know, I say and I am confident in it, that if you will trust God in His own way He will make comfortable provisions for you. Make no more objections but trust Him.

“For the public—Bless God that you live in a land of liberty and bear yourselves dutifully and conscionably towards the authority under which you live. See God’s providence in the appointment of the Federal Constitution and hold union and order precious jewels. And for the church of Christ; neither set her above her Husband nor below her children; give her that honor, obedience and respect that is her due. And if you will be my children and heirs of my comfort in my dying age, be neither another nor factions of any party or factions of novelty; it is true that this is not a rising way, but it is a free, fair, comfortable way for a man to follow his own judgment without wavering to either hand. I make no doubt but you will hear divers opinions concerning me both before and after I shall sleep in silence; but do not be troubled at that. I did what in my circumstances seemed best for me for the present; however, the event hath not in some points answered my expectations; yet I have learned to measure things by another rule than events and satisfy myself in this that I did all for the best as I thought, and if I had not so much foresight as some others I cannot help it.

“Sure am I, my Savior, Christ, is perfect, and never will fail in one circumstance. To Him I commit your souls, bodies, estates, names, characters, lives, deaths and all, and myself, waiting when He shall change my vile body and make it like His own most glorious body. And wish to leave to you everything I have in this world but my faults, and them I take with me to the grave, there to be buried in everlasting oblivion; but leaving my virtues, if ever I had any, to revive and live in you, Amen; so come Lord Jesus; come quickly, Amen.

“The above was written April 10, 1799, and left for my dearly beloved wife and children to view after my decease.<sup>8</sup>

[Signed] Asael Smith.”

8. The original copy of this article, which is in a well preserved condition, is now in the possession of the Smith family. It was read and well understood by Asael’s family many years before his death and no doubt had a great influence over them in their actions for good. “Asael Smith of Topsfield,” by Joseph F. Smith, Jr., from the Topsfield Historical Collections, Vol. VIII.





Making due allowance for some provincialisms, and in one or two places lack of precision of expression, we have in these two papers documents that one would be glad to find that any ancestor of his had written and left as a family heritage. While as a replica of Asael Smith's mind, character, and manners, they certainly reveal him to be a serious minded man, yet of a pleasant humor, and polite manners. A man of noble independence of mind, yet of child-like humility. Of unbounded faith and trust in the wisdom of Providence and His over-ruling hand in the affairs of nations. Loyal to his country, and full of faith in the stability of the American government, under the over-ruling providences of God. A family solicitude, most admirable; a knowledge of both the problems of life and the best means of their solution. This is not the language of adulation, but merely the summing up of the contents of these two documents.

Joseph Smith, son of the above Asael Smith, and father of the Prophet, was born at Topsfield, Massachusetts, July 12, 1771. He accompanied his father first to northern New Hampshire, thence to Tunbridge, Vermont, where he assisted in clearing a farm of which, four years after it was first cleared, he took possession to cultivate on the half share system, common to those times in New England; while his father and four other sons went on clearing other lands. Here he married Lucy Mack, daughter of Solomon Mack of Gilsun, Cheshire county, New Hampshire. The young people met during the repeated visits of Lucy to her brother Stephen Mack, who was engaged in the mercantile and tinning business with John Mudget at Tunbridge. The marriage took place on the 24th of January, 1796.

Soon after the marriage as the young people were starting on a visit to the bride's parents at Gilsun, the matter of making Lucy a wedding present became a subject of conversation. "Well," said Mr. Mudget, "Lucy ought to have something worth naming, and I will give her just as much as you will;" this to Stephen Mack. "Done," said the brother, "I will give her five hundred dollars in cash." "Good," said the other, "and I will give her five hundred dollars more." They drew a check for one thousand dollars upon their bankers, and Lucy had been provided with her dowery.<sup>9</sup> "This check," says Lucy. "I laid aside,

9. "History of the Prophet Joseph," lby Lucy Smith, ch. IV.



as I had other means by me sufficient to purchase my house-keeping furniture."<sup>10</sup>

Six years Joseph Smith cultivated his farm at Tunbridge—Lucy calls it a "handsome farm—" and then the ambitious pair determined upon a business career in merchandising. The Tunbridge farm was rented and the family removed to Randolph, where in a short time Joseph Smith learned of the large profits in raising ginseng root, the medicinal properties of which were highly prized in China.<sup>11</sup> Joseph invested all the means he could command in this enterprise; and evidently was successful, since a local merchant of Royalton offered him three thousand dollars for the first quantity he had prepared for shipment. As this

10. "History of the Prophet Joseph," by Lucy Smith, His Mother, ch. x. As it will be necessary to make frequent reference to this book, it is proper to say that it was originally published under the title "Biographical Sketches of Joseph Smith the Prophet and his Progenitors for many Generations," by Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet, published by Orson Pratt, Liverpool, England. In the Preface to the edition published in England, Orson Pratt says that these Biographical sketches "were mostly written previous to the death of the Prophet, and under his personal inspection." In this matter Elder Pratt was misled, as Lucy Smith did not begin dictating these memoirs until the fall of 1844, after the murder of her two sons Joseph and Hyrum at Carthage, Illinois. The work was completed in 1845. Mrs. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray was "Mother Smith's" amanuensis; and made two copies of the work, one of which she left with Lucy Smith, and the other she took to Utah and deposited it in the hands of President Brigham Young. The copy left with Lucy Smith fell into the hands of her son Wm. Smith, thence into the hands of one Isaac Sheen, who sold it to Orson Pratt in 1852, when the latter was en route to England on a mission, and called upon Sheen in Illinois. There were some slight inaccuracies in the English edition, the work not being carefully edited, or Mother Smith's recollections correlated with established historical data. In consequence of these errors, and also being displeased with the procedure of Elder Pratt in publishing so important a work without consultation or knowledge of either the Presidency of the Church or the Twelve Apostles, President Brigham Young ordered the edition suppressed. A new edition of the book, however, was published by the Improvement Era in 1901 at Salt Lake City, with the sanction and approval of President Joseph F. Smith, nephew of the Prophet, who wrote an Introduction to the work setting forth the above facts. But instead of the ponderous title of the first edition the more simple one "History of the Prophet Joseph," by his mother, Lucy Smith, is used and by such title it will be referred to in this writing.

There was also an edition of this book published at Plano, Ill., 1880, by what is known as the "Reorganized Church." It follows the English edition published by Orson Pratt. The notes in its Preface and a foot note on page 90-91 bear out the statements above set forth. All the editions are identical in chapter numbering, hence the chapters are given in references instead of pages.

11. Ginseng:—A herb of the genus *Aralia*, having a root of aromatic and stimulant properties, in great esteem in China. The true Manchurian ginseng of China is *A. Ginseng*. *A. quinaue folia* of the eastern United States (doubtless the species grown in Vermont) is closely akin to it, and is exported to China in large quantities. (Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary). In recent years the industry of raising ginseng root has been taken up in Oregon. There is always a good market at high prices for this product, and an immense amount of the stuff can be grown on a small piece of ground.



was but about two-thirds the current value of the product, Joseph determined upon finding a shipper independently, and for this purpose visited New York City. Finally he and Mr. Stevens shipped their ginseng in the same vessel for China, where evidently it sold to great advantage: but through the rascality of Mr. Steven's son, who, according to mutual agreement, went with the cargo to China, Joseph Smith received no returns whatever from this venture. The younger Stevens, after his return told a plausible story of failure to sell the ginseng cargo, but he at once employed eight or ten men and prepared to go into the business of crystalizing ginseng root on a large scale. His embezzlement of the Smith proceeds of the cargo sent to China began to come to light, however; thereupon he fled to Canada, and that was the last the Smiths heard of him. Meantime Joseph Smith's affairs were desperate. He had risked all his means on this ginseng venture. He had lost about two thousand dollars in bad debts while merchandizing. He was owing eighteen hundred dollars to Boston merchants, payment of which he expected to meet from the proceeds of his China shipment of ginseng. The only resource left was the Tunbridge farm. This was sold for eight hundred dollars, about half its value; and Lucy bravely brought forth her wedding dowery deposit of one thousand dollars, and this with the proceeds from the sale of the farm, met Joseph's obligations to the Boston merchants.

After disposing of his farm at Tunbridge, Joseph Smith lived a short time at Royalton, and thence moved to Sharon—the distances not great—Windsor county. Here Joseph rented a farm of his wife's father, Solomon Mack, which he cultivated in the summer and taught school in the winter. By dint of the father following the two occupations, the affairs of the family began to improve and take on an air of comfort. And here, on the old Mack farm, among the hills of Sharon overlooking the beautiful White River Valley, Joseph, the future Mormon Prophet, was born on the 23rd of December, 1805.



## CHAPTER II

## THE ANCESTRY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—(Continued).

## II

*The Macks of New England.*

On the maternal side the Prophet's ancestry cannot be traced beyond John Mack, who was born in 1653, in Inverness, Scotland; and who came to America about 1680. He settled in Lyme, Connecticut, in 1734.<sup>1</sup> The Prophet Joseph Smith descended from this man in the following line:

- Ebenezer Mack, son of the above John Mack;
- Solomon Mack, son of the above Ebenzer Mack;
- Lucy Mack, daughter of Solomon Mack, and mother of the Prophet.

John Mack the Scotch immigrant of 1680 was the original and early settler of that name in the colony of Connecticut, and the ancestor of the early Macks of that State. In the "History of Five Colonial Families," of which the Mack family is one, the following occurs:

"It is thought that the Mack family dropped their original name, retaining the prefix only, thereby being better able to escape persecution on account of their religious belief. It is said that part of their coat-of-arms was a boar's head. The Scotch families of McDougal and McTavish have as parts of their coats-of-arms a boar's head erased. One branch of the family thinks that the original name was McDermon."<sup>2</sup>

Ebenezer Mack was born at Lyme, December 8th, 1697; and became pastor of the Second Congregational Church at that place. He was a man of considerable property and lived in good style, commanding the respect and attention usually accorded those engaged in his calling, and who follow habits of strict morality. But after enjoying these advantages for a time, misfortunes overtook Ebenezer Mack and the family once so comfortably situated was scattered.

Solomon Mack was born at Lyme, Connecticut, September

1. "American Ancestry," Vol. II, p. 76. "Five Colonial Families," Vol. I, p. 343.

2. Vol. I, Appendix. See also "History of the Town of Gilsum," N. H., p. 357. Here also is given the family tradition by Wm. Mack of Stanstead, Canada—"I have heard my father say he never knew a Mack convicted of any crime."





15th, 1732.<sup>3</sup> When misfortune befell his father's family, Solomon was but four years of age. He was apprenticed to a farmer of the neighborhood, and experienced the hardships of an "apprenticed hand"—all too common in New England in those times, and afterwards—long hours of incessant toil, cold neglect, with no schooling, and but little opportunity for self improvement. Not until he attained his majority was Solomon Mack set free from this semi-bondage. Then he entered the service of his majesty, King George II, the French and Indian War being at its height. He saw active service during the next four years, being in a number of important engagements with the French and Indians about Lake George—at Fort Edward, Fort William Henry, Ticonderoga and Crown Point. At the last named place in the spring of 1759 Solomon Mack received his discharge; and the same year he married Lydia Gates, the daughter of Nathan Gates of East Haddam, Connecticut. Lydia was a school teacher. Solomon speaks of her as an "accomplished young woman;" and later in his "Narrative" justifies the description by a further reference to her in the most complimentary terms, in connection with the rearing of their family. The money that accumulated in Solomon's hands by four year's service in the army was invested in lands in Grandville, Washington county, New York, east of Lake George, and near the Vermont line. Part of the settler's contract was to build a number of log houses on the tract he had purchased. About this time Solomon had the misfortune to cut his leg and he was disabled for work throughout the summer. The man whom he employed to build the aforesaid log houses, and whom he paid in advance, absconded with the money, the part of the contract pertaining to building the houses was not fulfilled, and consequently the land with the investment was lost. After this the family settled in Marlow, Cheshire County, New Hampshire. "No other than a desolate, dreary wilderness," is Solomon's description of it, "only four families within

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3. This date is the one given in "Five Colonial Families," Lucy Smith gives the date of birth September 26, 1735. The date of the text is most probably the right one, since Solomon Mack's "Narrative" states that he left his master at twenty-one, to enlist in the service of his country, and describes an engagement with the enemy at Half Way Brook in 1755. If Lucy Smith's date were the right one, it would have been 1756 before Solomon enlisted. The author of the "History of the Town of Gilsun," however, (Silvanus Hayward—1881) gives Lucy Smith's date for the birth of Solomon Mack.



forty miles." But here the talents and virtues of Lydia, his wife, shone out. The pair now had four children, and the husband says:

"Here I was thrown into a situation to appreciate more fully the talents and virtues of my excellent wife; for, as our children were deprived of schools, she assumed the charge of their education, and performed the duties of an instructress as none, save a mother, is capable of. Precepts accompanied with examples such as hers, were calculated to make impressions on the minds of the young, never to be forgotten. She, besides instructing them in the various branches of an ordinary education, was in the habit of calling them together both morning and evening, and teaching them to pray; meanwhile urging upon them the necessity of love toward each other, as well as devotional feelings towards Him who made them. In this manner my first children became confirmed in habits of piety, gentleness, and reflection, which afforded great assistance in guiding those who came after them, into the same happy channel. The education of my children would have been a more difficult task if they had not inherited much of their mother's excellent disposition."

This lady, it should be remembered, was the maternal grandmother of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet.

In 1776 Solomon Mack enlisted in the American army, serving for some time in the land forces, but subsequently with his two sons, Jason and Stephen, he served in a privateering expedition under Captain Havens. After serving his country for four years he returned to Gilsun, New Hampshire. Owing to exposure and the hardships of his early life Solomon Mack's health failed him in his later years; he was feeble and much afflicted with rheumatism. In making journeys about the country in those days he rode on horseback, and for his greater comfort used a woman's saddle—a circumstance pressed into service to emphasize the existence of an "abnormality" in one of the ancestors of Joseph Smith.<sup>4</sup>

The circumstance that, following a severe injury in the head,

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4. The passage recalls the lines of Burns:

"I've scarce heard aught describ'd sae weel,  
What generous, manly bosoms feel."



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## JOSEPH SMITH'S MONUMENT

at

SHARON, WINDSOR COUNTY, VERMONT.

Erected by members of the Church he organized, and dedicated on the One Hundredth Anniversary of his birth, December 23rd, 1905.

### DESCRIPTION.

The monument stands on the crown of a hill eighty seven feet from the hearthstone of the old home, where the Prophet was born; and is 1,350 feet above sea level. The foundation of the monument is of concrete fourteen feet square at the bottom and seven feet deep. Upon this rests the first granite base twelve feet square and twenty inches thick, weight eighteen tons. The second base is nine feet square and two feet thick, weight thirteen tons. Upon this stands the inscription die six feet square at the bottom and two inches less at the top. It is six feet two inches high, weight nineteen tons. It is covered by a moulded cap seven feet four inches square, by two feet six inches thick, weight ten tons. Upon this stands the shaft of the monument four feet square at the base, and three feet at the top—the peak rises three feet higher. Its whole length is 38½ feet, weight thirty-nine tons.

All the granite of the monument is highly polished from base to pinnacle. It is 50 feet ten inches high and weighs nearly one hundred tons. The lines of the monument are squared with the ancient town line of Sharon, running north 40 degrees 10 minutes east, and is parallel with the front of the memorial cottage, built on the spot where the foundation and hearthstone of the old Smith house was found. The inscriptions are as follows: Upon the southerly side in sunken letters—

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
JOSEPH SMITH  
THE PROPHET.  
BORN HERE  
23rd DECEMBER, 1805;  
MARTYRED,  
CARTHAGE, ILLINOIS,  
27th JUNE, 1844.

On the opposite, or northerly side this inscription:

### TESTIMONY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

In the spring of the year of our Lord, 1820, The Father and The Son appeared to him in a glorious vision, called him by name and instructed him.

Thereafter heavenly angels visited him and revealed the principles of the Gospel, restored the authority of the Holy Priesthood, and the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ in its fulness and perfection.

The engraved plates of the Book of Mormon were given him by the angel Moroni. These he translated by the gift and power of God.

He organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the sixth day of April, 1830, with six members.

He devoted his life to the establishment of this Church, and sealed his testimony with his blood.

In his ministry he was constantly supported by his brother Hyrum Smith, who suffered martyrdom with him.

Over a million converts to this testimony have been made throughout the world; and this monument has been erected in his honor, to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, by members of the Church which he organized.

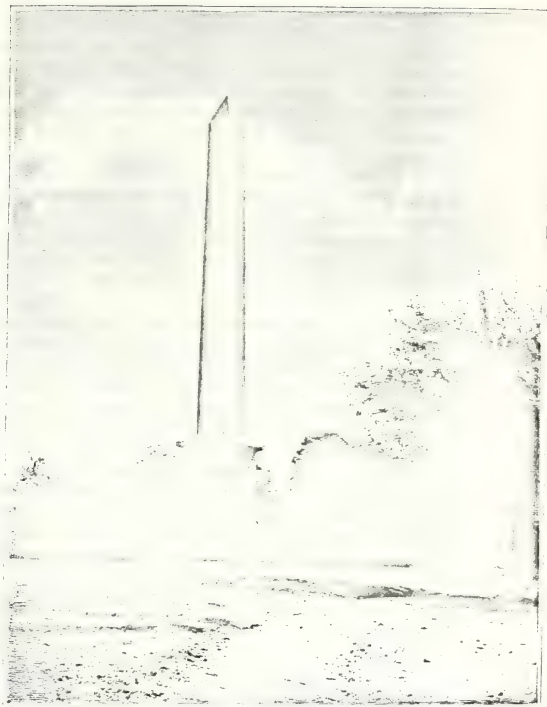
They love and revere him as a Prophet of God, and call his name blessed forever and ever. Amen.

Around the capstone just above the die, in letters three inches long, is the following quotation from the Bible, which led Joseph to seek the Lord:

*"If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."* (James 1:5.)

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JOSEPH SMITH'S MONUMENT

AT

SHARON, VERMONT.





in middle life, caused by a falling tree, he was subject to occasional lapses into unconsciousness is made to do service in the same manner. So, too, some hallucinations of extreme old age attended with failing health.<sup>6</sup> Yet this Old Revolutionary soldier bequeathed to the country whose liberties and institutions he had risked his life to establish, a noble family. His two sons, Jason and Stephen, both served their country in the American Revolution. Jason, who is described as "a studious and manly boy," was of a religious turn of mind, even in his youth, and became a preacher of the Gospel and a social reformer. The chief scene of his activities was in New Brunswick, where he purchased a tract of land upon which he settled some thirty families of the poorer class, and taught them how to become self-supporting; supervising their temporal labors as well as ministering to their spiritual comfort. In such labor the greater part of his life was spent.<sup>7</sup>

Stephen Mack who, as we have already seen, was engaged in the mercantile and tinning business at Tunbridge, Vermont, finally extended his enterprises westward as far as Detroit, Michigan. He was in Detroit in 1812 at the time of Hull's surrender, and had been appointed to the command of a company of troops as captain, although generally called "Major Mack." When subsequently—and shortly after his appointment as captain—he was ordered by his superior officers to surrender, he was so highly indignant that he broke his sword across his knee and threw it into the lake, saying he would never submit to the disgraceful compromise.<sup>8</sup> By the year 1820, according to the writ-

5. "The Story of the Mormons," by Alexander Linn, MacMillan Company, 1902, ch. ii. "The Founder of Mormonism," I. Woodbridge Riley, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1902, p. 64, note.

6. "Founder of Mormonism," Riley, pp. 63-5. "He served also in the Revolution. . . . He was afterwards severely crippled by the falling of a tree and is remembered as riding about town on a side saddle." "History of the Town of Gilsun," p. 207.

7. "History of the Prophet Joseph," (Lucy Smith) ch. xii. "History of the Town of Gilsun," N. H., p. 207.

8. "Without firing a gun or waiting for a gun to be fired by the enemy, Hull hoisted the signal of surrender—a white table-cloth—and gave up the fort and town, and with them the control of the Territory of Michigan, to the enemy. This act filled the whole country with indignation. Hull was declared to be another Benedict Arnold; he was tried by court martial, convicted of cowardice, sentenced to be shot. The President, however, pardoned him, on account of his services during the Revolution." ("History of United States," Morris, pp. 274-5). A later generation has somewhat modified the harsh judgment passed upon General Hull by his contemporaries.



ten statement of Horace Stanley, Stephen Mack was the proprietor of a large mercantile establishment in Detroit—large for those days, employing six clerks. Besides this establishment he had a number of stores in various parts of Michigan, and Ohio. At his own expense he built a turn-pike road from Detroit to Pontiac where he owned a large farm upon which he lived. In 1828 he was a member of the Council of the territory of Michigan. All this would indicate that Stephen Mack was a man of intelligence, judgment, enterprise, and successful withal. When he died he left his family an estate of \$50,000, without incumbrance, which, in those days, was a large fortune.<sup>9</sup>

Lovisa and Lovina Mack, daughters of Solomon, died in early womanhood. Both being of a deeply religious nature they had some experiences in spiritual manifestations and bodily healings regarded at the time as bordering on the miraculous, but which now, in the larger experience of Christian life, including the claims of "Christian Science", and of the "Immanuel Movement," would scarcely be looked upon as ultra remarkable.

Lydia Mack, the third daughter of Solomon Mack, was less religiously inclined than her sisters. Of her it is said: "She seemed to float more with the stream of common events. \* \* \* She sought riches and obtained them: yet in the day of prosperity she remembered the poor, for she dealt out her substance to the needy with a liberal hand to the end of her days, and died the object of their affection."<sup>10</sup>

Daniel, the third son of Solomon Mack, is described as "worldly minded, but not vicious," and was noted for two things: daring and philanthropy. In proof of the first trait he is credited with rescuing three men from drowning in one adventure, at the risk of his own life."<sup>11</sup>

Solomon Mack (II), the fourth son of Solomon (I), was born in the town of Gilsum, New Hampshire, where also he married. He was known as "Captain" Solomon Mack of Gilsum. He stayed close to his home town, traveling no farther than to Boston, to which city for some time his business called him about

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9. "History of the Prophet Joseph," (Lucy Smith) ch. iv.

10. "History of the Prophet Joseph," (Lucy Smith) ch. v.

11. Ibid, ch. vi.



twice a year. But in the rocky hills of the old New Hampshire town prosperity responded to his industry and business acumen, and he was held in honor by the local community in which he lived and died, surrounded by the dignity of a large family.<sup>12</sup>

With Lucy Mack added, of whom something has already been said, and more remains to say—such was the family that Solomon Mack, maternal grand-father of Joseph Smith, the prophet, gave to his country. This veteran soldier of two wars, the French and Indian War, and the War of the American Revolution—especially when it is remembered that in the latter war two of his sons fought by his side—may be pardoned the vanity of thinking that his life warranted the publication of a brief autobiography, even if, owing to an entire absence of opportunity for schooling in youth, the “narrative” was faulty in literary style, imperfect in authography and grammar, and included some “hymns” of doubtful poetic value.<sup>13</sup>

#### NOTES ON JOSEPH SMITH'S ANCESTRY.

Three things are commonly charged against the ancestors of Joseph Smith, the Prophet: “restlessness,” “illiteracy,” and “credulity.”<sup>14</sup> The statement of facts in the preceding chapters on the ancestry of Joseph Smith, drawn from trust-worthy sources of information, and relating to both his paternal and maternal ancestry, as far as it can be traced, may be relied upon to refute all three of these charges, so far as it is necessary to refute them; for to a certain extent these qualities may be admitted without prejudice either to Joseph Smith or his ancestors. For instance, as to

“*Restlessness*.” On the paternal side it can only be alleged as to Asael Smith and Joseph Smith, Sen., grand-father and father respectively of the Prophet. The former removed from

12. “History of the Town of Gilsum, N. H.” “His father lived with him for some years. He was captain in the militia and served the town as select man.”

Also “History of the Prophet Joseph” chs. vii and ix.

13. Both Riley and Linn think it worth while to speak sneeringly of the Old Soldier’s “Narrative,” see “Founder of Mormonism,” pp. 12-18; and “Story of the Mormons,” pp. 8, 9. The full title of this autobiography is as follows:

“A Narrative of the Life of Solomon Mack, containing an account of the many severe accidents he met with during a long series of years, together with the extraordinary manner in which he was converted to the Christian Faith. To which is added a number of Hymns, composed on the death of several of his relations. Windsor: Printed at the expense of the author.”

14. “Founder of Mormonism,” p. 12; also pp. 25, 26. “Story of the Mormons,” pp. 8, 9. Kennedy’s “Early Days of Mormonism,” ch. i.



Topsfield to northern New Hampshire, thence to Tunbridge, Vermont, where he engaged with his sons in clearing farms; and in his old age moved to Stockholm, St. Lawrence county, New York, where he might spend the closing days of a long and arduous life in the midst of his children and grandchildren. As to the "restlessness" of Joseph Smith, Sen., previous to the commencement of his son Joseph's career, as founder of a church, it was manifested only in several removals covering no great distances in Vermont, and New Hampshire; and thence, the longest distance of all, to Palmyra, New York. As to the restlessness of the Macks, it may not be alleged against any of them, except it may be Solomon Mack, maternal grand-father of the Prophet. And even in him only during the period of the French and Indian War, and the war of the American Revolution. Apart from his movements in that period, and one voyage to Liverpool, England, the limits of his "wanderings" were marked by Cheshire county, New Hampshire, and Windsor county, Vermont—located at no great distance apart across the State line. And what is their in this "restlessness" that was reprehensible? And why should it subject these men to the spiteful epithets of "tramp"<sup>15</sup> and "vagabond"?<sup>16</sup> It was only such "restlessness" as sought to better industrial conditions by change of habitat; and the soil of New England, sterile at best, and the uncertainty of the climate in the hill country of Vermont and New Hampshire, at least justified if they did not compel the removals. It was the "restlessness" that sent the people of New England, Pennsylvania and Maryland through the gateway to the west provided by the head waters of the Ohio, into the Western Reserve; and the people of Virginia and the South Atlantic States, over the Appalachian Mountains into Kentucky and Tennessee; and finally westward to the Pacific coast. It was the "restlessness" that led Americans to take possession of their heritage—was this reprehensible?

The biographers of Lincoln have to meet this same charge of a restless, migratory spirit in the great President's immediate ancestors; and Mr. Henry C. Whitney, in his biographical treatise—"*Lincoln the Citizen*," published 1907, in defense of the migrations of the Lincoln family, says: "Migration is an American institution. Instances are not rare of men who have actually lived in a dozen different States; and California, Oregon, and Washington are largely peopled by men who commenced their tours of migration in the Atlantic States, and by slow approaches ultimately reached the ultimate limits of Western civilization.

15. "Story of the Mormons," p. 8.

16. "Founder of Mormonism," p. 33.





Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, and Benjamin Harrison were emigrants." (*Lincoln the Citizen*, p. 59.)

"*Illiteracy*:" This may not be strictly charged upon any of the Prophet's ancestry except, perhaps, on Solomon Mack. Certainly not upon the Smiths of Topsfield, the two Samuels and Asael; for the evidence that refutes the charge is before the reader in these chapters. Certainly illiteracy may not be charged upon Joseph Smith, Sen., father of the Prophet, for he taught school in Sharon; notwithstanding which Linn says of him: "The father and several of the boys could not read!"<sup>17</sup> And while Riley, admits the school teaching, he seeks to minimize the fact by saying: "How much knowledge this would imply is conjectural. The course of study in a Vermont district school at the beginning of the last century did not consist of much more than reading, writing and arithmetic."<sup>18</sup>

The remark is not objectionable. It is safe to say that the educational equipment of school teachers in Vermont and New York was limited; and Mr. Riley himself in a subsequent passage to the one just quoted, gives a sufficient explanation of such limitations: "Of the founders of Vermont it was said that few were versed in the rules of grammar. A like state of affairs existed on the frontiers of New York, where the average school attendance was but three months in the year and where, at the time of the writing of the Book of Mormon, there were not two academies to a county. Moreover in their toils in the backwoods the boys were needed at home. \* \* \* Along with these short comings in education went an equal scarcity of books: every house had its Bible, but of general reading there was a woeful lack. If at this time it cost a day's wages to carry a letter from Boston to Cincinnati, books could not have been widely circulated by mail."

But one whose knowledge extended to "the three R's", who read the Bible,<sup>19</sup> and doubtless other books, ought not to be classed as illiterate. Such illiteracy, then, as may be, in a limited way, attributed to the ancestors of the Prophet, or himself, was that enforced upon them by environment, by lack of opportunity, by the fault of the times, of their location, and of their fortunes; not a deliberate choice of illiteracy in the midst of opportunities to have it otherwise; and hence they bear the charge sans reproach.

17. "Story of the Mormons," p. 11.

18. "Founder of Mormonism," p. 25.

19. "Founder of Mormonism," p. 41-42.

20. See chapter iii.



*Credulity:* Yes; the Prophet's ancestors were credulous in that some of them believed that they were healed of bodily ailments by the power of faith in God. Others had dreams, as their neighbors had, that they could refer to no other than the spiritual forces of this God's world. In common with their neighbors they lived in a spiritual world as well as in a material one; they experienced much that they could not understand, and after the manner of their times and the locality in which they lived, they attributed the phenomena of this spiritual world to God or Satan—the names that stood to them for good and evil forces. It may be admitted that some of them believed in fortune telling, in warlocks and witches—though, to their credit be it said, they are not found among those who burned the witches, or who oppressed others for their religious opinions, or for the lack of religious convictions—all this may be admitted. Indeed it is scarcely conceivable how one could live in New England in those years and not have shared in such beliefs. To be credulous in such things was to be normal people. To have been incredulous in such matters in that age and locality, would have stamped them abnormal. And then, it might be pertinent to ask those who now sneer at the "credulity" of past ages, if their "philosophy" has driven the phenomena of mind, or spirit from the realm of man's experience? Or have they merely satisfied themselves with what seems to them a more rational explanation of the sources of these phenomena? And are they quite certain that they have reached the last analysis of such phenomena? If not, does not the truly scientific spirit, which is the boast of our age, require that they be a little modest before speaking too contemptuously this word "credulity"? Then for Christian people who sneer at the "credulity" that in modern times believes in dreams, in healing of bodily infirmities through faith-power, in angel visitations, spirit voices and promptings, amounting sometimes to revelations—for them there are the origins of Christianity to reconcile with their unaccountable scorn of that "credulity" which merely accepts the reality of just such things as those that are associated with Christian origins. Are not we of this age believing more than our ancestors? Let the bulky tomes of the Society for Psychological Research answer. Is not this the twentieth century? Is it not an age pre-eminent for its precision in scientific knowledge; for universal education; for breadth and soundness of philosophy? And yet as these pages are written the press dispatches are burdened with accounts of the Beatification of Joan D'Arc.<sup>21</sup>

21. This April, 1909, and Joan D'Arc with elaborate ceremonies was splendidly beatified at Rome on the 18th.



the maid of Orleans, the national Heroine of France, and canonization is practically assured a few years later. After the severe trial of thorough investigation, the "spirit voices" that Joan heard in her girlhood, the revelation to her that France would be saved from the English and that she would save it, are declared to be spiritual realities. All our hard-headed science, our philosophy, our universal enlightenment, our thought-to-be skeptical age, cannot drive out these "super-natural" realities from human life. Credulity is not necessarily a badge of ignorance. A truly enlightened age is going to be more thoroughly credulous than an age of darkness. It will not always be an apt saying—"the sligher intelligences are much given to convictions;" nor this, "those who know a few things, believe a great many." Those of the enlightened age to be, now dawning—those of profound intelligence will have the firmer and larger convictions; those who know many things, will believe very many more. And that which men now and in the past have sneeringly called "credulity," may yet stand, as often it has stood in the past, for rational faith in the spiritual realities of life.



## THE HERO IN HISTORY

BY H. L. CONROY

I FEAR that in seeing my heading, readers will be led instantly to suppose that I contemplate intrenching upon the field Carlisle has made so particularly his own in his renowned *Hero Worship*. But if it should unhappily appear, in the course of these pages, that I have been influenced or swayed in my views by that master mind, it is with entire unconsciousness, and only as one in the same line of thinking is necessarily emulative of what is admirable; sometimes echoing without being aware of the imitation, a note or so that has entwined itself with the little songs of his own making.

I wish to say, at the first, that if I owe to any one the direct incitation of this, it is to a certain old Italian literature which recently fell into my hands, and that contained some interesting matter upon the subject of a disputed British chronicle from which the legends of Arthur have been largely drawn. It was in reading of the Arthur of Britton, and comparing him with the Charlemagne of the northern French, that I was borne to reflect upon the great similarity of the views of different men, in different countries, on the stuff that makes a hero. Our own Dr. Holmes once said, in whimsically caustic vein: "The world has got to thinking what it calls an 'intellectual' man to be made up of nine-tenths, or thereabouts, book learning." He was not of this opinion himself, but he was in everything, most original, and perhaps he found at least one reason for not believing a thing, the fact that it was a popular idea. However, it seems pretty evident that most people are contented to take what is current coin of the intellectual mint, without being at the trouble of setting up a little private manufactory of their own. And we find through all the historical legends and chronicles certain well accepted views and superstitions that change only in expressions and are always fundamentally the same.





To chase through all the disguises and metamorphoses imposed by perpetual wandering through foreign lands, the ever delusive and surprisingly familiar *character* has been for sometime past an amusement for me and not the less wanting in zest that others have pursued it before me.

The first thing that has struck me as a constant truth, never contradicted, is that all fables of heroes, in all countries, have a veritable basis in fact. The imagination of man may or may not have wings, but it always has feet; and habitually one foot rests on solid earth. It is as if that glittering trail of color of all the loveliness that "never was on sea or land" were really built on a cobweb form that the first architect constructed, and that no one has ever known how to alter. All the national poets resemble one another in their subjects; all the imaginative historians—those who go out from the beaten path of dry details to dwell somewhat upon the genius of man, the maker of history—place before us something virile, active, ambitious and far-seeing, as the central figure of an epoch, or a century. Everywhere the polished Saladin and the extraordinary Haroun, all with the "main de fer" in ready training to execute vengeance and create fear. Over the border arises the curious figures of Macduff, and of Fitz James, kings who talked philosophy between their adroit sword thrusts; but always with the sword at side. Ever and always, the weapon. What would Charlemagne, or even the revered Alfred have amounted to in history, without their skill in marshalling armed men?

This is the necessary basis in the case; the gift of brute force in the hero. With this to build upon, the historian begins to construct and adorn his figure, according to the ideals of his age. We thus see Mark Anthony rising like a phoenix from the dead ashes of his victims, to sing his own triumphs in melodious verse; the man of the ancient salon; poet, philosopher, sage. But weak as a lover always must be. We see the British general, Arthur, elevated to kingship, and embellished with every virtue belonging to mankind; wisdom, patience, fortitude, but not so successful in the home as in the field of battle. The Henrys, Edwards, and Charlies of England have a strange similarity of character with the ancient Pompeys, Ceasars and Hannibals; and whether



the wind blows from the east or south, and forces before it some ferocious Philip or monstrous Timon, the soft zephyr of fame fails not to smooth out the wrinkles of the angry Simoon, and the historian finds his hero ready made in the traditions of his own land, and only requiring to be well placed in the favorable foot-light of the stage for the world to see.

The same man lives, dies and comes to life again, in Rome, in Gaul, in Ireland, in Norway and in America. Then, there is but one man, and he has the gift of being everywhere at once, and uttering his battle cries in every language known to the civilized and uncivilized world. He has even been found yesterday in Africa, to be lost and re-discovered to-day in St. Petersburg! He is assassinated here to be resuscitated and feted there: always changing and always the same. Does he exist in the mind of his biographer, only, and is his actuality a mere outcome of some striking event that requires a leader to account for it? To separate the fact from the accompanying fancy is a curious part of mental science, and for my part, I am not sure whether all men are heroes, unchronicled except upon rare occasions, or whether the hero is a sort of ornament to facts, like a banner placed on the top of a solid piece of masonry, to draw attention to something of local importance.

But positively, we have first the fact; without a war there is no hero; without victory, no general. In times of peace the king who rests from combat occupies himself in revising the statutes; but King Louis, the Lamb went first to the Crusade, and then talked about the beauty of love to our neighbor. He would have appeared feeble without that background of the bloody Orient, with its over-rid hosts of slain. Arthurt first slew Uther, and then preached to his knights the grace of forgiveness. And the same tales told of him are related of Charlemagne the Great. Which came first, and who borrowed and who loaned the romance that adorns the brow of the hero? It seems to me the most idle of questions; the poetry was all ready made somewhere, to be thrown like a wreath, over the head of the first comer. The Skalds, the trouveres, the minnesingers, the troubadours turned their lay to suit the feeling of worship of power in an individual. What and where the individual, who cared?



And who knows, after a short lapse of time, if the wreath belonged on the head that wore it? Where the fields are so full of the flowers of fancy, every little two penny bard may cull a few blossoms to add to the mass that embellishes the hero of the hour.

But history takes its laudations seriously, and resents misappropriations. It would undo wrongs and "wrest the wreath of fame from the hand of fate," where fate has been too kind. We see now and then, a poor hero denuded of his bravery, and exposed to the scorn of posterity. He either "was not there" when the event happened or he was not equal to the occasion. In either case he is some weakling, masquerading as a giant. The real giants defy time and modern science to hunt them from their haunts. But they cannot have the comfort of knowing it, for during their life time they are simply tentative heroes; waiting on the future generation to ratify or refuse the verdict of their contemporaries. Often over-praise in one decade is offset by a succeeding wave of approbrium, and among moderns, especially when more is exacted than that a hero should hold his own among other leaders, the popularity of a day is no guarantee of continued favor. I am much struck with the extraordinary departure in our history, from the ideals that have so long obtained in the world. It almost seems as if among so many eccentricities, the American people are about to develop the real eccentricity of a new type of hero.

I do not forget that there existed a Bayard, a Percivale, a Gorozola de Cordova, when I say that it is a new thing for a man of peace, a stainless knight of humanity, not a man of the battle field to be placed upon the pedestal of fame by his countrymen, as a national hero. Yet, we are now in way to commit this unheard of act. Among all the men of our land who have been accorded a high place in our annals, none stands so high as Abraham Lincoln, not "first in war" but always and ever we may hope, "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Columbus gave a new world to Spain, and it has passed away from her ungracious hands into those that can hold it more bravely, and more wisely. But Lincoln gave to the world a new type of hero; let that not pass away from us.



## SOME OLD CHURCH SILVER IN AMERICA.

BY MIRIAM CRUIKSHANK

WHEN the Exposition at Jamestown was held in 1907 it was planned that among the exhibits there should be one of old church silver loaned by such of the parishes in the thirteen original states as were existent during the colonial period of our history. Unfortunately, the impression got abroad that this special exhibit was to be purely local in character and when the time came only Virginia and one parish in North Carolina were represented.

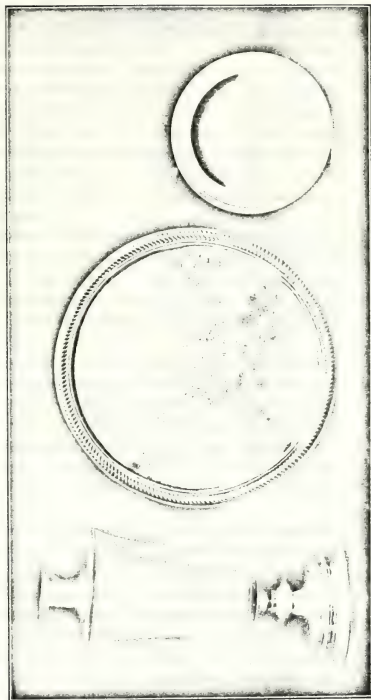
It seemed a pity, for while ecclesiastical silver is probably less interesting to the average collector than rare spoons, historic loving cups or obsolescent patterns in candlesticks; yet it represents its period quite as faithfully as any piece of household or "college" plate. Then too, since the day when Joseph of Arimathaea brought into Britain that treasure for which King Arthur's knights searched so long and earnestly there has hung about the sacramental cup a charm for every lover of legend or history whether he be a good churchman or not.

We do not know the form or substance of that Mystic Holy Grail, "Rose red with beatings in it" upon which Sir Galahad looked before he died; but all traditions and all early eucharistic vessels that have come down to us to prove that a chalice and paten were the two essentials in the serving of the sacred feast. Later usage requires a flagon for the holding of additional wine and in some instances (since the modern paten is small, its bed being of the proper size to fit upon the top of the chalice) a flat plate for extra bread or wafers. In passing it might be added that a full sacramental service has two chalices, two patens and a baptismal bowl; but to hark back to the Jamestown silver exhibit.

St. John's Church, Hampton, Va., which is the oldest active parish in this country, having been founded in 1610, sent a silver







COMMUNION SILVER OF ST JOHN'S, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, HALLMARK, 1618.  
(Copyright, 1907, by Jamestown Official Photograph Corps.)



set that bore the hallmark of 1618—the year the gallant Raleigh was executed, the year of the breaking out of the thirty years war, the reign of James 1.

This silver was brought to the colonies in 1619 to be used in St. Mary's Church, Smith's Hundred, Va., a church that was endowed by a legacy from one pious Mistress Mary Robinson of London, who was desirous of promoting missionary work among the Indians. In the Indian massacre of 1622 the church was destroyed but the silver was rescued and sent to Jamestown. About 1632 it was turned over to the church at Hampton—then known as Elizabeth City—where it has been ever since. It seems as if this silver had indirectly kept alive the memory of that godly Mistress Robinson and her zeal for the Indians' welfare, for the Indian pupils at the Normal school at Hampton attend St. John's and they have placed in the church a memorial window to their own princess—Pocahontas.

The chalice of this set bears the inscription:—"The Communion Cup of St. Mary's Church in Smith's Hundred, Va." One of the two small patens is inscribed, "Whoever shall eate this bread and drink this cup unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord," and the other—"If any man eate this bread he shall live forever."

Scarcely less interesting was the silver sent from the parishes of Pharnham and Lunenburg, which bore the date 1720 and which, so says tradition, was purchased from Queen Anne's Bounty. In 1803 the church in these parishes was confiscated and the silver was put up at public auction. It was bought by a Colonel John Tayloe who presented it to St. John's Church, Washington, about 1816, but in 1876 it was restored to Pharnham and Lunenburg.

Some few years before the outbreak of the Civil war negroes at work in a field in Accomack County, Virginia, dug out of the ground a metal cup of unusual design. Pleased with their discovery, yet ignorant of its value, they carried it to the well to be used as a common drinking vessel. In time the cup attracted the attention of passers by and it was redeemed by Mrs. Peggy Bailey Custis, who had it cleaned and polished. When the mold and other discoloration were removed it was found that the cup



was of silver and bore the inscription—"For the use of the Parish Church of Accomack in Assuaman." Mrs. Custis presented the chalice—which no doubt had been buried in the field for safe keeping during some early war—to Emanuel Church, Assuaman Parish, which Parish loaned it to the Jamestown Exposition.

Among other single pieces in the collection was a chalice from Wicomoco Church, Northumberland Co., Va., which is dated 1711 and inscribed—"Ex Done Hancock Lee to ye Parish of Lee." A flagon from this same parish had the date 1729 and was given in memory of a Mr. Bartholomew Shriver by his son Bartholomew.

The one parish in North Carolina which chose to be represented at the Exposition was old St. Paul's Edenton. This church sent a Chalice and paten, both inscribed, "Ye gift of Colonel Edward Moseley for ye use in ye church in Edenton in ye yeare 1725." In this same old church there is a flagon of unusual design, which tradition says is an old English "pottle" or half gallon tankard. This was given to the parish in 1833 by a Mrs. Mary Granby.

When confronted by the records of the Colonial churches one is almost appalled by the generosity of Queen Anne. Old Trinity, Newport, R. I. owes her its bell—twice recast since 1709. Immanuel Church, New Castle, Del., founded in 1689 received from her royal hand its plate, pulpit and vestments and a large number of the churches in America founded before or during her reign, point proudly to their communion services built in the massive fold prevalent in her time, and undoubtably the gift of the Queen.

It was Queen Anne, it may be remembered, who created the celebrated Queen's Bounty by taking the produce from the tithes and first fruits—hitherto a perquisite of the crown—and devoting it to the needs of church livings, valued at less than fifty pounds a year. Perhaps Her Majesty took pride in the strides made in the art of the smith and the cunning of the artisan during her reign and wished to give their skill the approval of her patronage. Perhaps there was balm to her mother's heart for a row of little graves and a desolate nursery, in the giving of the plate and cup that were to bring spiritual comfort to others who travailed and were heavy laden. Whatever the cause there are



few Colonial parishes that can doubt the munificence of that stout, commonplace dame—the last sovereign of the house of Stuart.

Some of the silver to be found in old churches is of American make—notably the service at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, Lancaster Co., Va., inscribed—"Gift of Capt. David Fox 1669." and the chalice and a small paten at Abingdon Church in Gloucester County. When, as in the latter instance, no date is engraved on the vessel, the interested onlooker must gauge its history by his knowledge of "periods" for the American silversmith places no hallmark upon his wares. It may be that he is animated by the patriotic spirit of that doughty Paul Revere, who practised his art in the early days of our country's history and flouts the custom as smacking too strongly of the ways of Mother England; or it may be that he thinks it a waste of time.

Now, the veriest tyro in the art of silver collecting can tell you that a goldsmith's guild was founded in England in 1300; that a charter was granted to the guild in 1337 by Edward III.; that since that time no piece of silver has been turned out without a hallmark, which is a protection to the dealer and a guarantee of good faith to his patron, for any piece so marked must have passed triumphantly through one of the four assayers' offices of the United Kingdom.

He can proudly point to a leopard's head alone as distinguishing silver made between 1300 and 1337; he can show you the mark of a leopard's head and crown on the silver that was turned out between 1337 and 1545 and he can discant learnedly upon an alphabetical system of dates that was adopted sometime in Edward IV.'s reign (1441-1483) by which the initiated who runs may read; but he cannot combat the iconoclasm of his age.

This is a generation of paste diamonds, of blown "cut" glass, of watered stocks and gold bricks in general. A man who has made a long and exhaustive study of the matter, sorrowfully admits that it is not only a possibility but an accomplished fact for the shrewd and skillful Yankee goldsmith to so successfully imitate the hallmark that is early Victorian, or late Georgian, or solid Queen Anne, as to fool the very elect.

Old St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., which opened its





doors for service on the first of February, 1761, has a record to this effect: That on Feb. 18, 1762, the wardens inform the vestry of the gift from his Excellency Thomas Boone, Esq., Governor of the Province, of a service of silver plate—two flagons, a chalice and cover and a large dish—which “dish” we are authoritatively informed was the plate for holding the bread at the time of celebration.

In 1764 George Somers, Esq., added two silver alms dishes to this collection; in 1816 another chalice was presented by “Elias Horry, Esq., intendent of this city;” in 1819 Miss Anne McPherson gave the same church a silver christening bowl.

When the great Civil war swept the country in the early sixties all this silver was sent to Columbia for safe keeping and when that city was burned by Sherman the silver disappeared. When peace was declared the vestry advertised their loss and in 1867 a gentleman in New York returned one of the flagons which he had come across in a pawn broker’s shop. A year or so later the “chalice cover”—really a paten, was discovered in Ohio and bought by the church authorities. Both of these pieces are engraved: “The gift of his Excellency Thos. Boone, Esq., Governor of this Province to the church of St. Michael’s, Charles Town, So. Carolina, 1762.” The flagon bears also the British coat of arms. None of the other pieces have ever been heard from.

In an obscure North Carolina village there is a little old lady who is the proud possessor of a pewter chalice and paten—all her own. Many years ago these vessels were made in Philadelphia and presented to the first Dutch Reformed Church in North Carolina, where they were in regular use. Time passed by and the church was burned, it was never re-built and the parish was absorbed in a neighboring one of greater pretensions, that had no need of the hamble communion set.

So, after due deliberation on the part of those in authority, it was decided that the two pieces be handed over to the oldest living communicant of the old parish, to be passed on at his death to the next in age. The present owner is the last survivor of that faithful little band and no doubt the unusual legacy will go down to her descendants as a treasured heirloom.



## THE NEED OF SCIENCE IN AMERICAN FAMILY RULE

BY FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN

**I**N studying the constitution of the United States one remarks the wisdom which provided such strict time limitations of authority. Corruption of power rarely follows immediately upon the assumption of it. Men coming into office feel at first that they are watched and are made careful by the sense of their prominence, as an actor appearing for the first time before the footlights is nervously afraid of blundering. This diffidence wearing away after awhile is replaced by a certain callousness; what the people think is not so important after the place is secured. But as nothing is so corrupting as the habit of exercising command, the person in power once ceasing to fear opposition, feels his heart harden and his sympathy dull day by day; the people subject to him become nothing, and the routine which formulates his own ideas becomes everything. Like a lioness defending her young, he would defend his regulations; the offspring of his brain they are part of the *ego*, and to subject them is to cripple him and degrade his dignity.

At this point, before the period arrives for him to grow wanton in the abuse of his power, our constitution steps in and despoils him of it, and installs a novice in his place. The heads of the great departments of our government, petty kings in many respects, have every temptation to become tyrannical and autocratical. What restrains them is the knowledge that their reign is not only limited, but preparatory for their successor. Whatever in their administration is meant only for self-aggrandizement, whatever is not founded upon a just conception of utility will not only be swept away, but will furnish a topic of ridicule for the whole country.

This publicity given to all their proceedings is an effectual check upon self-seeking politicians. If "the spoils of office glit-



ter in his eye" he is obliged to veil his eagerness by a semblance of public spirit. There can be no display of force, and any attempt at dishonesty is so hazardous that only determined rogues venture it. Our statesmen are imbued with a deep belief in the inclination of truth to show itself. With a people so alert, a free press so vigilant and keenly inquisitive, nothing can be long hidden, and men in office must walk in the clear light of noon day.

These precautions are all to prevent unscrupulous men gaining possession of authority. An office is hedged about with restrictions, and a conscientious official has his upright intentions stimulated, and any latent capacity to become a rogue sternly discouraged. Everything depends upon his own conduct. In our judicial department there is the nicest adjustment of liberty of action and moral restraint. The judges are absolutely free from control, and their decisions, however unpopular, cannot be used against them by hostile political parties. And yet their "tenure of office is only during good behaviour," for they are liable to be impeached or tried. So, although they enter upon what is called a life appointment, they realize that it is for a *good* life, one fulfilling all the requirements of morality, decency, and justice. Behind all the temporary enactments made by our rules, and beyond all the authority with which they may be invested, lies the constitution, the supreme authority which may not be set aside, and which may hardly be altered; that has provided for all emergencies, and abrogated all disputes, that holds each man to his duty and checks every impulse toward license.

So much did our wise and cautious forefathers know about human nature, and so rightly did they estimate the appetite of men to abuse power. Yet with all these interpositions, with every restraint and guard that ingenuity can devise and watchfulness maintain, the constant endeavor is made in our country to give office only to the most suitable men. Notwithstanding the "rings and the ring-leaders," the mobs and the mob-laws," and the outbreaks here and there of wicked and undisciplined beings who are inimical to what is orderly and fair, it is proven over and over again, when the test of general election comes, that these evils are of a cast merely local, and that the sentiments of the major-



ity in our country are in harmony with the spirit of the founders of the republic; they uphold the eternal principle of right and justice, and they will intrust the carrying out of the law only to upright and trustworthy men.

And now I wish to draw attention to the great and momentous dissimilarity between the provisions made for securing men of excellent character and abilities to fill places of public trust, at the same time that by both restrictions and watchfulness they are prevented from abusing their power, and the total absence of such selection in character and limitation of power in that private and important province, the family.

In modern times the family has been considered sacred from interference by the law. The police of Russia and Paris, so vigilant in ferreting out crimes, and bringing criminals to punishment, are helpless before the citadel which guards the rights of family relationships. A father may squander his fortune on courtezans and leave his children penniless, a mother may pander to the gambling mania of a depraved son, and deprive her remaining children of the necessities of life; a husband may beat his wife, a parent may cruelly abuse infants, and the victim's tears falling in his own house, are unseen by the public, his cries unheard by the police who have no warrant for entering the sacred family precinct, even if hell were being enacted within, unless the excuse was afforded that the peace of the neighborhood was disturbed, or some desperate sufferer should violate usage and decency enough to sally out and enter a complaint against his family. Children never do this. They do not know that they can, and they would be afraid, for even the protection of the law can affect nothing salutary, except in cases of extraordinary cruelty; it is at best, but temporary, and the power of their parents, for good or ill, permanent. A parent's power is not like that of a judge, "dependent upon good behaviour." It is for life, whether the behaviour be good or ill.

It is apparent that the law taking cognizance of a man only in his public capacity as a citizen, trusts his private life in his own hands, assuming that the same self-restraint which enables him to avoid encroachments upon the rights of his neighbors, will make him faithful to his duties toward his family. The gradual





loosing of authority which has taken place, until among civilized nations men of good conduct think themselves free agents, has regard to the individual in his entirety. The presumption is that a man who is never accused by his fellow men of stealing or lying is honest; that one who shows no signs of being cruel or oppressive is amiable. The world takes the character of a man largely upon trust, having the right of inquiry only into such acts as concern society. In his private relations he has long been emancipated. It is useless to ask if he was ready for this, if the policy which holds him strictly to account for every public act, and leaves him totally unaccountable in his private relations is the best policy. It is the policy that prevails and is, under the circumstances of modern life, the only possible one. A man worthy to be a good citizen of an enlightened republic ought to be so far developed in his moral nature as to need no other officer than his conscience to keep him to his duty to his family. So public opinion declares, and the ideal is a right one.

But it is certain that the facts fall far short. A good citizen, i. e. one who violates none of the laws, and conducts himself to all outward appearances in a seemly fashion, is not necessarily a pattern family man. The explanation is not far to seek. Civil law is a positive thing; there is no ambiguity about an ordinance which forbids the counterfeiting of currency, and puts its veto upon street fights. Uniformed guardians of the peace stroll around casually, and would-be offenders entertain lively apprehensions of the consequences of exploiting their evil impulses. The necessity of attending to these restrictions, acknowledged by generation after generation, has become a habit, and the association of peace and order with obedience has favored the growth of self-control. A certain discipline has wrought a certain effect. The efforts of civilized nations long directed to the point of securing good citizens have been effectual. The repetition of any set of actions long continued, induces a mechanical tendency toward them, and even if there is lacking the mental capacity to apprehend moral distinctions, mere association of pleasure and pain with special kinds of conduct establishes a sort of morality of action that may have every appearance of virtue,



and yet leave the individual totally unenlightened in all matters not directly embraced in his education.

Civil laws are directed, not to conduct in the abstract, but in the concrete; certain acts are forbidden, but beyond a vague and general inference possibly to be drawn by the intelligent mind as to the bearing upon general welfare, there are no reasons of explanations which would induce reflection tending to an extended elevation of moral nature.

Experience goes to prove instead, that close attention to the details of civil codes leads to a rather barren, arid disposition, and discourages sympathetic, lenient views of humanity. So, it appears that the man who has walked uprightly before the eyes of the public all day, intelligently conforming to customs he has inherited a pre-disposition to, and yielding with docility to specific regulations his business and occupations impose upon him, may not, for all his excellent carriage, be the better disciplined in his whole character, or fitted to deal with matters where there is no law to restrict, no public opinion to protest, and no clear code to enlighten. He leaves knowledge in the street and enters upon a realm where *right feeling* and *instinct* are supposed to be his sufficient guides. For business and for citizenship he has had special education, for family life, none. Some slight training in moral philosophy he may have had, but it must be confessed that much that purports to be moral philosophy is not only useless, but an absolute hindrance to the liberal and refined tendencies of our modern civilization. But unless he has had the questionable good fortune to have pursued studies in this line, even of the old-fashioned sort, he is left absolutely without anchor in the swift running sea of domestic perplexities.

Nature, who is snubbed in the courts and offices of cities, brow-beaten in schools, and flouted everywhere else, is given a sort of contemptuous recognition at this juncture. She is supposed to be in charge of the family, and responsible for the actions of its members; although, let it be remarked, it is the rarest thing for anyone to perceive that there are any reciprocal obligations, and that in return for the beneficence of the godmother they are bound to try in some degree to understand and carry out her intentions. The questions now come up: Is nature more fallible



than civil law? Does she fail to confer necessary enlightenment, and is instinct a mere by-word that covers real poverty of heart and mind? The answers to these questions involve some of the widest reaching consequences possible to life.

It is a truism that happiness has no autobiography. Discontent finds a voice, and misery takes up the pen to write its despairing record. But when everything is going fairly well with a people, they are "by the world forgot." Whence wails proceed is sorrow, and reason for investigation. No one will dispute that although from the time of Adam down, domestic unhappiness has been heard of, there has never been a period when there was so general a stirring of the waters, and such a complete manifestation of internal discord and infelicities as at present. There is an agitation of all questions relating to the rearing of offspring, and a general sentiment in favor of the adoption of some new method, all the old ones having proved inadequate to the demands of modern life. Yet, it has for so long been believed that family relations were something unique, not subject to the laws ruling elsewhere, and the idea has been so thoroughly implanted that some super-natural agency expressing itself, through "instinct" was the right Mentor in these affairs, that there has been no organized effort made as yet, to treat such moral maladies as bad parentage and unfilial conduct from the scientific standpoint.

With an edifying trust in an overruling Providence, which would yet by no means be expected to supply the wisdom properly belonging to a practical art or trade, and inspire a man for instance, how to build a wagon, the parent, unsuccessful in his efforts from day to day, casts the blame upon nature, laments the waywardness of his offspring, and with shame acknowledges himself inadequate to the situation.

Instinct, so long relied upon as an infallible guide to parents, does not, seemingly, give entire satisfaction. Possibly not only the word but the idea attaching to it may be at fault. People speak of instinct as if it implied inspiration, tutelage from an infinite source of wisdom. Says Darwin: "It is worthy of remark that a belief constantly inculcated during the early years of life, while the brain is impressible, appears to acquire almost



the nature of an instinct, and the very nature of an instinct is that it is followed independently of reason." Is it then, this divine monitor upon whom such reliance is placed—not a higher sort of reason, but something "followed independently?" An automatic motion toward acts previously performed? It must be confessed that certain modes of discipline run in families, and some children are allowed to eat candy simply because their mothers ate it when they were children, while a boy has been known to receive a flogging to keep up the traditionary standard of punishment.

When we reflect that every sort of progress made by men has been the result of reason, and that only through the active co-ordination of all the mental faculties has it been possible to arrive at the conceptions of conduct to which we have attained, it becomes apparent *why* domestic relations continue to be most disproportionately backward, and still too often a mere barbarism. Everyone would instantly see the absurdity of trying to substitute instinct for acumen in business matters. It would make a man turn down a certain street to reach his office if he had turned down the same street many times before, but it would not enable him to guess the correct quotation of the stock market for the ensuing day, even if his ancestors had been stock brokers for generations and he had inherited their shrewdness in trade.

Instinct can only deal with what has already been done, and is helpless in the face of a new situation. We may correctly speak of "instinctive liking," "instinctive repugnance," but who would seriously speak of instinctive judgment? And certainly judgment, not preference, is the quality necessary to every kind of government. It is regarded as so dangerous to admit preference as a factor in cases requiring careful consideration, that the judge upon the bench endeavors to eliminate from his mind every sentiment in favor or disfavor of a culprit, and impartiality implies the absolute absence of preference.

Our intellectual and social life has become so complex that we now profess to be actuated by reason instead of instinct in almost all relations with others. The wise man controls his passions and prejudices, subjecting them to scrutiny and the dominion of his will. But the same diversity which has grown up in all other





conditions has affected domestic relations also, and it is absurd to exempt these from the rule obtaining elsewhere, that *feeling* is not a trustworthy guide and that knowledge of natural law is as necessary in dealing with the members of our own family as it is in the conduct of trade or science.

It cannot be too often impressed upon men that impulse has no moral character, but takes the form of good or bad from the amount of knowledge possessed by the person who is acting. If he enters upon a new experience his impulses are as likely to lead him into measures which are practically wrong, as they occasion misfortune to others, as they are to lead him into right measures. Now, new experiences are of hourly occurrence in family life; the changes of environment which take place from one generation to another are not greater than the changes in the nervous structure of each member; the change consisting in a differentiation which renders the individual more keenly sensitive, more irritable, more difficult to deal with. His capacity for reasoning having increased he perceives more and more the complex aspects of facts, and questions of conduct have a thousand bearings, where to a more simply constituted creature they would have but one or two. Prevision being the outcome of past experience, each succeeding generation, inheriting the results of ancestral experience naturally is endowed with longer sight, and the greater insight one is possessed of the more he is constrained to recognize the many effects springing from a single cause. This makes thinking rapid and conduct nervous. Our civilization has the hum of an unceasing Corliss engine, and the multiplicity of revolving wheels dazzles the eye. Young children feel it. The stir is in their blood and they fidget from the first as if sensing thus early the vast responsibilities awaiting them.

A few centuries ago in the rural sections of England the squire's boys and girls opened their eyes to gaze placidly upon the green fields and take in little by little the knowledge leisurely imparted to them; a knowledge almost wholly classical, and dealing with the history of the past. On Sundays they trooped to church and heard good sleepy sermons, and came home to eat their syllabub and beef, going early to bed in quietness of soul without a thought of anxiety for the future to give them a night-



mare. To-day the descendants of these same placid country children live in our new, seething country, a life which makes their blood run like quick silver and inspires in them a feeling of restlessness and emulation. Instruction has changed in character; the classics are less prominent, and science, which is lore of a prophetic, not meditative nature, is assuming more importance. Locke's idea that children were fair, white pages, blank till the teacher writes thereon, has fallen into disrepute. The design of intelligent modern teachers is not to cram, but to develop the minds of their charges. From the mite in the kindergarten exercising his budding perceptions to distinguish the colors of his worsted balls to the youth in college, thinking less of his Greek verbs than of his critical treatise upon the improbability of the existence of Homer, the entire trend of modern education has in view, perhaps unconsciously, the arousing and cultivating of the critical faculty. We are a race of critics and seers, quick to detect an anachronism, a false quantity, a political blunder. Our minds are little engaged by the past, hardly by the present, but constantly with the future. Toil, anxiety, incessant calculation, mark our days. We have no repose, but a vigor ever on the wing, and we realize—no other people realize it to anything like the same extent, because no other people are so constrained by nature—the enormous importance of the moral element in our country and our government. We need leaders who are men of sound, common sense, and trained judgment, not men of hasty passions, not of wily, self-seeking disposition. We know that we are not a simple-minded, easily governed people; we give ourselves full credit for our egotism, our quick-wittedness, and our keenness to detect flaws in those men we temporarily invest with power. How we would ridicule anyone who should advance the opinion that in governing men and administering the affairs of a nation that knowledge is not essential, and that instinct will infallibly enable men to order things right!

But this is the absurdity we are guilty of when we come in from the great world to the little world of the interior, where the forces we have to deal with are the same in kind, and only different in degree. To the nervous, sensitive children of a restless, alert race we apply the same arbitrary measures that successfully



obtained with the docile little creatures that lived before steam and electricity thrilled their nerves, and in ages when argument was deemed heresy, and to doubt what an elder said, a crime. Were it nothing else but the "droppings from the sanctuary," the stray sentences heard in the parlor and at table, suggesting free disapproval of pulpit oratory, of political measures, of prevailing social customs—the education would be sufficient to disturb a child's equilibrium and incite him to become critical of what seems strong. But added to this is the education at school, much more encouraging to originality than any ever given before; the stimulation of high-spirited young companions, all sniffing like Bucephalus, the air of a free country, and longing to get out of the path of routine and into new courses; and the suggestions of the vast new literature which has grown up lately for children, treating of all things, from children's standpoint, and enabling them to conceive that there is nothing from clay modelling to evolution which they may not try to understand.

It may be then, that as such children are the product of our century and civilization, that disaffection in families must inevitably follow from parental neglect of the principle that complexity of mental organization includes complexity of moral organization, and from depending wholly upon parental instinct as a motor of government. That feeling is right in its place and at the proper time; it is animal, affectional, it is not intellectual or moral.

Now, it must be asked, why should an animal instinct be promoted to the position of a completely developed moral faculty? The provisions of nature are not at fault. If we should insist upon using our toes for fingers, and abuse the providence that gave us such cumbersome members, denying the existence of hands, the folly would be apparent. But is there not some folly, too, in neglecting to employ to their highest use, the faculties assiduously developed through all the ages, and retaining for use in our loftiest, finest function only the rude sense possessed by the lower animals for the protection of their young? We do not think that we are any the less in harmony with nature for being highly developed and well educated. Facts favor the opposite opinion; the more ignorance is overcome the more we



harmonize with natural laws. Where, then, would there be anything unnatural in extending our education into regions where it would be most beneficial?

If the question was directly put to him a parent would surely admit that he owes his child the same consideration he owes to himself; that he is bound to insist for them upon a wise, just, and consistent government in the same way that he insists for himself that the government to which he submits shall be properly administered. But if the point were pressed it would probably be hard for him to prove that he takes the same care to secure the welfare of his offspring in this matter that he takes to secure his own. How many hours does he spend over newspapers and political discussions, and how many moments in thinking of his parental duties? He has time to give to the one matter because it involves large interests—the interests of grown people. It is exigent—pressing, which means that it concerns himself. He has no time to give to the other matter, but nature attends to that for him. It is singular that man has not yet learned that this one great exception which he makes exists only in his own imagination. Nature who confers latent capacity does not make that capacity available without effort upon our part. She does not teach men to be carpenters, nor does she teach them how to be parents, except in the performance of mere animal functions. If we want to bring our children up to be animals we need no special training, and instinct is indeed sufficient. But if we want to rear them to be intellectual, moral beings, fitted to carry on from the point attained by us the progress of the race, we must bring to bear upon the problem of their education the same intelligence we use for our own advantage, recognizing for once and all, that it is our privilege to have arrived at a stage of enlightenment where we can, by rightly directed efforts, understand and interpret the true laws of development.

To the fair and conscientious mind, thus resolute to give due consideration to a matter so important as the improvement of the race and the securing of their rightful portion of happiness to the majority of its members, it must appear that not only should we be as careful in the establishment of government over our children as we are in securing good legislation for ourselves,





but that we ought to be far more careful; for when our rulers interpret the law wrongly the evil is remediable because their term of office is temporary; but when a parent either through viciousness, ignorance, or carelessness, is unfit for his high office, he cannot be displaced, but retains his position during the whole minority of the unfortunate child under his jurisdiction. And this security of office, exempting him from the fear of criticism and interference, is so calculated to undermine the most sturdy justice, that more than common watchfulness and self-restraint is necessary to make him continue even moderately fair and consistent. So, as our rulers are required to thoroughly understand the law which they are to expound, as well as bound by oath to be conscientious, and truthful in interpreting it, there is a heavier responsibility resting upon parents, considering their unlimited power: to understand the law of natural equity, which is their children's unwritten "*magna charta*," and to hold themselves bound, by the most solemn of tacit obligations, to exercise all their knowledge as well as all their virtue, in interpreting this law for the helpless beings under their control: beings who have not the power to discharge incompetent rulers, who are denied the right of protest, and who, from their extreme sensitiveness suffer even more from bad government than any grown person suffers under the worst conditions to which he can be subjected.

The first duty therefore belonging to the prospective parent, is to prepare himself for his responsible position with more care than he prepares for any other duty in life. For in the performance of his public duties he is always under the law, while as a parent he is a law unto himself, since the protests nature makes are not always immediate, like those of civil law, but are often deferred, and of such various character that it is sometimes, although not always, possible to disclaim the justice of them.



## THE CAPTAIN OF THE DREADNOUGHT.

BY WALTER B. NORRIS

1899 21 7

**I**F a boy reader of sea stories should open a new volume to find that the hero ran away to sea at eleven to escape a disagreeable stepmother, fled from the first ship he sailed in, travelled a few thousand miles in a crazy schooner, was wrecked, rescued, enlisted in a government vessel only barely to escape a severe flogging, deserted and was kidnapped into a rotten, fever-stricken ship bound across the ocean, saw half the crew die of hard work and lack of food, fought pirates and cannibals, sailed in a haunted ship around the world, was taught navigation by a kind-hearted captain's wife, became an under officer, and at twenty-one a captain,—the boy would think that he had found a first class story.

If, then, in a sequel he found the author's imagination still active, and his hero performing such feats as out-sailing a British fleet, hob-nobbing with a Sultan who offers him the post of admiral but is refused, rescuing a beautiful lady from a harem, assisted by a sentimental stranger who later finds that he has rescued his first love, and if he then sails the Atlantic in the fastest ship afloat, the boy, one imagines, would think that the writer was a good one.

If, however, the boy should be told that he was reading not a piece of fiction but a true, unvarnished story, would he not be more amazed at truth stranger than fiction.

Yet there died in Brooklyn, New York, not long ago the man who had done all of these things and more, Captain Samuel Samuels, the famous commander of the Dreadnought. The story of his life is full of excitement, but will not necessarily give a boy an unconquerable longing for the life on the ocean wave. Besides, the life he knew no longer exists. Sea life to-day is not only less



interesting but less dangerous than in the days of Marryat, Cooper, or the author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

Captain Samuels was born in Philadelphia in 1825, and began his sailor days when only eleven years old, by running away from home and sailing on a schooner bound for New York. He was so worn out by sea-sickness and hard work, and so frightened by the gruesome tales about river pirates that while the ship lay at the wharf in New York, he would dream at night of murderers boarding the ship, and cry out so as to wake all the crew. But he was reckless enough to run away before the ship sailed, and to ship on a boat to Newport, R. I., where he shipped again, this time for the Gulf of Mexico.

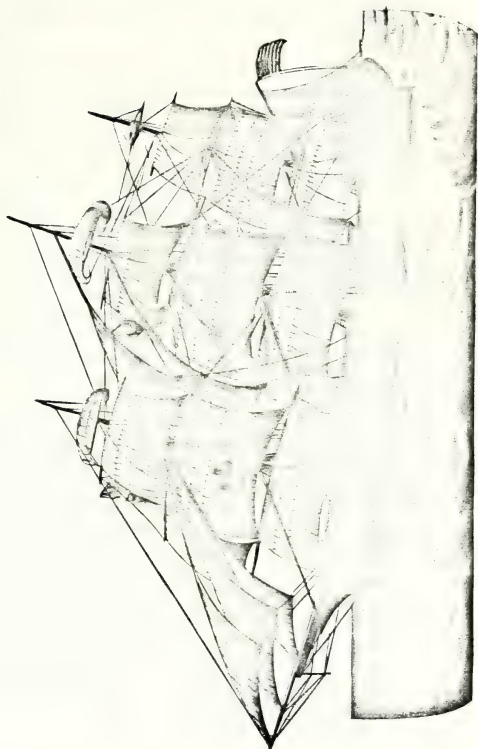
This was the scene of a number of his experiences, not many of them pleasant ones. Just before the ship reached its destination, it was wrecked, and it was with difficulty that Samuels reached Mobile. Here he got his first dose of kidnapping, or "shanghaiing" as it was called. Captains in need of crews secured them through "crimps" who drugged desirable men and carried them on board. The sailor would find himself on board a ship bound on a long voyage, and find that he had already received a part of his wages in advance. He had no redress against such swindling, as he could prove nothing.

Samuels began by deserting his ship and enlisting on a revenue cutter as an able seaman. Here he got a taste of navy discipline, as he soon showed that he could not furl a square sail properly, and was swung up by the thumbs, body bent forward, just about to be given a dozen lashes on the bare back, when the captain intervened, and released him on account of his youth. Though he had almost fainted with fear, he had wisely said nothing. Here he became a firm friend of an old seaman, French Peter, who was with him on several voyages, and protected him at times.

But the life on a revenue cutter was not to Samuels' liking, and he and his friend deserted, but in a sailor's boarding-house were drugged, and found themselves on a ship bound for Liverpool. It was a horrible experience. So many men died of yellow fever that the survivors were overworked. Provisions gave out, disease appeared, but at last they reached England.

He returned to America by way of Galveston, narrowly avoiding being captured by pirates in the Caribbean Sea. There he





THE CLIPPER SHIP DREADNAUGHT

Off Tucker Light on her passage into dock at Liverpool in 13 days 11 hours from New York, December 1854.





enlisted in the Texan navy during that gallant little republic's fight for freedom from Mexico. But yellow fever broke out on board and he got away to New Orleans, where he worked on the stage or in the cotton fields until he was shanghaied again, but escaped by jumping overboard as the ship was passing down the Mississippi.

Several other voyages then intervened, one of which gave him a chance to return home. He soon went back to sea-faring, however, and in 1840 left Philadelphia in a ship that had never made a voyage without disaster. Nevertheless, Samuels got around the world in this unlucky vessel. In Sydney, Australia, he recklessly failed to return before the vessel had left the dock, and had to swim three miles to its anchorage in the outer harbor.

From Australia the ship headed for Manila but stopped at several islands in the South Seas. At one Samuels and a few others ventured ashore in a boat. The natives, largely cannibals, met them in the surf, overturned the boat, and would have killed them all if help had not come from the ship.

At Manila he learned something of Spanish methods in intrigue. Becoming infatuated with a Spanish girl, he was almost assassinated by a rival suitor for her hand. Sailing away, he encountered a typhoon in the China Sea, but reached Philadelphia safely.

On his next voyage, in the ship *Henry Pratt*, he went as second mate, and on a later voyage, he learned mathematics and navigation under the tuition of the captain's wife. He was now nearly twenty-one and at last seems to have been fired with some ambition to advance. He also married and, after several voyages on well-known ships and under able commanders, secured a position as chief officer of the *Manhattan*. At Amsterdam the ship was sold to a Dutch merchant, who put on board a Dutch crew and made Samuels, though only twenty-one, their captain.

On the ship's first voyage, through the Mediterranean to Constantinople and Odessa, his luck for adventure did not desert him. Sailing up through the Grecian Archipelago, he met two very fast British war vessels, and as they wanted a race, he consented and beat them decisively. At Constantinople his skill and daring in coming into the harbor gained him the notice of



the Sultan and he was actually offered the position of admiral in the Turkish Navy. However, he wisely declined the precarious post.

One adventure of his in Constantinople was perhaps the most romantic in his career. While passing a house one afternoon, a beautiful lady showed herself at a window high above the street and dropped a note to him and his companion, a Swedish sea-captain. It proved to be the piteous plea for rescue of a Christian girl who had been captured by Turks and placed in a harem as the wife of an army officer. Samuels, with the help of the Swedish captain, who was also stirred by the romance of the affair, actually rescued her in a few weeks, and the Swedish captain took her on board his ship, carried her to England, and married her. Strangest of all, the lady proved to be the girl whom the Swedish captain had loved in his youth but whom her parents had kept him from marrying. He had gone to sea in desperation, and her family had travelled to Egypt, where they had been captured by bandits, and the women sold into Turkish harems.

Samuels, himself, had an experience with bandits in Italy near Pisa, soon after this, but was rescued by officers from an American man-of-war. In the Mediterranean he was also chased by Sicilian pirates but so disabled their ships by firing at the rigging that he was able to escape.

His next voyage, also under Dutch ownership, took him to the Dutch colony of Java, where, as captain of an important ship, he was lavishly entertained. On his return around the Cape of Good Hope he was washed overboard, but saved himself by climbing into a lifeboat that had also been knocked into the sea by the same wave. During several of these later voyages his wife and children sailed with him.

By this time Samuels was known as a daring yet skillful seaman, and as a captain able to control his men and prepared for any emergency. When, therefore, a group of New York merchants wished to build a swift packet ship for the New York-Liverpool trade, and to make it the fastest sailing vessel on the Atlantic, they not only made Samuels its captain but entrusted him with much of the construction of the ship. The ship was



built at Newburyport in 1853 and named the Dreadnought for the famous vessel of that name in Lord Nelson's fleet and for which the Dreadnought in our navies to-day are also named.

Under Samuel's command the new ship soon carried off most of the sailing records for the Atlantic. On her first trip from Liverpool, she left a day after the Cunard steamer Canada sailed for Boston. Yet no sooner had the Canada reached her destination than the Dreadnought was sighted off the entrance of New York harbor.

Twice she left between steamers, and arrived in Liverpool soon enough to bring the latest news. In 1859 she crossed in a little over thirteen days, good time for a steamship, and in 1860, she made the fastest time ever made by sail power, 2,760 miles from New York to Queenstown in nine days and seventeen hours.

Such speed was only secured by attention to every detail of seamanship. The ship carried every bit of sail that her masts could bear, from main-sail and top-gallant-sail to royals and flying masses of studding-sails. Samuels' practice, which explains many of his quick passages, was carrying as much sail by night as by day.

Life on a transatlantic packet of the '50's was not a monotonous existence. Sail was crowded on and then every piece of canvas and every change of wind watched vigilantly. Discipline was much like that of a man-of-war, and the captain was a man of great importance. Passengers were numerous, and it is said that Samuels read the Episcopal service each day of the voyage. On one occasion it is related that a lady asked why the flags were flown on Sunday during church service, although not a ship was in sight to notice them.

"God sees them," was the reply. "We feel ourselves nearer to him on the ocean as only six inches of planking separates us from eternity."

Danger was indeed not far away at any time. On one passage from Liverpool in 1859, Samuels was obliged to take as sailors thirty men said to be members of a desperate gang known as the Forty Thieves. On the trip the ruffians attempted to kill the officers and rob the ship and its passengers. When their attempt was nipped in the bud by Samuels' pistols, they refused to work



the ship, and for several days the ship sped on with all sails spread and no provision for a squall or a change of wind.

Nevertheless, so determined was Samuels to break the spirit of the mutineers that when the passengers protested at the danger they were in and urged him to make concessions to the crew, he clapped the spokesman in irons. By his determination and personal courage he forced the crew to go back to work, made the leader of the mutiny beg for pardon for his evil deeds, and brought his ship safely into New York.

During the Civil War Captain Samuels was in the Union service and took part in both attacks on Fort Fisher. After the Civil War he gained new laurels as a seaman in several international yacht races. In 1866 he sailed the schooner yacht *Henrietta* from Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight, beating both of his competitors. He also sailed the *Dauntless* in several such races, the last in 1887.

In the same year he published an interesting account of his life in "*From the Forecastle to the Cabin*," which has become a popular book with boys, and even up to the time of his death last May he was connected with business and maritime interests in New York City.





## BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN

BY H. H. ROBERTSON

SOME unpublished testimony that he expected co-operation from Sir William Howe is herewith given.

To the student of Burgoyne's campaign, the Memorial of Joseph Beaty of Balston, hitherto unpublished, (Canadian Archives B. Vol. 214 page 275) throws light on several points of importance in the justification of the much maligned Burgoyne. His memorial relates that about the middle of September, 1777, he, with six men, arrived at Burgoyne's Camp and joined Captain McAlpin's Corps. Captain McAlpin referred to, was an officer of the 60th Regiment who was put in command of a corps of provincials. The middle of September was a critical period. On the 19th September, the first battle of Saratoga, commonly called Freeman's Farm, was fought, the last victory for Burgoyne, who maintained his ground against vastly superior numbers. Between the 19th September and the 7th October, when the final struggle occurred, the testimony of Joseph Beaty shows conclusively that Burgoyne at that time looked for the promised co-operation of Sir William Howe from New York in furtherance of the main object of his expedition, namely his junction with Sir William Howe's army at Albany. The testimony of Joseph Beaty is, that as late as the 4th October he was sent from the British camp southward through the enemies' lines, on a most perilous expedition to ascertain whether the British fleet was coming up the North River.\* On that day Beaty went as far as Catskill and found a rebel officer in a public house, who informed him that Fort Montgomery was taken in the Highlands, and Aesops was destroyed by fire, and returned with the news back through the enemies' lines to Burgoyne on the 16th October. The great Convention of Saratoga was held

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\*The Hudson.



on the 15th October,—the day before Beaty's arrival in Burgoyne's camp. It was owing to Beaty's intelligence that Burgoyne balked and hesitated in signing the articles of the convention. Even at this late hour Burgoyne was not without hope of co-operation. His army at this time amounted to less than 4,000 effective men, while that of the enemy, certified by General Gates, totaled 18,624. The negotiations for the surrender began on the 13th October. At a council of war on the 16th, Burgoyne voted with a minority including Generals Phillips, Hamilton and Balcarras, against signing the treaty of capitulation. Although no book of history records the source of Burgoyne's intelligence, his own account and all the evidence taken in the House of Commons shows this vain hope still in his mind. Earl Balcarras was examined " (Question 130). When advice was received "that Sir Henry Clinton was coming up the North River, did you "apprehend the question of treaty had gone so far that it could "not be broken?" (A) My opinion was with respect to that "question that all military negotiations were fair and justifiable "to make delays and to gain time. I therefore thought and "declared my sentiments that General Burgoyne was at full liberty to break off that treaty in the stage it was then and I could "not conceive that the public faith was engaged until the treaty "was actually signed and exchanged."

It was General Fraser who dispatched Beaty on the 4th October to ascertain whether the long looked for succour was on the way, the same General Fraser who was fated to fall, three days afterwards, in the battle of the 7th. The story of his death and the heroism of the Baroness Reidasel, the wife of the General in command of the Hessians is to be found in her memoirs. The whole of the provincial corps Jessups, McAlpines, MacKays and Peters Corps were under the supervision of General Fraser. Every paragraph of Beaty's petition contains some statement which revives the tragic events of those few days on the Banks of Fish Kill, where both armies stood in close proximity on either side of the ravine waiting for the end, Burgoyne's little army hoping against hope for relief, while General Gates was adding to his already comparatively enormous host, almost hourly. On the 16th October, says Beaty, he was carried before General Reidasel.



It is to be remembered that despite all honor the solemn undertaking that the army should be sent to England free was broken by Congress. The army never returned but were kept prisoners for years in Southern Virginia, and ultimately scattered in all directions, some going to Canada and others to different parts of the colonies. Beaty was captured on the 15th January 1779, put in irons, condemned to death but he made his escape on the 16th August. His hand had been seriously injured yet he had the temerity to go to Balston to have the hand healed of which he had lost the use, the irons eating into his flesh while confined by the rebels. On the 2nd October 1781, having been much injured in health and strength and lost the use of one of his hands he indites his petition to Governor Haldimand. On the 6th October, four days afterwards, he received an appointment as an officer in the Provincial Corps (Canadian Archives, B. 160, page 96). From Stone's 'Life of Brant' page 211, we learn of his capture near Balston in the winter of 1781 and '82, while on a recruiting expedition. On the 17th June 1782, the widow of Ensign Beaty is to receive her husband's pay until the 24th June and afterwards a pension of £20 a year. (Canadian Archives 160, page 111). The memorial in which Joseph Beaty's movements are detailed is filed amongst the Haldimand Collection of documents which only of late years have been available to students of American History. It is safe to say that Col. Stone had not access to these papers when he wrote this history of Joseph Brant. It was not until the year 1853 that this collection became available in the British Museum. It was not until 1883 that the documents were transcribed in the Canadian Archives. There are two sides to every story, the spirit of American historians at the time Stone wrote his history was worse than partisan and is now confessed by American writers to have been written in a policy which sacrificed truth for the sake of national patriotism. Sydney Fisher makes this confession in his "True Revolution." That Beaty should have encountered so much adventure and risk in the cause of constituted authority, stamps him as a hero of no mean order.

That Joseph Beaty the memorialist, is the man spoken of by Stone, is my inference from the evidence. The spelling of the



surname is not the same but the evidence otherwise points conclusively to the identity. His petition to Haldimand is dated October 2, 1781. He was captured (according to Stone) in the winter of 1781-2. It appears from the Calendar of the Haldimand Collection that a Ensign Joseph Beaty's *widow* is ordered a pension. (Can. Arc., 160-111).

(COPY.)

C. Archives Series B. Vol. 214 p. 275.

To His Excellency Frederick Haldiman, Esqr., Captain General and Governor in Chief of the Province of Quebec and its Dependants Vice Admiral of the same, etc., General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in the said Province and the frontiers thereof, etc., etc., etc.

The Memorial of Joseph Beaty of Balstone in the County of Albany in the Province of New York.

Humbly Sheweth

That your Memorialist about the middle of September 1777, arrived at General Burgoiens Camp at Freeman's Farm with eight men, six of whom joined Captain McAlpin's Cour, and your memorialist also joined the said cour as volunteer and was promised a commission in said cour; Captain McAlpin soon afterwards recommended your memorialist to General Burgoien and General Fraser as a person capable to be of service upon which General Fraser sent your memorialist to the Rebel Camp in order to conniture the works and know what number of cannon and how supplied with provisions. Accordingly your memorialist went into the Rebel Camp and got intelligence from a Rebel Officer a Lieutenant as he could not see the works himself.

Your memorialist immediately after took the Road for Albany and went to New Scotland twelve miles west of Albany and there got fortien men. Amongst those were Captain Duncan and Chief White of Trion County who came with your memorialist to General Burgoyne's camp and arrived there the third day of October and delivered his message to General Fraser who had sent him. On the following day your memorialist was ordered





again by Genl Fraser to go and learn wether the British Fleet was up the North River and wether Genereal Picot was on his way from Road Island through Connecticoute and to learn all the intelligence he possible could and return immediately.

Your memorialist went as far as Cats Kill and there found an officer of the Rebels in a Public House who informed your memorialist that the Fort in the High Lands was taken and that Exsopes was destroyed by fier, upon which your memorialist immediately returned with the news to Genl Burgoine on the sixteenth of October at about three of the clock in the morning and was carried before Genl Redasel and from there to Genl Burgoine. At eight the same evening Genl Burgoine ordered your memorialist to go for New York and inform Sir Henry Clinton of his situation, accordingly your memorialist set out for New York and was fired upon by the Rebels three different shots that night.

Your memorialist was obliged to travel night and day till he arrived at New York, on his way down was fired upon sundry times by the Rebels and was one near being taken by a party of the Rebels the number of forty who fired several shots at your memorialist by which means he was obliged to quite his horse and take to the woods, soon after your memorialist came through a party of men who was going to the shipping then at Flooke Bush the Road was so guarded by the Rebels that they would not proceed any further they thought the risque to great. Your memorialist left them and proceeded alone to the vessels which was nine miles off. On his arrival there found a boat on shore which with great difficulty got off himself and was fired upon by a large party of Rebels soon after he embarked on board the boat some of which shot struck the boat and he got on board the shipping and there delivered his message to Genl Vaughan who then commanded. Your memorialist was the first person that brought any kind of intelligence to them from General Burgoyne and obtained a certificate from General Vaughan to that purpose but unfortunately the certificate is now at New York.

Your memorialist was immediately sent by General Vaughan to Governor Trion then at Fort in the Highlands, he then examined your memorialist and sent him for New York to Sir Henry Clinton and arrived at New York on the 21st of said October.



On the twenty-sixth of said October your memorialist was ordered to go on board a ship for Philadelphia by Sir Henry Clinton and to Sir William How for further examination was ten days on the passage there when your memorialist was examined by Sir William How and sent back to New York.

Your memorialist on the fourteenth of December was ordered by Sir Henry Clinton to go for Road Island to wait on General Burgoin, from thence went with the fleet to Cape Codd that was ordered to take General Burgoin on board, on there arrival there they would not suffer General Burgoin to embark so that your memorialist returned to Road Island again and remained there till General Burgoin cam there. Upon General Burgoin's arrival at Road Island he gave your memorialist some money and a recommendation to Sir Henry Clinton at New York.

Your memorialist returned to New York again on the first of April 1778. There your memorialist was subsisted at four shillings per day till better provided for. In May following your memorialist was ordered into Connecticote by Sir Henry Clinton with printed proclamations to distribute amongst the inhabitants which he did for about eighty miles in length and returned to New York again.

Your memorialist in June following was ordered out again to Connecticote by General Robertson on secret service which he performed and returned to New York and afterwards was ordered out again by General Robertson on Secret Service and returned again to New York.

Your memorialist in January 1779 was ordered by Governor Irion to go for Danbury in Connecticote; on the 15th day of said January your memorialist was taken prisoner by a party of Rebels at Sand Mill River near King's Bridge, was immediately stript naked and lost all and from thence was carried to Peek's Hill and was put into irons hand and feet chained down to the flower where your memorialist remained some time and then was tryed for his life and condemned to suffer death. On the approach of the King's troops your memorialist was removed up to Fish Kills and remained still in irons till the sixteenth of August following when your memorialist made his escape by braking out of Gaul.



Your memorialist when out of confinement went to Balls Town and there remained for some time to recruite his health and have his hand healed which he had lost the use of by the irons eating into the flesh when confined by the Rebels.

Your memorialist on the second of November following set out for Balls Town with ten men for Canada and went through a great deal of hardship being obliged to travel through woods and not acquainted and arrived at St. John's on the second of December following there being a great deal of snow in the Roads and allmost starved for the want of provisions. On your memorialist arrival at St. Johns the ten men was claimed by by Coln Close as part of Joseph Brant's men and they remained with Colonel Close (Claus?)

Your memorialist on the sixteenth of March 1780 turned out a voluntier with Lient Blurce for Steens Borough (Skenesboro) with a party of Indians on their arrival at Skeens Borough took fourteen prisoners and killed four and returned again to St. Johns.

Your memorialist on the fourth of May following turned out a Volunteer again and went with Sir John Johnstone to the Mowhawk Rover where they destroyed a number of houses and took severl prisoners.

Your memorialist obtained leave from Sir. John Johnstone to remain and recruite men for Major Rogers Cour for which your memorialist was promised a commission.

Your memorialist proceeded ten or twelve miles below Albany and then got five men and proceeded for Canada, on there way through Balls Town took a scout of three men, brought one to St. Johns, was obliged for the want of provisions to let two escape, the man brought was sent to Chamble Prisons.

Your memorialist obtained leave from Major Carleton then commanding officer to return again to the Colleries to recruite men for Major Rogers Cour.

Your memorialist on his return joined Major Carleton at Mill Bay nine miles this side of Crown Point with nine men, four of which joined Major Rogers Cour the other five joined other cours.

Your memorialist obtained leave again from Major Carleton



to return again to the Colleries for the purpose of recruiting. The season being very severe was obliged to remain all winter. In May 1781 your memorialist set out with twenty men, eighteen joined Major Rogers Cour, they took one prisoner, brought him to St. Johns and was sent to Chamble Prisoner.

Your memorialist came to Quebec from St. Johns in June wetn up again and on the sixteenth of July was ordered by Doiter Smith to go for Albany and there to tale Doitor Stringer Prisoner.

Your memorialist went according to orders and took the four men that was ordered for that purpose, on his arrival near Albany found it impractible to anything as three of the four men left him upon which he immediately returned to Canada.

Your memorialist prays Your Excellency to consider him, the Hardships that he has gone through, the risques he has run the raising me at his own expense, the loss of his health and the use of one of his hands and that he may be provided for in Major Rogers Cour as he has raised a number of men for that Cour as your Excellency shall think fitt.

And your memorialist as in Duty bound shall ever pray &c &c

Sgd Joseph Beaty

Quebec 2nd October 1781.





## RISE OF THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

BY THE VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC

"Parliament became corrupt, jealous of power, fickle in its resolves and factious in spirit. . . . It grumbled at the ill-success of the war, at the suffering of the merchants, at the discontent of the churchmen, and it blamed the crown and its ministers for all at which it grumbled. . . . Its mood changed, as William bitterly complained with every hour."<sup>1</sup>

It seems that before this date, in 1672, the late king, James II., had formed a cabinet of five members, chosen by himself, as advisers on different functions of the administration. Parliament had no right to expect a share in these functions of the crown at that time. But after the Revolution of 1688—after it had put on the throne a king of its own, it felt that it ought to be the guardian of that king, by shaping the administration through the cabinet indicated by itself. William of Orange had continued the practice of forming his cabinet without consulting parliament, and what parliament was aiming to do was to control the king's choice. But not one of its members knew how to accomplish it, as it had never been done before. The credit of solving the difficulty, of further betraying his country and bringing disaster on it in the subsequent loss of the American empire, belongs to Robert Spencer, earl of Sunderland. He had been a minister in the reign of Charles II. and part of that of James II., whom he had betrayed by the basest treachery to William of Orange.

"Since the Revolution (1688) Sunderland had striven to escape public observation in country retirement, but he came forward now with his plan for William"—

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(1) History of the English People, Vol. IV, p. 152-3.



Who felt that something must be done to appease the appetite of parliament, because parliament that had made him, contrary to the constitution, could unmake him in the said manner.

"His plan was to place all the power of the crown in parliament by choosing the ministers from the strongest faction in parliament." From that date the government became not the government of the empire, of the king, but of a faction; from that date (1697) the power of the crown became the jack-pot for the play of political parties; from that date, by the plan of a renegade, the loyalty of the ministry is pledged not to the crown and empire, but to the faction from whom they are chosen, while their oath of office to crown and constitution remains a constant perjury on their lips. Green in his "History of the English People" shows that this class in power in England carried corruption on by excesses throughout the entire administration.

Now while the Anglo-American provinces made no great trouble over the change of dynasty, they refused to recognize in the slightest degree this participation of parliament in the government of the colonies,—even the best features of that government. And the worst features the provinces would not endure.

"The Southern colonies with those of New England shared the same fate of misrepresentation, abuse and invasion of their rights as British subjects. The flames of discontent were spread through all the colonies by a set of incompetent and reckless governors, the favorites and tools of perhaps the worst administration and the most corrupt that ever ruled in Great Britain."<sup>1</sup>

It is true the American colonies, especially the four New England colonies, had been protected by Great Britain during all the past wars with the French in Canada, into which Great Britain had been drawn on their account. For a period of seventy years the fleets and armies of England had been employed in the service of Massachusetts and her dependant off-shoots to save them from being "driven into the sea." The debt of Great Britain, in consequence of these exertions, amounted in 1764 to £140,000,000 or \$700,000,000.

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Ryerson's "Loyalists of America," Vol. I., p. 473.



Even in the struggle for their own preservation and security, what the colonies had contributed had been subject to the caprice of their legislatures. Some of the colonies had made exertions "so far beyond their quota" as to be able to demand a reimbursement from the national treasury, which was accorded them; the other colonies had paid only part of the debt long after it was due; and who could compel them, and how was that compulsion to be enforced in the future?

The solution of the problem by parliamentary interference led to disturbance and to the final separation of the American colonies from Great Britain. Even Mr. Pitt, so long the friend of America, told Dr. Franklin that

"When the war closed, if he should be in the ministry, he would take measures to prevent the colonies from having a power to refuse or delay the supplies that might be wanted for national purposes."

The first act of the British parliament to force the colonies to pay their part of the war debt was passed March 10, 1764. It levied heavy duties on all articles brought into the colonies from the French and other West Indian islands, and ordered that these duties must be paid into the treasury of London in specie. Another bill was brought into parliament in the same session to "Restrain the currency of paper money in the colonies." Popular meetings were held in the colonies, when the news of this reached them, to express indignation thereat. Associations resolved to abstain from the use of all articles imported on which duties were assessed, and to use only home-made goods.

But parliament when it discovered that, through evasion and the non-use of articles of foreign make, very little money was raised, began to devise other means, and these means effected the internal arrangements of the colonies, which the colonists felt were infringements of the rights of their own legislatures and of their own charters of self-government. The chief bill of this description was introduced into parliament by Mr. Grenville, March 10, 1765, to raise a revenue in the colonies by stamps which should be affixed to all newspapers, law papers, ship papers, property transfers, college diplomas and marriage



licenses. A fine of £10 was imposed for non-compliance with the act. Jurisdiction was taken away from the local courts by this act and confined to the courts of admiralty without juries, the officers of which were appointed by the London parliament, and who were paid fees out of fines imposed, the informer receiving one-half.

Thus, by this act, the colonies felt that, not only were the rights conferred on them by charter interfered with and their local courts debarred from exercising power, but that the London Parliament, contrary to the constitution, was usurping the prerogative of the crown in America. The legislative assembly of Massachusetts was dissolved by the royal governor Barnard because of its remonstrance, and also on account of a circular letter addressed by it to the other colonial legislatures. The Virginia house of burgesses was also dismissed by the royal governor, Lord Botetout.

The British parliament, however, in 1769, was brought to repeal 5s 6d of the duties on imported goods. But the next year, 1770, an affray occurred in the streets of Boston between some soldiers on duty and a mob of rioters who were creating a reign of terror. The British parliament then made the governor and judges independent of all colonial power. These actions on the part of the British parliament added to the hostility of the American colonists. It needed but a few more measures on both sides to change the latent hostility into strife.

In 1770 parliament allowed the East India Company of England to sell tea in the colonies free of duty, thereby depriving the American merchants of a share in the profits of that trade. The Americans throughout the years 1771, 1772 and 1773 contented themselves with forming associations pledging themselves not to use the tea imported. These were the conditions in all the colonies. But in September, 1774, a congress, composed of members sent by the citizens of all the colonies, met at Philadelphia to consider the state of affairs and what measures ought to be taken to correct them. An address was offered to the crown. It terminated with these words:—"Place us in the same situation that we were at the close of the late war, and our former harmony will be restored."





When the British parliament met in January, 1774, there were laid before it, not only the papers from the colonial congress, but a number of letters from the royal governors and revenue and military officers, testifying to the spirit of opposition existing in the colonies against the unconstitutional acts of the London parliament. The consequence was, that, instead of renouncing the tax on the colonies, recalling the troops sent to coerce them and restoring to their courts and legislatures their proper functions, the English parliament resolved to abate nothing of their vigor against the Americans until they yielded unconditionally. Moreover, parliament proceeded to pass an act to punish all of the New England colonies for their sympathy with Massachusetts, by restricting their trade with England and depriving them of Newfoundland fisheries.

In 1775 the general assembly of New York adopted a memorial to present to the king, begging him to restore the charter to Massachusetts, which had been taken away, and to open the port of Boston which had been closed. The petition of New York was rejected by the British ministry without a hearing. In the same year, 1775, the second continental congress met again at Philadelphia. All the colonies sent representatives but Georgia. The mission of this congress was to restore harmony in the colonies between the royal and local authorities and to obtain a redress of grievances.

A petition was framed by this congress and presented to the king. Like all similar colonial documents of the period, it abounded in expressions of loyalty and humbly prayed for just and constitutional usage such as was accorded them by their charters, whose rights were now infringed. The petition sent by the continental congress, asking that the restrictions be removed, was ignominiously disregarded by parliament, and the colonists were termed rebels for exercising this constitutional right of protest. The royal officers in the colonies were commanded to seize the cannon and ammunition and small arms of the colonists.

The attempt of General Gage, who commanded the British troops in Boston, to capture the stores of the colonists, thirty miles away, at Concord and Lexington, led to an engagement be-



tween the provincials and the king's troops, in which the stores were saved and lives were lost on both sides. Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia for the king, performed a similar hostile act by seizing the stores at Williamsburg in that colony. He was driven, however, by the armed forces of the Virginians to seek shelter on a British ship of war.

It was during this state of feeling that the continental congress reassembled on May 10, 1776. The delegates to this congress were nerved to more determined action by the knowledge of what had taken place in Massachusetts and Virginia, and by the fact that parliament had, in the preceding December, passed an act to increase the army and navy, and had hired 17,000 Hessian and Hanoverian troops to aid in reducing the colonies to submission. But the colonists would not recede from their demands, which were these: 1. The right to tax themselves by their own elected representatives; 2. the right of providing for the support of their own civil government and its officers, and 3, non-interference of parliament with crown functions in the provinces. These rights they had already enjoyed, according to the privilege of British citizenship and the provisions of their own charters, until these privileges and charters were taken away. The colonists declared that they would defend these rights and oppose with arms the enforcement of whatever was contrary to them.

It had been the policy of the Stuarts, according to the feudal constitution, to create a confederacy—a federation of states—each independent of the others but in feudation to the king. England was but one of these states, although the principal one—the one in which was to be situated the general capital of the empire. In this system—which was the feudal system—the same on which rested the constitution of Britain and of all European states—the parliament of England had no more right to legislate for the province of Virginia, or Maryland, than the parliament of Virginia or Maryland had to legislate for the kingdom of England. In England the chief authority was the king and parliament; in Virginia it was the king and government of Virginia; in Massachusetts it was the king and government of Massachusetts, and likewise in each of the other provinces.



For furtherance of the plan of federating the various states and principalities of his empire, King James II. had ordered in 1688—the very year that the revolution in England prevented its execution—the confederation of the Northern colonies at Albany under the name of the “Dominion of New England.” May 1, 1690, a congress of their representatives did meet to consider means for a common defence against the Indians, the New York members being Jacob Leister and Peter de La Noy. Another congress met in Albany for the same purpose in 1722. But these meetings were inspired by the encouragements given by the former Stuart kings as means of building up centres of power on the outskirts of the empire as well as for local needs and protection. But after the revolution of 1688, when the London parliament usurped crown functions and extended its withering, jealous and illegitimate authority to every province, blighting provincial life and expansion for the benefit of its own narrow constituency, these provincial confederations were discouraged.

In 1754 seven governors assembled at Albany, in the province of New York, and signed a treaty of peace with the Iroquois Indians. At the same time they addressed the home government on the project of a federal union, whereby the force of several colonies might be employed to act against a common enemy. This proposed government was to consist of a president appointed by the crown, and a general council commissioned by the provincial authorities. The president was to have executive authority, appoint all civil and military officers and act with his council legislatively. This government was to have power to make war and peace in America, and impose taxes with approval of the crown. The project was rejected by the English parliament.

In 1778 Mr. Ogden, chief justice of New Jersey, suggested a government for America to have similar power, its composition to consist of a governor-general appointed by the crown, and a legislature to consist of a house of barons with hereditary privileges created by the crown for honorable and meritorious families in the colonies, and a house of assembly elected by the freeholders of the population. The political disturbances existing in the colonies at that time prevented the entertainment of Mr.



Ogdon's proposition, but it is likely that the English parliament would have viewed it with disfavor. David Ogden was at that time one of the board of delegates of the United Empire Loyalists and his proposition was advanced as a remedy for healing the wounds made by the English parliament in the Provincial understanding of constitutional government. The particular of his proposal provided that:

"The right of taxation of America by the British parliament be given up; that the several colonies be restored to their former constitutions and form of government. . . . that each colony have a governor and council appointed by the Crown, and a house of representatives elected by the free-holders inhabiting the several counties . . . who shall have power to make all necessary laws for the internal government and benefit of each colony that are not repugnant to the laws of Great Britain or the laws of the American parliament . . . that an American Parliament be established for all the English colonies on the continent to consist of a Lord-Lieutenant, Barons (to be created for the purpose), not to exceed for the present more than twelve nor less than eight from the principles of each colony. A House of Commons not to exceed twelve nor less than eight from each colony to be elected by the house of representatives of each colony . . . that this American Parliament have supervision and government of the several colleges in North America, most of which have been the great nurseries of the late rebellion, instilling into the tender minds of youth principles unfavorable to monarchical government and favorable to republican and other doctrine incompatible with the British constitution."

But while the intelligent and conservative people were basing their opposition on an assertion of the constitution as a means of redress,—a constitution that the London parliament was knawing and eating into by those rats of jurisprudence, the "fictions" of the English law—the demagogues and liberals of the colonies were stirring up the lower classes with democratic intent, for separation from the empire, the plunder of the royalists and the institution of a republic. From the time of the earliest Puritan settlements there had been a strong democratic inclination among the lower orders of the population and the





extreme Congregationalists. This feeling, re-enforced by religious prejudice, was hostile to monarchical institutions—notwithstanding that the Bible favors monarchy and Heaven is represented as a Kingdom. In 1704 Chief-Justice Montperron of New York wrote to the earl of Nottingham that: “The inhabitants of Rhode Island conduct their affairs as though they were not of the British dominions.” About the same time Lord Cornbury wrote to the London Board of Trade that the people of Connecticut bore “a great hatred towards those who held allegiance to the sovereign.”

It is true that there were many arguments used to promote this feeling of hostility. Not the least of these were the restrictions placed by the London Parliament—since it had usurped royal functions in the colonies over barter and sale, commercial contracts and colonial manufactures. But the London parliament, representing the English trading classes alone, could not be expected to use the royal prerogative over the colonies but to restrict the actions of the American trading classes for the benefit of its own constituency. America was not the constituency of the London parliament, but was a fief of the crown.

It is true that the crown had a claim on all ship timber and on all mines of coal and ore, none of which might be taken without the sovereign's permission. But this permission was granted for the benefit of the people and withheld only from speculators and exploiters. The crown in this matter acts but as trustees for the people's lands, and it would be better for Canada were this trusteeship not so much rat-eaten by legal fictions—for, by the delegation of authority to a parliamentary ministry—responsible not to the crown—but to parliament—a corrupt party in power is continually robbing the real estate of the country—of the crown—to enrich itself.

The slighting of colonial petitions by the London Parliament from 1763 to 1775, which petitions were for constitutional observance in the government of the empire, and the difference manifested towards the people of the colonies by the partizans of the House of Hanover, raised a yet stronger feeling in the colonies against the home government. The more southern colonies



did not suffer directly as did those of the North by this action of the London parliament, although their charters were threatened but the Northern colonies, early attached to a Puritanical democracy, were studious to enflame resentment in the South, so the better to carry out the secret intent of revolution. These democrats in the North, anxious to "get rich quick" at some other person's expense, confused the position occupied by the honest and aristocratic who were attached to the constitution. Here was their method of procedure:

"They proposed in the legislature (of Massachusetts) various schemes for bolstering up the depreciated currency. . . . One of these was a Land Bank, which was actually established. About 800 people, among whom was the father of Sam. Adams, were incorporated with power to issue bills on security, chiefly of real estate" . . . (beginning of the scheme of Yankee capitalization frauds). "This enterprise made confusion worse confounded. The securities were usually of little value and the Land Bank bills were refused utterly by the better classes to the great wrath of the populace." . . . "In 1738 the paper money party in town-meeting proposed that Boston's representatives in the General Court be instructed to favor the emission of more paper money. Hutchinson (the Tory delegate) promptly refused to be bound by such a mandate. . . . When his house caught fire some of the people on the street shouted, "Curse him, let it burn." . . .

"In 1749 the English Parliament voted that a large sum of money should be paid the Massachusetts colony as compensation for its expenditures in the recent capture of Louisbourg. Hutchinson proposed that this money should be used to redeem and cancel the paper currency of the colony." . . . "By his force of argument Hutchinson carried the measure through the House against what had been a majority in favor of irredeemable paper money. The Governor and Council (Royalists) promptly approved of the measure and it became a law. All over the colony there was an outcry of wrath. Hutchinson was in danger of personal violence and was defeated for re-election. Within a year, however, the blessings of a fixed and stable currency and the consequent improvement of business became so obvious that Hutchinson's conduct was loudly praised and censure ceased



except among those who had hoped to turn a dishonest penny by the steady decrease in the values of paper money."<sup>2</sup>

The financial policy of the United States began here and was the oil on the fire of the Revolution. It is said that there is "nothing in a name." The lie is no more potently expressed than in the difference between honest, old-fashioned and legal "mortgage" and the dishonest, revolution-bred and illegitimate "capitalization." To work an estate, a man can by law mortgage it to others for two-thirds its value, so that the mortgages have a legitimate security. But several people are allowed to join their estates into a company and sell stock "capitalized" to the extent of ten and sometimes a hundred, yea, and in the United States often to a thousand times their value; and in the course of time "put their company into the hands of a receiver," fail up, and retire (limited) worth several millions each, leaving their creditors with the "capitalized stock," not worth a dollar. That there should be a law-decision that capitalized industries may be raised to but two-thirds of their actual value, like any other mortgaged estate, is evident—even if they are on a paying basis. And they are not on a paying basis until they monopolize the market by shutting out, through legislation, similar products. Then their per cent. payments are not due from their own industries but from the tribute of high prices wrung from the entire people by concurrence of a corrupt and purchased legislature. It was for the accomplishment of such things as these which the restraint of crown and aristocracy forbade in the colonies, that fostered the Revolutionary party.

"Hutchinson's hostility to a paper currency had fixed a deep gulf between him and the more democratic element among his neighbors. The chasm had been widened by his opposition in 1757 to the creation of Danvers as a separate township, principally because an increase of representatives would give the house (democratic) an undue influence in legislation."

"One of Hutchinson's first acts as chief-justice was destined to increase the alienation between him and the populace. He was called on to decide whether the superior court could issue

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(2) From the sketch of *Thomas Hutchinson, the Tory Governor of Massachusetts*, by President Charles H. Levermore of Adelphi College, Brooklyn, in the February, 1902, number of the *New England Magazine*.



lawfully writs of assistance to customs officers in their search for smuggled goods." \* \* "Hutchinson (himself) was opposed to any close scrutiny by the British government into the trade of the colonies, but he decided this question, moderately, wisely and loyally in the only way in which a judge sworn to interpret and obey the law could decide it." \* \* \*

"Hutchinson wrote: 'This trial (about writs of assistance) and my pernicious principles about the currency have taken away a great number of friends and the House have not only reduced the allowance to the Superior Court, but have refused to make any allowance at all to me as chief-justice.'" . . .

"Against the enforcement of the Sugar Acts (of the London Parliament), which would destroy the New England trade with the West Indies, he had protested publicly and privately. His letters to English correspondents pleaded against that policy and against the Stamp Act." . . . "In spite of all this it was on Hutchinson that the worst violence of the Boston mob fell."

"That mob was the most thoroughly organized rabble in the Colonies. It consisted largely of the seamen and artisans who lived among the water front. Their immediate leader was a shoemaker named Mackintosh, a coarse and reckless fellow. The men who directed him and his lieutenants were Sam. Adams, William Cooper and other leading spirits of the far-famed Caucus Club. This club was the local Tammany. John Adams yields us a few glimpses of its operations as its members sat smoking and drinking in Adjutant Thomas Dawes's garret, parcelling out the local offices as a sort of nominating convention, and inculcating a strict obedience to what we would now call 'the machine.' To this compact body of workers, a background of respectability was furnished by the Merchants' Club, wherein men like Richard Dana, John Hancock (the smuggler), and James Otis, worked with Sam. Adams (the dishonest ex-tax collector). . . . These were the managers who were ultimately responsible for the destruction of Hutchinson's house. In that house were depositions against certain merchants of Boston who were accused of smuggling . . . and the records of the Admiralty Courts which had cognizance of such cases. Some of the usual leaders of the populace undoubtedly knew who had spread the false report that Hutchinson had favored the Stamp Act."

"On Monday evening (26 Aug., 1765) Mackintosh collected his gang about a bon-fire on State Street. They had liquor to drink, but desiring further inspirations, they broke into the cellars belonging to two royal officers and consumed all the liquors therein. Thus fortified, these 'Sons of Liberty' betook themselves to Hutchinson's house in Garden Court Street. He and





his children had barely time to escape to a neighboring house. . . . Hutchinson's letter describes this:—

“The hellish crew fell on my house with the rage of devils and in a moment split down the doors and entered. My son being in the great entry, heard them cry. ‘Damn him, he is upstairs; we’ll have him!’ . . . . ‘Not content with tearing off all the wainscot and hangings, and splitting the doors to pieces, they beat in the partition walls . . . . cut down the cupola . . . . and began to take the slate and boards from the roof but were prevented by approaching daylight. . . . The garden house was laid flat and all my trees broken to the ground. . . . Besides my plate and family pictures household furniture of every kind, my own, my children’s and servants’ apparel, they carried off about £900 sterling and emptied the house of everything whatsoever. . . . They have scattered or destroyed all the MSS. and other papers I had been collecting for 30 years, besides a great number of public papers in my custody.’ ”

“During the riot one of the militia officers observed two men disguised, with long staves in their hands, who acted as directors. He ventured to say to them that the Lieutenant-Governor might not be the only one injured by the destruction of so many papers. Answer was made that it had been resolved to destroy everything in the house, and such would be carried out.” . . . .

“For weeks and months the leaders of the democracy governed the town by a system of espionage and terrorism, boycotting tradesmen not favorable to them, mobbing the persons or houses or both of those who censured them, and maintaining a sort of Holy Inquisition into the daily business of counting-rooms and the daily contents of kitchens. Gov. Hutchinson doubted his right to call out the troops. . . . He exhorted the justices to act. They replied that the assemblies might be unwarrantable, but there were times when irregularities could not be restrained. Had either Barnard or Hutchinson used the regiments with proper vigor the Mackintoshes would never have dared to stain the cause of liberty and that conflict between the citizens and soldiers, miscalled the ‘Boston Massacre,’ would never have occurred.”

This mob and its leaders so well described by Levermore was the counterpart of other mobs existing in the colonies from whose organizations have sprung the government of the republic of the United States and its existing society. Samuel Adams, its leader, had been dismissed from the British civil service as a dishonest collector of taxes. And he has described John Hancock (the



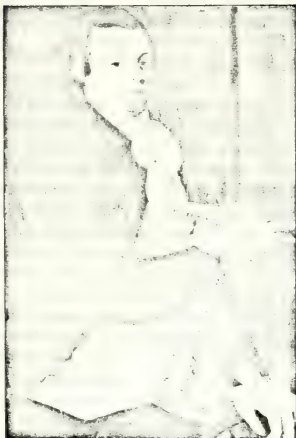
smuggler) "as an ape, Robert Treat Paine as an ox, and Cushing as an ass." The entire scheme of these Sons of Liberty" was to liberate themselves from parliamentary authority for the sake of the plunder and proscription of the great provincial families. An United Empire Loyalist officer of Georgia said: "They are vermin who seek to drive out the old families." To accomplish this, their leaders, the "smartest rascals" in the colonies, seized on the justice of the cause, namely, that the provinces are not constituencies of the London Parliament, but are fiefs of the crown, over which parliament has no legal jurisdiction. They hoped after embroiling all the colonies to call in foreign aid by means of which the crown itself might be separated from its provincial fiefs, which would fall a prey to the democracy contrary to all the previous oaths of allegiance and spurious pretensions of its leaders.

*(To be Continued.)*



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CAPTAIN JOHN O'BRIEN



## CAPTAIN JOHN O'BRIEN

BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN

CAPTAIN JOHN O'BRIEN, the subject of this sketch, was the third eldest son of Morris O'Brien and Mary O'Brien, and was born in 1750, in Scarboro, on the Maine seacoast, about ten miles to the southwestward of Portland.

While John O'Brien was an infant in his mother's arms, an attack upon the English settlement at Scarboro by the Indians was threatened; and it was therefore resolved to flee for safety into the surrounding wilderness. Fearing that the crying of the infant would disclose to the savages the direction to be taken by the settlers in their flight, and also their chosen hiding-place, it was advised, and insisted that the mother leave her infant behind in the settlement. Against this she earnestly protested, assuring her neighbors that she could keep the infant quiet. She was therefore allowed to take the infant along. Folding him affectionately to her breast, and soothing him as only a fond mother could, she succeeded in keeping the infant quiet, not only during their hasty flight but during their sojourn in the depths of the wilderness.

This incident is related by the descendants of Captain O'Brien as a most impressive illustration of mother-love, which, indeed, it is. They congratulate themselves also upon the fact that an infant who, on reaching manhood, became so famous as he as a patriot and as a successful privateersman in connection with the Revolution; and so conspicuous in later years as a citizen and as a man of affairs, should have been thus providentially preserved in tender infancy from the hands of hostile Indians.

Of the boyhood of John O'Brien in Scarboro, little has been preserved; he must, however, have been different from other boys of his age, if he did not, living in such close proximity to





the water, acquire a fondness for it. This much is certainly known; that in the autumn of 1765, when the boy was about fifteen years of age, the entire family, comprising Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien and six sons and three daughters, removed to Machias, on the southeasterly coast of Maine; the father and two eldest sons having been down there on a prospecting trip, in a sailing vessel, during the previous year.

From the arrival of the lad, John O'Brien, in Machias, until the breaking out of the Revolution, little or nothing is certainly known concerning him. That he attended school, for a time, at least; and that he engaged in the usual sports of robust boyhood, including swimming, fishing and boating, may be safely inferred. Neither is it a far-fetched conclusion, that on attaining to a suitable age, he assisted his father and two eldest brothers in the sawmills erected by them in Dublin, as the southern village of Machias was early named.

The Machias River, which separates the northern and southern villages of Machias, empties into Machias Bay about four miles to the southeastward of the town; and the river, as far inland as Machias, is navigable for large vessels. Machias, therefore, was and is a seaport town; and vessels of various kinds were constantly arriving and leaving. Machias early became the shire-town of Lincoln County, now Washington County, and hence was a place of considerable importance. In the light of these facts it is not surprising that most of Morris O'Brien's "six strapping boys" were, in early life, at least, seafaring men; for from their peculiar environment they naturally acquired a taste for that sort of employment. John O'Brien, as will be seen, devoted himself, in later life, exclusively to commercial pursuits, with excellent success; indeed, had the acquisition of "filthy lucre" been his chief ambition, he might easily have become one of the wealthiest men of his time.

It is in connection with the outbreak of the Revolution that the subject of this sketch first comes into public notice as a citizen and ardent patriot; and as the war progressed, his fame as a privateersman increased. His achievements as a privateersman have never received the publicity they unquestionably deserve; and it will be the aim of this sketch to acquaint the American



reading people, so far as can be done in the limited space allowed with the story of the truly romantic career of this hitherto "un-sung hero" of New England.

John O'Brien, at the outbreak of the Revolution, was about twenty-four years of age. He was fully six feet in height; and must have weighed at that time not far from one hundred and seventy-five pounds. That he was well endowed with force of character was amply demonstrated at the very opening of his public career; as an illustration of which it may be said that none was more resolutely opposed to or more fearlessly outspoken against the repeated acts of tyranny of the mother country than he. He was a member of the first Committee of Safety appointed in Machias, after the issuance of the proclamation of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, authorizing and requiring preparations and efforts to be made incident to a state of hostility.

At the first recorded gathering of the Machias patriots, held in the east room of the Burnham tavern,\* a picture of which appears in connection with this sketch, John O'Brien was present, and gave his hearty assent to the proposition for the erection of a liberty pole in the village, as a symbol of the freedom for the achievement of which the people of that then isolated frontier town were willing, if need be, to sacrifice their fortunes and their lives. In procuring and afterward raising the liberty pole, young O'Brien played a unique and conspicuous part.

When Captain Moore, the gallant young Irishman commanding the British armed schooner "Margaretta," then lying at anchor in the Machias River, came on shore and demanded that the liberty pole be taken down, John O'Brien, on behalf of the inhabitants, defiantly refused to accede to the peremptory demand of the King's officer. The following conversation\* is said to have taken place:

"Who erected this pole?" inquired Captain Moore, as he

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\*The Burnham tavern is still standing, and is said by local historians to have the same sash, glass, chimney and rooms as when built in 1770. The east room is the one on the first floor (front) farthest to the right. This famous Revolutionary building is now owned by the local organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is the repository of relics of the Revolution.

\*From "The Liberty Pole; A Tale of Machias."



came ashore from the "Margaretta;" to which the staunch Machias patriot, John O'Brien, replied:

"That pole, sir, was erected by the unanimous approval of the people of Machias."

"Well, sir," said Moore, "with or without their approval, it is my duty to declare it must come down!"

"Must come down!" repeated O'Brien with warmth. "Those words are very easily spoken, my friend. You will find, I apprehend, that it is easier to make them than it will be to enforce a demand of this kind."

"What! Am I to understand that resistance will be made? Will the people of Machias dare to disregard an order, not originating with me, but the government whose officer I am?"

"The people of Machias," replied O'Brien, "will dare do anything in maintenance of their principles and rights!"

"It is useless to bandy words," rejoined the officer, a little nettled at the determined spirit manifested around him; "my orders are peremptory, and must be obeyed. That liberty pole must be taken down, or it will be my painful duty to fire on the town!"

From that rash act, however, Moore was dissuaded by a mutual friend; and the liberty pole stood until it rotted down.

To John O'Brien belongs the honor of proposing, at a meeting of the Machias patriots, held in a private house soon after the notable gathering in the Burnham Tavern, that Captain Moore be seized while attending the village church on the following Sunday; after which, in accordance with the well-conceived plan there agreed upon, the "Margaretta" was to be captured, also. In compliance with young O'Brien's expressed wish, he was chosen to be the principal actor in the proposed seizure of Moore.

John O'Brien, as he subsequently stated, hid his gun under a board, before entering the church. He was expected, at a signal to be given by one of the patriots outside the church, to personally seize Captain Moore, when his compatriots were to come to his assistance. So far as young O'Brien was concerned, the preliminaries were well carried out. Because of the vigilance and prompt action of the British officer, however, the plan for



his seizure miscarried. Receiving timely warning of the trap into which he was being lured, he escaped from the church by way of a low, open window. On reaching his vessel, he was quickly assisted on board by an officer awaiting his arrival; and, after firing a few shots over the villagers' heads, for intimidation, he dropped down the river to a place of safety.

When it had been resolved by a few of the bolder spirits of Machias to attack and capture the "Margaretta," by pursuing and boarding her, John O'Brien and his five brothers, Jeremiah, Gideon, William, Dennis and Joseph, were among the party of about thirty-five who sailed down the Machias River in the lumber sloop "Unity" on that extremely hazardous undertaking. After the little American sloop had entered Machias Bay, and the "Margaretta" had been sighted, Jeremiah O'Brien was unanimously chosen to the command of the "Unity."

"The first man who boards her (the "Margaretta") shall be entitled to the palm of honor," said Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, soon after taking command of the "Unity."

After the "Margaretta" had been sighted in Machias Bay, where she was becalmed, the American sloop was brought along side of her. As the two vessels came together, the rigging of the "Unity" became entangled with that of the British vessel. The two vessels had no sooner touched, than John O'Brien, who was standing at the bow of the "Unity," leaped aboard the "Margaretta." Almost at the same moment, the American sloop having no grappling-irons, the vessels suddenly parted; and young O'Brien was left alone on the quarter-deck of the British schooner. Seven Britishers almost simultaneously fired at the intrepid Yankee boarder; but he was unhurt. The Britishers then charged upon O'Brien with their bayonets; and to save his life he jumped overboard and started to swim to the Yankee sloop, which had then drifted about seventy-five feet away.

On reaching the side of the American sloop, John O'Brien was promptly assisted on board. As he stepped upon the deck of the "Unity," his brother, Captain Jeremiah, grasped him by the hand, exclaiming as he did so:

"Brother John, you've won the palm;" and then addressing his men, he continued: "But man the sweeps, my hearties, and





lay us along side once more, and stand ready to fasten on to him when you reach him."

For the second time the two vessels came together; and this time, in accordance with the orders of the commander of the Yankee sloop, they were fastened together. The "Margaretta"\* was boarded, and in an hour's time was captured, and was taken in triumph up the river to Machias, reaching the wharf at about sunset of the same day, which was the 12th of June, 1775. Captain Moore, the gallant British commander, was mortally wounded, and died next day in Machias.

John O'Brien, as a recognition of the conspicuous bravery exhibited by him in the capture of the "Margaretta," was sent by the Machias Committee of Safety to the Provincial Congress body of the capture of the "Margaretta," and to ask protection for the feeble settlements in eastern Maine, including Machias.

The news of the brilliant victory in Machias Bay spread rapidly through the Colonies, and everywhere the colonists were stirred with the ambition to emulate the splendid achievement.

The "Unity" was at once fitted out as a cruiser, the armament of the "Margaretta" being transferred to her. She was re-named the "Machias Liberty,"\* and Captain Jeremiah O'Brien was appointed as her commander.

After the capture, in July, 1775, of the British armed vessels "Diligence" and "Tapnaquish," near Buck's harbor, in which captures John O'Brien, on his brother Jeremiah's vessel, took part, the former vessel was refitted as an American cruiser. Of the "Machias Liberty" (or "O'Brien"), Jeremiah O'Brien was continued as commander; and his younger brother William was appointed first Lieutenant. John Lambert was appointed to the command of the "Diligence," and John O'Brien was appointed as his first Lieutenant. The "Diligence" had a crew of forty men, and carried eight guns and twenty swivels.

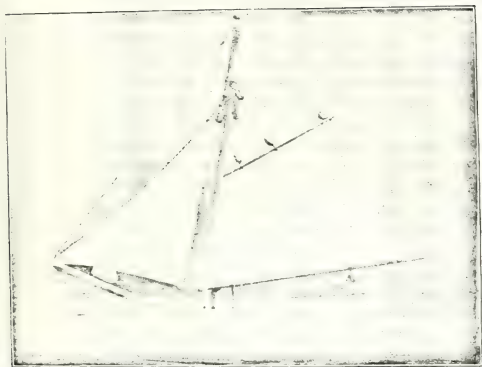
For nearly a year, the "Machias Liberty" and the "Dili-

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\*For a detailed account of the armament of the "Margaretta," and of the engagement between her and the American sloop, see "Life of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, Machias, Me.," by the writer of this sketch.

\*According to at least one authority, the "Unity" was re-named the "O'Brien."





MODEL OF THE AMERICAN SLOOP "UNITY".



gence", by order of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, cruised chiefly up and down the eastern coast, protecting American shipping, and capturing British prizes. John O'Brien contributed in no small measure to the success of the cruise. Sometime in the early part of 1776 the "Diligence" was laid up; but the "Machias Liberty" was continued in the Provincial service.

During the night following its capture, the "Margaretta" was taken up Middle River, a branch of the Machias River, a few miles, and there beached. "We cut down trees and bushes and enclosed her from view so much as we could and returned to Machias in season for a late breakfast", said one who took an active part in the disposal of the British schooner.

Early in the autumn of 1776, John O'Brien and a few others, uncovered and floated the "Margaretta", brought her down the Middle River and fitted her out as privateer. New sails were made, a few five-pounders were placed on board, and with a crew of about twenty men she set sail, under the command of John O'Brien, in search of British prizes.

It was late in September or early in October, 1776, that the "Margaretta", re-named the "Machias Cruiser", sailed from Machias, going westward. When in the vicinity of Mt. Desert, O'Brien espied in the offing what he supposed was a British merchant vessel going to the eastward. Upon drawing nearer to the vessel, with a view to giving her battle, O'Brien ascertained that she was a British warship. Crowding on all sail, he turned the prow of the "Machias Cruiser" away from the enemy, for which he knew his vessel was no match. He hoped to be able to reach Machias Bay, and there find harbor and shelter. The British warship was gaining rapidly on the American vessel; sending a shot now and then after O'Brien, whose vessel, however, remained unharmed. When off Sawyer's Cove, about forty miles to the eastward of Mt. Desert, O'Brien, who saw that he would be overtaken by his fleet pursuer, ran his vessel into the cove, beached her on the flats, and he and his men jumped into the shallow water and swam and waded ashore. They found shelter in half a dozen houses in the vicinity. This was the first and the last defeat John O'Brien, in his long career, ever suffered.

As near as can now be ascertained it was sometime during 1778



or early in 1779, that Captain John O'Brien removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts; and his brothers, Dennis and Joseph soon after followed him. The three brothers jointly engaged in commercial pursuits.

On the 21st of September, 1779, John O'Brien and Miss Hannah Tappan, daughter of Mr. Richard Tappan, were united in marriage. They had first met during a previous visit of Captain O'Brien to Newburyport. It is said that Miss Tappan was attracted to Captain O'Brien because of what she had heard of his highly meritorious connection with the capture of the "Margaretta"; in her eyes he was a hero.

In Newburyport, Captain and Mrs. O'Brien moved in the best society of the place; his reputation as a prominent man in connection with the Revolution, and his upright, manly character opening to him the avenues of entrance to society. As a full-dressed gentleman of the period he is said to have made a very fine appearance.

During the summer of 1780 Captain John O'Brien and his brother Joseph built in Newburyport a vessel intended for the service. She was named the "Hannibal," and was to carry twenty-four guns and a crew of one and thirty men. On her first cruise, to Domingo, she was commanded by Captain John O'Brien; he captured several important British prizes.

After the capture of the "Hannibal", under the command of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, by the British, late in 1780 or early in 1781, Captain John O'Brien and a few others built at Newburyport another vessel for the privateer service, which was named the "Hibernia". She was a small vessel, but a splendid sailer. The "Hibernia" carried six three-pound guns. Of this vessel Captain John O'Brien took command. He inflicted great damage upon British shipping. On his first cruise, which lasted less than four weeks, he captured three brigs, a ship and two schooners from the enemy. During this cruise O'Brien met with a sixteen-gun British ship, with which he engaged in a fight lasting nearly two hours. From this unequal encounter he escaped with the loss of three killed and several wounded. One of the wounded men had an arm shattered by a cannon-shot from the enemy. The surgeon on board the "Hibernia," instead of pro-





ceeding to amputate the arm, stood trembling, afraid to undertake the work. The wounded man was rapidly bleeding to death. Captain O'Brien drew his pistol, and, pointing it at the surgeon, said: "Do your duty, sir, or I'll blow your brains out!" The arm was speedily amputated, and the man's life was thereby saved.

As a result of a subsequent cruise in the "Hibernia", Captain O'Brien brought into Newburyport eleven British merchant vessels, laden, out of a fleet of twelve with which he had fallen in off the mouth of the Narrows, below New York.

A few days after the remarkable captures just described, Captain O'Brien, while in the vicinity of New York, espied a large vessel which he supposed was a British merchantman; and he at once "bore down" upon the craft. Upon ascertaining that the vessel was a British man-of-war, O'Brien immediately crowded on all sail, and, suddenly altering the course of the "Hibernia", ran from the enemy's vessel. The British man-of-war pursued the "Hibernia", and as the former was the faster sailer, she was rapidly gaining on the American privateer. It was then nearly dusk. As soon as darkness settled down upon the water, O'Brien ballasted a hogshead, set firmly in one side of it a pole, at the top of which he placed a large, lighted lantern. Lowering the hogshead into the water, O'Brien at once altered the course of his vessel, and with a stiff breeze, was soon out of reach of the enemy. Reaching shallow water, O'Brien ordered an anchor cast; the fog, by this time being so dense that the "Hibernia" could not be discerned by the British man-of-war. The heavy muffled sound of booming cannon was soon heard on board the American privateer. It proved to be the enemy furiously bombarding the floating hogshead, which had been taken for the "Hibernia". At length silence reigned. When morning broke, the British man-of-war was nowhere to be seen; the commanding officer no doubt congratulating himself upon the destruction of O'Brien's vessel.

"It has been said, and is doubtless in the main true, that the proceeds of the sales of the vessels and cargoes captured by Captain John O'Brien during the Revolution, contributed to the



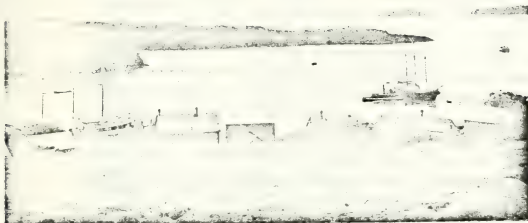
foundation of the fortunes of many of the residents of Newburyport, into which they were brought. Captain O'Brien, upon delivering the captured prizes at the wharves or out in the harbor, would say: 'Here, boys, you take care of these, and I'll go out for more'. He evidently did not care so much for money as he did for the opportunity of seeing the British flag come down."

"He had a heart as big as an ox", is the estimate of Captain O'Brien made by those well qualified to judge.

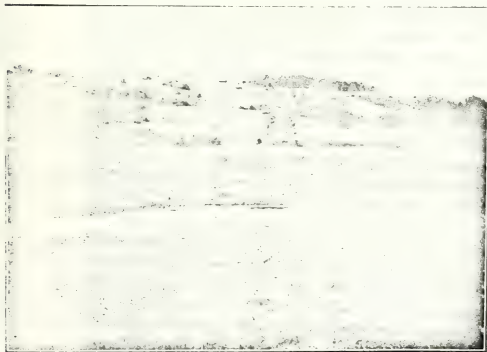
After the close of the Revolution, Captain O'Brien continued for several years to reside in Newburyport, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. In command of his own vessels he visited many ports, American and foreign; including Philadelphia, the West Indies, Liverpool, London, France and Spain. During one of his visits in London, he purchased some long silk stockings, such as were worn by gentlemen at the time. On the voyage home he opened the package only to discover that he had paid for a lot of stocking legs, minus feet. Being in London a few months later, he made a second purchase of silk stockings in the same store where the first lot had been purchased. The merchant did not recognize him. The price asked by the dealer was very low for the quality of stockings offered. Taking advantage of the low price asked, Captain O'Brien made a large purchase, and laid the pay, in gold, on the counter. Upon seeing the dealer about to take the stockings away, ostensibly to wrap them, Captain O'Brien remarked: "Don't trouble yourself, I'll take them as they are"; and to the great disgust of the dealer, O'Brien at once left the store with his purchase. The London merchant was outwitted by the Yankee customer; for he intended to repeat the dishonesty of the first transaction.

Captain O'Brien was once challenged by a Frenchman to fight a duel; the Frenchman having for some reason taken offense. The challenge was accepted, and as the challenged party, O'Brien chose as his weapon a cannon; and in accordance with the rules of duelling, he was to have the first shot. Upon being informed of the weapon chosen by the visiting Yankee, the Frenchman, hitherto so brave, was terrified, and withdrew his challenge.





7 OF MACHIAS HARBOR, SHOWING HOLMES' BAY AND ROUND ISLAND into Holmes' Bay that the British armed vessel "Margaretta" ran on the early morning of June 12, 1775, to repair her broken boom. It was off Round Island that the "Margaretta" was first sighted by Captain Jeremiah O'Brien on the forenoon of June 12, 1775. A flag pole and flag of Machiasport is visible in the foreground of the above picture.



#### SPOT WHERE THE "MARGARETTA" WAS BEACHED

The spot where the captured British armed vessel "Margaretta" was "beached" at low tide on the night of June 12 and morning of June 13, 1775, is indicated in the above picture by a flag pole and flag. This cut was made from a photograph taken by the author of the article it accompanies.



Having disposed of his cargo in a foreign port into which he had sailed, Captain O'Brien went on board his vessel with the proceeds of the sale, which was in gold. This he had placed in his capacious satin vest pockets. During his absence on shore the crew of his vessel had formed a plot to kill him when he came on board, and take from him, and divide among themselves, the large amount of money they knew he would have about his person. Captain O'Brien had no sooner stepped upon the deck of his vessel than one of the crew, chosen for the work, struck him on the head with a mauling spike. He fell, stunned, upon the deck. After taking from his vest pockets the gold, several of the crew threw the unconscious officer overboard. As he struck the water (this he subsequently related), he partially recovered consciousness; but down, down, down he went, until his feet touched bottom, when he gave an energetic spring upward, and soon reached the surface. Having fully recovered consciousness, he swam for his vessel, which was but a short distance away. While Captain O'Brien was in the water the crew had attempted to kill his brother William, the first mate; but he had escaped from his would-be murderers by seeking shelter. Unseen by the crew, Captain O'Brien reached the deck of his vessel, and immediately seizing a mauling spike, he rushed into the midst of the mutineers, swinging the heavy instrument to the right and left with tremendous vigor. Supposing Captain O'Brien to be an apparition, as they thought he had been drowned, the mutineers became so thoroughly affrighted that they tumbled almost headlong down the hatchway, hastily closing it after them. Captain O'Brien, with the assistance of the first mate, at once securely fastened the hatchway; and then went on shore and notified the civil authorities of the mutiny of the crew, and of their attempt upon his life and that of his first mate. The mutineers, twenty-five in number, were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to death. Through the intercession of Captain O'Brien, however, the sentence was changed to banishment to a desert island.

In the year 1817, Captain John O'Brien removed to Brunswick, Maine, where he had purchased about twenty acres of land. Upon a portion of this land he built a new house, said to have





been the finest in the place. Here, Captain O'Brien resolved to spend the remainder of his days in well-earned rest from a long, arduous and highly eventful public career.

During his residence in Brunswick, Captain O'Brien used occasionally to visit Machias, where his parents, and two brothers, Colonel Jeremiah, and Gideon, resided. On one of the visits to Machias a daughter accompanied him. As they were passing through a piece of dense, dark woods, many miles from a human habitation, a man climbed into the rear of the vehicle, for the purpose evidently, of robbing Captain O'Brien. Doubtless the would-be robber thought an aged man, such as Captain O'Brien seemed to be, would be an easy victim; but, as he soon ascertained, appearances are often deceiving. Placing the reins in the hands of his daughter, and instructing her to drive the horse at a rapid speed, he stood up in the vehicle, and, reaching round to the rear, he laid the whip on to the intruder with such great vigor that he jumped to the ground, and was soon left far behind.

While a resident of Brunswick, Captain O'Brien, through the intercession of Mr. Joseph Yheaton, a former Machias acquaintance, who then held a position under the government at Washington, was appointed postmaster.

A touching story is related concerning the burial of Captain O'Brien's wife, with whom he had lived happily for nearly fifty years. On the day of the funeral, held at his home, he was seen standing at the foot of the flight of the stairs, leading from their bed-room down into the front hallway, as if he was waiting for some one to come down. For several years it had been his custom, on Sunday morning, to thus stand, and wait for his wife to come down, to accompany him to the house of religious worship. For the moment, on the occasion above referred to, he seemed to have forgotten that his wife was to be buried, and was watching for her to come down stairs to go with him, as usual, to the village church. When he awoke to the fact that his beloved wife was that day to be buried, he was well-nigh overcome with grief. This was in the year 1826.

About six years later, on the 8th of May, 1832, Captain John O'Brien died. He was buried in Brunswick.



## A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

**N**ATION of nations, 'tis of thee,  
 Conceived in liberty and free,  
 America we sing.  
 Thy children love thy glorious name,  
 Pilgrim and stranger own thy fame,  
 Thy halls with honor ring.

Up through the toil and strife of years,  
 Blood of the life, in smiles and tears  
 Writ on thine ensign see.  
 Devotion's heritage is thine,  
 Dominion over palm and pine,  
 Gem of the earth and sea.

Called to a leadership divine,  
 Resource of hill, of vale and mine  
 City and homeland glen.  
 Rivers and seas and woodland tell  
 Thy bounteous power to compel  
 Freedom and peace to men.

With reverent voices here we raise  
 Our hearts in full, exultant praise,  
 To God who made us free.  
 Thy sons and daughters here prolong,  
 Children and stranger join the song  
 Our father's God to Thee.

J. E. HOLDEN.



## AMERICANA

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Belief in Merit and Ability EDITORIAL Right to Paraphrase

**I**F we have a right to vaunt ourselves on any good national trait it is our capacity to "see the other side of the question." Perhaps the long, severe controversies our forefathers used to delight in made easy and natural to their children the habit of argument. It is certain that when an American asserts any important principle or fact he rather expects to be contradicted; he anticipates a wordy combat, and is disappointed if he does not get it. It almost seems that he is never quite sure of his position until he has been over the whole ground with some one who differs from him, and quiet security in his opinions must be gained by a term of skirmishing that may be held as convincing proof of his mental suppleness. We confess to a certain admiration for the argumentative nature; it is not so dogmatical, not so tyrannic as the English phlegm which answers doubt with an eye glass only. There is a charming familiarity in the "See now," "Don't you believe?" and the "How do you make that out?" When one reasons with us he assumes our equality, and admits our right to be respected. Perhaps that, after all, is the secret of our love of talking everything over; not so much to give another the opportunity of chasing us from an opinion which we will not abandon, in any case until we are tired of it, as the pleasant flattery of attention. People often argue over things they do not care in the least about, merely to make themselves of importance; a



childish vanity which scarcely deserves the punishment of indifference. But the keeping matters in view, the turning around to the light of obscure questions, has unquestionably the advantage of making us recognize at all times the possibility of other truths than those with which we are acquainted. If Americans have fewer fixed ideas than other nations it may be laid to our habit of free argument.

One of the ways of foreigners that might be called nettling, is the pertinacity with which they ignore our right to European kinship in blood, and thrust us off in a kind of western barbarism, as if we could not, by any possibility, be more than four

FAMILY  
PRIDE

hundred years old! "But if you are American, then you must be descended from the Indians?" It is of no use to explain that we "came over;" they then say that we are either German, French or English, as the case may be; nothing belongs to the soil, in their esteem, that has not germinated there. And yet, we have our little pride of family as we have our national pride, and the exasperation is that we can never make them understand it. They find it inconsistent, too, in people whose motto is "liberty, equality and fraternity" to be unwilling to sit down at all times with "the great unwashed." In just one detail they are right; we are not, as a people, consistent. How could we be, in a land where the strong and ever growing feeling of personal independence is checked and worried by the ambition for importance as an empire? We are called on constantly, to sacrifice personal pride to pride of country; it is almost the same thing as pride of family, and in the end will lead to a more distinct recognition of that. If any sort of pride is justiable, is it not faithfulness toward our "clan?" The last things one should ever give up are his old family portraits, and spoons with the thin edges and worn initials. It is casting off all the romance of the past and being thrust solitary and unprotected, into the foreground of life, like a child without a guardian. There is heroism in carving out our own career, unaided by family influence; but there is loneliness too. And every one has his moments of weakness, when he would barter all his own





achievements for the delicious security of family environment. We deery what we cannot attain, and the parvenu mocks at an escutcheon, saying with the cynic poet:

"If we must look to ancestry for fame  
Let us at least, deal justly with mankind;  
Why rake the ashes of the dead for honors only?  
Why conceal their crimes?"

But the first purchase the newly made millionaire longs to make—how often vainly!—is an honorable lineage.

The French have a saying which is more sensible than the old Norman "noblesse oblige;" it is, "bon sang ne ment pas," and we are tempted to apply it to the careers of the several noted Americans whose centennial occurs this year. A man may apparently come up from the log cabin and the dust of hard daily toil, rising by his genius to high position and the pre-eminence of the single notable creature of his name and race; but it is not unusual, in "raking the ashes of the dead" to find an ancestor in whose soul there breathed a loftier spirit than others in the family could lay claim to; some inherited pride and strength of purpose that came down—who knows from where?—Perhaps from the long ago when the men and women of that degenerated stock were of importance to the world, and in our modern slang, "made good" their end. Energy is Nature's Aristocrat; by it she pushes into the front rank her favorites. As Bulwer said: "Fortune is said to be blind, but her favorites never are. Ambition has the eye of the eagle, Prudence that of the lynx; the first looks through the air, the last along the ground." These things are gifts, but not gifts made out of nothing; the stuff is in the blood, or else it would require a special miracle every time a man had capacity to think and feel deeper than his fellow men. We Americans are sure that we have race back of us; it breathes in our high, undaunted spirit, in our generosity, our power of quick thinking; and if we take the trouble to trace to its source a sudden gush of enterprise and



bravery in one of our citizens, it will result that we discover, back of the tangled wood of stunted spruce that lies along his path, a clear stream of crystal water, outflowed from a noble life, some forebear long forgotten. And, "*bon sang ne ment pas.*"

In our dear, great country we do not make history rapidly. We are free from the petty tumults and eternal wars with foreign enemies that write pages in the archives of all our cousins across the deep water. When we were at school—and we refuse

to give the year of that last look we took at our Barnes and Montgomery—we found

**MATERIAL FOR** American history far less interesting than the  
**HISTORY.** history of older countries, where more had happened. Why, after all the talk about Columbus

and the settling of the colonies, there were but four or five wars to read about! And the story of the "little hatchet", even when wreathed about with all the flowers of patriotism, compared but poorly with the wonderful adventures of all the Edwards, Richards, and Charlies of our English mother country; to say nothing of the bewildering, brilliant recitals of France and Spain. In those dull days we used to sigh for more fullness in our national life, as Hawthorne sighed for "atmosphere" in the new land. But riper years have brought if not wisdom, at least appreciation of the blessing of an unwritten history. May it long be that our country remains the least romantic and exciting in its historical tales of all the nations of the earth; there is still enough to stir the blood and move the deepest feeling in the little space we occupy in chronicles of war and disaster. And interest is not lacking, either, in what may be called the side issues of national history. Biography, which is, after all, the secret history of a country, is as full of vitality and significance in America as in any land on earth. It may be that it is more full, for there is a strange and wonderful mingling of forces here that exists nowhere else; there are variety and opposition of character that inspire lively expectation, an immense talent, an extraordinary diversity of temperament, all of which furnish rich material for romance as well as for scientific speculation. We may say that in every true American there resides the material



for war, tumult, strategem, discovery and greatness. We are not then, lacking in the stuff of which to make history. It is an immensely interesting field, and we are glad to be in it. What a scope has a magazine of American history and biography! If the past is short, all the future is before us, and we have a dim idea that if we are sufficiently alert and swift, we may even seize the present, as it flies.



## LITERATURE

The Struggle for American Independence. By Sidney George Fisher. Illustrated. Two Vols. Price, net, \$4.00. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A philosophical history, and one which on account of its careful observance of the principles of evolution, makes delightfully easy reading, is here presented. The author strikes the key note in the first paragraph of his work, without any long and stilted preamble. "It (the Revolution) was really a long continued political and economic movement, gradually creating among our people a political party which, against great odds and by persistent endeavor, established on this continent ideas and principles which are not yet entirely accepted in Europe." From this interesting premise Mr. Fisher goes on in a manner that recalls John Fiske, to establish his position by a series of narrations and events and pen-portraits of the leaders in them which carry the reader along swiftly and pleasantly, arousing new ideas and refreshing our old knowledge at every point. From the first chapter we feel confidence in our author; he tells us at once that he intends to treat us as grown up persons, not as children, to whom history must be given in scraps suited to their understanding. He is frank, he conceals nothing, and yet, which is far more important, he endeavors to be entirely impartial. It is not possible that he should have kept his own personality altogether in the background, for we feel that his sympathy with the movement for freedom is the very motive force of the book. If the writer had not believed in human liberty the volumes would never have been written. This is saying that it comes from his heart as well as from his brain, and doubtless it is this that makes the work fascinating. But a notable fact is that he is extremely just to the Loyalists, or Tories, as they are called in most histories written by Americans. In truth, some





of the recitals of Cleveland's barbarities against these foes of his own household arouse our indignation, and compel us to realize that the patriots were by no means the suffering angels they are generally represented, but fierce and desperate partisans, pushed by instinct to the use of awful means to help on the great march of human liberty. In the even measurement of justice we find that the Britains themselves may be looked at from more than one point of view. Cornwallis was not altogether a coward nor Tarleton a fiend. Especially, George of England is not to be made solely responsible for the War of Independence. Conciliation after conciliation was made by England, and disdained by the Americans. Concerning the Stamp Act, Mr. Fisher remarks: "It would be difficult to find in all history another instance of such complete and thorough disobedience to a law which one of the most powerful nations of the world had debated and enacted with the most careful consideration, and which was intended to be put in operation in the kindest and gentlest manner." But the quarrel and rupture were fore-ordained. There was a revolutionary spirit among the Americans, and nothing would satisfy it short of absolute separation from the mother country. They had outgrown their home, and must be apart. Not so much tyranny from without pushed them as the tyranny of an instinct for self rule. With this idea always before us it is not difficult to understand that obnoxious as were the men sent over to govern them, to their own sensitive pride, the men themselves might have been far from brutal or unreasonable. Nowhere is our historian more admirable than in his clear pen portraits of the enemy. All through the work these striking pictures occur, making illustration superfluous. Where, for example, does one find anything better than this?—"The common statement in some books that Governor Hutchinson was malignant, treacherous, or the vacillating and cowardly agent of of tyranny, are utterly without foundation. He was a man of learning, ability, and refinement, a native of the colony, a graduate of Harvard College, a collector of historical material, and the author of an excellent history of Massachusetts; but like some other Americans, his tastes and feelings were with Europe and his intellect was overawed by English culture. He never



could bring himself to see the slightest advantage in American nationality. He was now sixty-two years old, and had been a useful public man in Massachusetts. He had had a long career as a member of the legislature, as member of the council, as judge and as lieutenant-governor; and all the best citizens were grateful to him for his services. He had supported for years, at the sacrifice of popularity a sound specie currency, had fought the land-banks and paper-money schemes, and had largely contributed to save the province from bankruptcy. The charge that he opposed the patriot party in expectation of a high position in England as a reward for his loyalism does not seem to be sustained because he was offered a baronetcy and declined it. His opinions were entirely sincere and honest, but they were not American. He seems to have really loved New England, but only as a subject province and dependency of Great Britain. . . . Looked at from the point of view of history he was doing what every colonial governor in an empire is bound to do. If the British system of empire was right, Hutchinson was right, and was an ideal governor. He found his duties congenial; for he was completely devoted to colonialism by tastes, feelings, and convictions as any loyalist that ever lived." This is a sane, fair summing up from a historian who makes you feel nevertheless, that he does not think "the British system of empire" right, in any sense; it is only one of the many fine character delineations these volumes contain, and if we have given it at some length, we have given less than we desired: but perhaps enough to show the mastery of Mr. Fisher over his subject, his self-restraint, and easy narrative style. Among many more pretentious works, we single out this history of American Independence, as the most lucid, reasonable, and interesting treatment of the subject that has come before us for a very long time.

**HISTORIC MORRISTOWN: NEW JERSEY—The Story of its First Century** by Andrew M. Sherman.

This book will be found interesting by the student of history for the many sidelights it throws on our development from the



colonial period to the close of the Revolutionary War.\* The book should be of much import to those who delve into geneology and to the lawyer seeking to unravel a chain of title and the surveyor for the many past and present residents of Morristown it mentions by name and the minute description of the more important places. The very complete index of the names mentioned and wide margins on each page for the purpose of notes add to the attractiveness of the work.

Morristown was settled as far back as 1685. The iron industry was a great factor in that section at the time. The first forge was erected on what is now known as Flagler's Mill and by some as Darling's Mill, situated a little to the north of the present Water Street. The remains of one of the iron forges may be seen on the northern bank of the Whippanong nearly opposite the site of the present new round house of the Lackawanna Railroad Company.

The houses of the first settlers were built of logs near the intersection of the present Water and Spring Streets. The first church was built in 1817. It was a small, square structure covered on all four sides and on the roof with shingles. There was no cupola or spire. It was first Congregational, later Presbyterian. The communicants came from Morristown, Chatham, Madison, Parsifanny and other surrounding hamlets. Its first pastor was Reverend Nathan Hubbell, a Yale graduate.

Morristown played no minor part in the great struggle between the King and the Colonies. The twenty-nine laws restricting Colonial industries which the British Parliament enacted effected this settlement seriously. This was especially the case with those prohibiting the use of water falls, of the setting up of machinery for manufacturing purposes, such as looms and spindles and of the working of iron and wood in certain forms specified. No sooner did the news of Lexington reach New Jersey than the raising of recruits began. One famous company was known as The Light Horse whose captain was Thomas Kinney. The Morristown soldiers underwent their early baptism of fire when the British after the victory on Long Island sent a force

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\*The inspiration was an historical sermon delivered by the author on the sixty-fourth anniversary of the dedication of his church in Morris County, which was subsequently published in pamphlet form.



under General Leslie to blow up Ford's Powder Mill. The attempt was thwarted by the militia under Colonel Jacob Fort.

Much that is interesting appears on the stay of Washington and his army at Morristown during the winter of 1777. The tree under which the great general partook of The Lord's Supper is still standing and one of the many illustrations that the interesting work contains.





## ANNOUNCEMENTS

With this issue *AMERICANA* becomes a monthly magazine; a departure which is warranted by the increasing interest in its worthy parent, *THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE*, a bi-monthly.

We are now enabled to offer to our readers at more frequent intervals, a collection of interesting and attractive articles on subjects valued by the student of history, and also, papers treating of phases more distinctly literary, but not the less touching upon topics of import to everyone who cares to extend his knowledge of American life and character. It is the intention of the management to make each number of *AMERICANA* better than the preceding one; an ambitious project, that can only be realized through the co-operation of our readers. It will be essential that we understand their tastes and wishes, if we are to successfully cater to them. So, we shall be deeply grateful for every suggestion, or criticism that is made with the design of helping us to this knowledge. Perhaps it may not be out of order also, to say that when there is anything to praise, a word or so of appreciation may be of decided aid, too; encouragement has a wonderfully stimulating power. For the August number we have, in a way, raked the western continent to secure excellent material. The following papers will appear:

The leading article, by James Cooper Wheeler, is on "A Hudson Bay Company's Hog." The promise of singularity contained in the title is amply borne out by the strange, true history of a transaction that is now given to the world for the first time, and that had vast bearing upon the attachment of the great tract of land once known as Oregon Territory.

"Before the Walls of Tripoli," by Dr. William S. Birge, tells a thrilling tale of the siege laid to that obstinate fortress by the gallant Commodore Preble.

Entirely different is the second chapter of a most important



series written for us by Mr. Roberts, on the "History of the Mormon Church." As dealing with the foundations of thought and life of a large and important class of American citizens, but little known hitherto, and perhaps on that account much misjudged by their eastern brethren, this group of articles has a weight that will probably secure for it serious attention. Fine steel plate illustrations add to the value of this series.

Mr. Henry Waterman, of Provincetown, Mass., is so well convinced that his native place has been rather slighted of its rights, by the rivalry of the better chronicled Plymouth, that he draws our regard in a well written, short paper called "The Birth-place of American Liberty."

The author of a charming article on "Belle Isle" that was admired in the May number of this magazine, now gives us something of a very unlike character in her "Representative Southern Literature." The re-production of southern dialect is so naturally done, that even the most adverse critic will scarcely find fault with its fidelity.

The Rev. Andrew M. Sherman, an old favorite with our readers, will still write for us, and we are much pleased to have the privilege of giving his fine article, "The Old Morris Court House," in this number. It is profusely illustrated.

How far removed from the foregoing is the next paper on the list, may be quickly seen from the title, "Outlook of the Socialist Party in America." Mr. Milton Baker may strike some of our readers as being a partisan, rather than a historian. The field is open. We shall be glad to have the other side of the question, later on.

From the arena to the land of romance is a journey easily made by turning to the next paper, a vivid New Mexico sketch, by Francis Meade, entitled "La Mesilla." Some excellent illustrations give a graphic touch to the article.

One of the prettiest things in the number, according to our view, is "An Ancient Virginia House and its Ghost Story," quaintly told by Mr. T. D. Pendleton, himself, evidently, a Virginian of the old type.

Then, pressing close for attention, is a serious, thoughtful paper entitled "The Education of Successful Men," written by



Mr. William J. Loomis, of Illinois. Whether or not, one agrees with his argument, it must be admitted that it is well put.

Mrs. Corra Bacon Foster is a friend who will doubtless be too warmly greeted to need any introduction here. She gives us a fine paper under the title, "Chatelaines of the British Legation."

Mrs. Sallie R. McLean furnishes another instalment of her valued series of articles on "The History of Slavery."

Now, the reader can judge whether the August number will be worth his perusal! If not, then we will try to make our September number richer still.

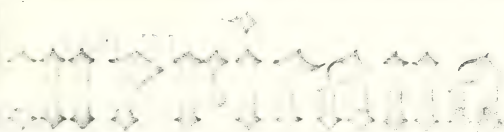




MRS. ERSKINE







• Illustrated •



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# AMERICANA

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All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

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AUGUST, 1909

# AMERICANA

FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN, Editor

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# AMERICANA

August, 1909

A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY HOG

BY JAMES COOPER WHEELER

**T**HE acquisition of Oregon Territory, since subdivided into the states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, is marked by history possessing vivid interest to American students, and abounds in romantic incidents.

From 1812 to 1872 our Pacific Coast possessions hung in the balance. They were coveted by the far-sighted English, and under-valued by the inhabitants of the eastern states who conceived their interests to be bounded by the Great Lakes. The relations between the United States and Great Britain were often dangerously strained during this time by, according to Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, "differences which, unless speedily terminated, must probably involve both countries in the necessity of an appeal to arms."

On one occasion the 'appeal to arms' was so close a contingency that a fleet of British war ships and a force of American regulars actually faced each other, and nothing but the indomitable resolution and stern courage of captain George E. Pickett averted a bloody war at the very time that the struggle with the seceding states of the South was impending.

On the 17th of July, 1846, a treaty between Great Britain and the United States was ratified establishing our northeastern boundary line as follows:

"from the point on the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, where the boundary laid down in existing treaties





"and conventions between Great Britain and the United States terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of the United States, and those of Her Britannic Majesty shall be continued westward along the said forty-ninth parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, and thence southerly thro' the middle of said channel, and of Fuca's straits to the Pacific Ocean; Provided, however, that the navigation of the whole of the said channel and straits, south of the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, remain free and open to both parties."

The situation was at this time an embarrassing one that strained diplomatic relations between the two countries to attenuation. The Hudson Bay Company, that formidable monopoly which had been to North America what the British East India Company was to India, and The British South African Company to Africa—the relentless foe to progress other than that which conserved its own commercial interests—stood like a Colossus with closed legs in the way of occupation by the Americans. With a policy that had already held back Civilization on the northwestern coast for a hundred years, the Company directors barred the path to us, and by their political weight brought to bear upon the government in England, caused endless delay, and interposed many obstacles to American occupation and development. Evidences of the pressure of this huge octopus of a chartered and continental monopoly upon the English Ministry were quickly seen in the interpretation sought to be placed on the conditions of the treaty. The object of the Company was of course to force the line to include as much of its possessions as possible within the territory of the Crown where its charter would still hold sway. Sullenly yielding its holdings in Oregon proper to the Americans—although forcing them to pay an immense price for alleged improvements—it sought by diplomatic chicanery to interpret the reading of the first article of the Treaty to carry the meaning that the channel separating the continent and the island of Vancouver should be the Rosario



straits instead of the Canal De Haro, the obvious waterway between the two points. The aim of this attempted diversion was to include the San Juan archipelago, and particularly San Juan island, a large and fertile island which had been appropriated by the Hudson Bay Company as a sheep ranch and fishing station.

It was not however until eleven years later, in 1857, that a boundary commission was appointed. The commissioners were Archibald Campbell, esquire, for the United States, and "our trusty and well-beloved James Charles Prevost, esquire, a captain in our Royal Navy," on the part of the British Government. The complexity of islands and channels in the San Juan archipelago was well suited to a diplomacy that sought an end by indirection, and therefore delighted in sinuosities and ambiguities. 'Trusty and well-beloved' Captain Prevost was instructed by Lord Russell—whose views seem to have been swayed by Hudson Bay influence—that Her Majesty's Government must, under any circumstances, maintain the right of the British Crown to the island of San Juan. In addition to this declaration—after the treaty establishing the line of boundary, be it noted—Governor Douglas of Vancouver's island, whose son-in-law Mr. A. C. Dallas was president of the Council of the Hudson Bay Company in America, made the following proclamation:

"The sovereignty of the island of San Juan, of the whole  
"of the Haro (San Juan) archipelago has always been  
"undeviatingly claimed to be in the Crown of Great  
"Britain. Therefore, I, James Douglas, do hereby for-  
"mally and solemnly protest against the occupation of the  
"said island, or any part of the said archipelago, by any  
"person whatsoever, for, or in behalf of any other  
"power; hereby protesting, and declaring that the sov-  
"ereignty thereof by right now is, and always has been,  
"in Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and her predecessors,  
"kings of Great Britain."

The extract printed below is from the instructions of General W. S. Harney commanding the department of Oregon, to Cap-



tain George E. Pickett, and evidences room for a difference of opinion on the subject of the Crown's title to San Juan island:

“Third. Under the organic act of the Congress of the United States for the establishment of the territorial government of Washington, the first legislative assembly in 1854 passed an act including the island of San Juan as a part of Whatcom county; this act was duly submitted to Congress, and has not been disapproved; it is, therefore, the law of the land; you will be obliged consequently to acknowledge and respect the civil jurisdiction of Washington Territory in the discharge of your duties on San Juan. . . . .”

Such was to some extent the situation on San Juan. The British claimed it apparently because the Hudson Bay Company had a sheep ranch on it. At the same time some thirty Americans had taken up homesteads there according to the provisions of United States laws. Captain Pickett, in reporting to his commander-in-chief from camp Pickett describes the condition of the island, owing to the joint claims of the English and Americans, and the consequent absence of civil authority as something frightful. He says:

“Desperadoes of all countries have flocked hither. This has become a depot for murderers, robbers, whiskey-sellers—in a word, for refugees from justice. They declare openly and boldly there is no civil law here.”

If was during this chaotic condition of affairs that the historical incident occurred which came within a hair breadth of plunging the United States and England in a third war.

Among the Americans alluded to as living on San Juan island was one Lyman A. Cutler. He was a man in the prime of life, and industrious and enterprising as behooved a pioneer. By resolute hard work he had succeeded in getting a portion of his hundred and sixty acres under the plow. In those days when a man had labored arduously to create a home in the wilderness



—a Titanic task, almost incomprehensible in our easier conditions of life at the present day—he was apt to acquire a sense of property in his hardly-earned belongings that made him determined and even belligerent in maintaining his rights to his possessions. Cutler, his contemporaries say was such a man, a stern, unflinching character to whom attempted coercion was like brandishing a red flag in the face of an angry bull. He was an enthusiastic husbandman, and had fenced in his cleared ground in the primitive style of the time and country with a brush fence, and expended much toil in the spring of the year 1859. June had come in soft and balmy and his peas and beans, and cabbages and onions, and early potatoes grew apace. He pointed them out to his neighbors with pride, and probably boasted about his growing crops after the universal practise of agriculturists—and other creators.

On the morning of the fourteenth day of June he awoke to find his pea vines trampled down, cabbages devoured, and the potato patch rooted up. Unctuous gruntings from the neighboring forest satisfied him that a hog belonging to Charles Henry Griffin, the Chief Trader and Agent of the Hudson Bay Company on San Juan island, was the malefactor. The company sheep ranch of which Griffin was in charge was located half a mile distant on a hill near San Juan harbor. As the hog had destroyed a section of the fence in forcing his way to the vegetables, Cutler strode over to Griffin's headquarters to protest against the trespass. Griffin was a typical Briton who had been so long in the employ of the chartered monopoly that he had grown arbitrary, and accustomed to consider all other rights except those of the Hudson Bay Company as of light consequence.

No one seems to have been present at the interview between the two, but it may readily be inferred that when two such positive characters met, there was much electricity generated. At any rate it culminated by Cutler warning the Chief Trader that he would make 'pork of his pig' if the offense were repeated, and Griffin declined to take precautions to prevent it.

The very next day, the 15th of June, the Trader's hog made another raid. Cutler had repaired the fence, and grimly with





gun in hand watched the animal pry the brush apart and force an entrance. As the marauder seized a mouthful of green stuff and raised his head in a grunt of satisfaction, the American shot him through the heart.

Cutler immediately went to the Hudson Bay station and notified Griffin of his action. The Chief Trader was greatly enraged and told the American he must pay a hundred dollars to the company to indemnify them for the loss of the boar. Cutler, who seems to have been essentially a law-abiding citizen and who probably felt at this period of the controversy that he had perhaps gone to extremes, but would not hear of peace at so fancy a figure as a hundred dollars. He returned home determined to stand the consequences of his act.

It happened that A. G. Dallas the head Hudson Bay official in America came to inspect the sheep station on that same day, and the agent at once laid his complaint before him. Dallas, following the high-handed way in which Hudson Bay affairs were apparently conducted, accompanied him to Cutler's farm. He summoned Cutler and told him peremptorily that he must at once pay the hundred dollars, or he would take him by force to Victoria on Vancouver island, and try him for the offence of killing the hog under British laws.

The threat aroused Cutler. Defying consequences he sprang inside his door and seizing his gun, swore he would kill Dallas in his tracks if he laid a finger on him. The Englishman, unaccustomed to such prompt and determined resistance, retired precipitately to the sheep ranch and summoned the captain of the sloop-of-war *Satellite*, which had brought Mr. Dallas from the British side, to a consultation. This official was Captain Prevost, the English boundary commissioner.

In the meantime Cutler had taken counsel with his American neighbors. They armed themselves and prepared to resist aggression to the death. At the same time, however, apparently at the suggestion of Paul K. Hubbs, the U. S. Inspector of Customs living on the island, they did a very sensible thing. A memorial—addressed to General Harney—was forwarded detailing the attempt on Cutler's liberty, and other oppressive interference of the Hudson Bay Company authorities with their



rights as American citizens. This paper petitioned that a military force be stationed upon the island for their protection.

General Harney than whom no more loyal American ever lived, sent Captain Pickett of Company D, Ninth Infantry, to the scene with the following orders:

"You are directed to establish your company on Bellevue or San Juan island, in some suitable position.  
"....."

"A serious and important duty will devolve upon you in the occupation of San Juan island, arising from the conflicting interests of the American citizens, and the Hudson's Bay establishment at that point. This duty is to afford adequate protection to the American citizens in their rights as such, and to resist all attempts at interference by the British authorities residing in Vancouver island, by intimidation or force, in the controversies of the above-mentioned parties."

"This protection has been called for in consequence of the Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Dallas, having recently visited San Juan island with a British sloop-of-war, and threatened to take an American by force to Victoria for trial by British laws.....  
"..... To insure the safety of our citizens, the general commanding directs you to meet the authorities from Victoria at once, on a second arrival, and inform them they cannot be permitted to interfere with our citizens in any way."

The military steam transport Massachusetts carried Captain Pickett, his command, stores, etc., to a spot on San Juan island about two miles south of the present county seat, Friday Harbor. British ships were watching, but a fortunate fog permitted the American officer to land his forces without a collision at Argyle, or San Juan, as the place was known in the 'sixties.' Low rounded hills here command the little bay on the right and left, while at the foot the ground is level. On the southern bluff Cap-



tain Pickett entrenched himself, fortifying his position as strongly as possible.

The next development was a note from Griffin the agent to the American soldier. This told Pickett that the island on which his camp was pitched was the property, and in the occupation of the Hudson's Bay Company, and requested that he, and the whole of his party who had landed from American vessels, would immediately cease to occupy the same; if Pickett should be unwilling to comply with this request, he, Griffin, would feel bound to apply to the civil authorities. The captain answered that he did not acknowledge the right of the Hudson's Bay Company to dictate his course of action, and being there by the order of his government, would remain until recalled by the same authority.

Nevertheless the American officer thought best to report to General Harney on the third of August in the following words:

"The British ships Tribune, Plumper, and Satellite are lying here in a menacing attitude. I have been warned off by the Hudson's Bay Agent. Then a summons was sent to me to appear before a Mr. De Courcy, an official of her Britannic Majesty. . . . They have a force so much superior to mine that it will be merely a mouthful for them. . . . The excitement here and in Victoria is tremendous. I suppose some five hundred people have visited us. I have had to use a great deal of my peace-making disposition in order to restrain some of the sovereigns."

Captain G. Phipps Hornby of the Tribune was in command of the British squadron. In the early stages of the negotiation which ensued, he assumed an arrogant tone in his communications with the American officer. He threatened in so many words to drive Pickett away by force. The latter, however, stood firm as a rock and faced the English martinet sternly and composedly.

"If you land one British soldier on this shore" he is reported as having replied, "I shall open fire on the British flag. We may be driven from our intrenchments, but we'll take to the woods, and continue the fight as long as one of us remains alive. Should



the collision occur, you will have been the aggressor, and the cause of war between the United States and Great Britain."

Hornby had met a sterner and more invincible spirit than his own. At the time the knightly Pickett delivered this ultimatum he had under his command 451 troops, eight thirty-two pounders, one six pounder, and five mountain howitzers. The British had an armament of over a hundred guns, and 1,200 men.

As soon as he could do so with decency Hornby sailed back to Esquimalt harbor in British waters.

Pickett who only a few years later led the gallant charge at Gettysburg fighting against the north, had done his country one of the greatest services ever rendered by a subordinate officer of the American army.

The Boundary Commission failed to agree, the "trusty" Prevost interposing so many objections to the obvious wording of the terms of the treaty with the purpose of defining Rosario straits to be the waterway leading to Vancouver's Island, and thus including the archipelago among the British Possessions, that the matter was forced to be left to arbitration. The Emperor William of Germany was agreed upon as mediator, and on the eighth day of May, 1871. he named the Canal De Haro as the dividing line between the "continent and Vancouver's Island."

This decision threw not only San Juan island, but the entire archipelago on the American side of the boundary, and into the territory of the United States.





## BEFORE THE WALLS OF TRIPOLI

BY WILLIAM S. BIRGE, M. D.

ALL through the summer of 1804 the United States squadron under Commodore Preble had been actively engaged before the walls of Tripoli. When September came the fortifications of the city had been weakened by the season's work, but the pirate fleet was as defiant as ever. They had remained safely out of danger, and were ready to sail out again to plunder and destroy as soon as their enemies should leave them free. The Americans knew that the approaching stormy season would soon check operations and drive them from the coast; but they determined to make a final attempt to reach and cripple the naval force which lay so snugly within the inner harbor. The plan was nothing less bold than to explode a floating mine in the very midst of the enemy. The bold stroke would accomplish great destruction if successful, but it was full of danger. There was the risk of being discovered and shot down before they reached the desired position; or all might be blown up by a premature explosion; or the pirates might capture them before they could escape from the harbor, and capture would mean long imprisonment, if nothing worse. Yet volunteers were not lacking, and thirteen undertook the enterprise; they were three young officers—Captain Richard Somers, Lieutenants Henry Wardsworth and Joseph Israel—and ten seamen. For their expedition they employed a ketch which had been captured from the Tripolitans and renamed the *Intrepid*. Her Barbary rig and general appearance, they hoped might deceive the guards into thinking her one of their own vessels, and so enable her to pass unmolested. Upon the deck were placed a hundred and fifty loaded shells; directly underneath them a hundred barrels of gunpowder were stored in the hold, and con-



ned by fuze and trains of powder with the cabin, which was filled with combustible matter. This great tinder-box was to be ignited, to make the Tripolitans think that the craft was no more than a fire-raft, until too late for them to escape.

When preparations had been completed, all waited for a favorable night. The evening of the fourth of September came down in deep darkness, and seemed to give the desired opportunity. So the *Intrepid* stole silently into the harbor, taking with her two of the swiftest row-boats in the squadron, that the party might row rapidly away as soon as they had set fire to the combustibles and train of powder. One of the smaller of the American vessels also stood in near the mouth of the harbor to receive them on their return.

Straining their eyes and ears to catch some trace of their comrades, the party at the harbor's entrance waited. Hours never seemed so long, but no sound came out of the darkness. Then the sharp report of the sentry's gun showed that the attempt had been discovered, and that the hope for secrecy was dispelled. The cannon on every side took up the work, and the darkness was illumined with the flashes of a hundred guns, all directed against the little craft. The watchers held their breaths, for they knew that a single spark could destroy everything. Yet like a racing yacht the *Intrepid* rushed on, straight toward the Barbary fleet. She seemed undaunted, although the Tripolitans were pouring fire and missiles around her, and were bearing down to attack with their largest vessels.

Suddenly the anxious spectators saw a bright speck moving upon the *Intrepid* as if a man was running along her deck with a lighted torch. It disappeared, and a moment later a blinding flash shot up and kindled the whole heavens. Every detail of harbor and town could be seen, and the hills behind the city were outlined in sharp relief against the midnight sky. There followed a mighty roar, which swallowed up the lesser noise of cannonading, and seemed to shake the earth and sea. Shells exploded in every direction, and from the town went up a terrible yelling and shrieking of pain and fright. After that, darkness and silence unbroken.

Not a gun disturbed the intense stillness that lasted the rest



of the night. Eagerly those at the harbor's mouth waited now. As the hours passed, one would say: "I thought that I heard them." Then all would look and listen, only to be disappointed. So the time dragged on until morning dawned. At daylight they had to hasten back to the squadron; but as they went they could see the effects of the explosion. The enemy's largest vessel was missing, and two others badly damaged, were being drawn ashore for repairs.

But no tidings came from the thirteen Americans, though the squadron waited day after day, until orders had to be given to sail away. Then the officers recalled Captain Somers' declaration: "I'll set fire to the powder with my own hand and blow us all up together before I'll fall into the power of those Barbary fiends." And all believed that he had fulfilled his intention.

A year later, when peace was made, Bainbridge came out from his long confinement in a Tripoli prison, and brought news of the fate of his countrymen. The morning after the explosion, his jailer had led him down to the shore, where thirteen bodies lay upon the sand. Burned and blackened and bruised beyond recognition, they were unquestionably the remains of Americans; and the body that most resembled Somers had been found in the bottom of the *Intrepid*, where the magazine had been.

If you ever get the opportunity to visit the Longfellow House on Congress street, in Portland, Maine, you may see among the family portraits which adorn the old hallway a painting that represents a boyish face and form, in naval uniform, and standing against a background of burning vessels and flying shells. You will learn that it is the poet's uncle, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, who perished in the harbor of Tripoli, when he was only twenty-one years old. It was for him that the poet received his name, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

And in the old Eastern Cemetery in Portland, near the spot where the captains of the Boxer-Enterprise fight (1815) lie, you can see a simple little monument to Lieutenant Wadsworth. On one side are cut these words:

"An honor to his country and an example to all excellent youth."





ELIZA SMITH

MOTHER OF JOSEPH SMITH THE "MORMON" PROPHET.





## HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

BY BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, Assistant Historian of the Church

## CHAPTER III

## THE BOYHOOD OF JOSEPH SMITH

**T**HE birth of Joseph Smith on the twenty-third of December, 1805, in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, has already been noted. During his early childhood there were removals of the family from Sharon to Tunbridge, and thence to Royalton; but nevertheless these were years of prosperity. In 1811 the family settled in Lebanon, Grafton county, New Hampshire, just over the Vermont line, in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river. Here the parents hoped for even larger prosperity than had come from their labors in the past. "Here we settled ourselves down," says Lucy Smith, "and began to contemplate with joy and satisfaction the prosperity which had attended our recent exertions; and we doubled our diligence, in order to obtain more of this world's goods, with a view of assisting our children when they should need it; and, as is quite natural, we looked forward to the decline of life and were providing for its wants as well as striving to procure those things which contribute much to the comfort of old age."

Hyrum Smith, the second son, was sent to an academy in Hanover, a few miles north from Lebanon; and the other children of sufficient age, to the nearer common school in Lebanon. The affairs of the family were in this happy condition when an epidemic of typhus fever passed over the neighborhood. The Smiths were sorely afflicted by the fever. Hyrum was stricken

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1. "History of the Prophet Joseph," by Lucy Smith, ch. xv.



while in school in Hanover, and brought home; and all the children one after the other fell victims to the scourge. Sophronia, a daughter, narrowly escaped dying; the mother attributes her recovery to the blessing of God obtained through prayer.<sup>2</sup> Joseph recovered from the fever, but some two weeks after his recovery was suddenly seized with a severe pain in his shoulder. A wrong diagnosis by the physician attributed the trouble to a sprain, when in reality there had been none; but after two weeks of suffering there developed between the breast and shoulder a fever sore which, on being lanced, discharged large quantities of puss. The pain then shifted into the leg, causing great suffering; and so continued from bad to worse despite the efforts of physicians, until finally amputation was decided upon by the surgeons, and was only avoided by the protests and determination of the lad himself and the mother. An operation was performed, a large piece of one of the bones between the knee and ankle being removed. Of course the operation was performed with the crude instruments of the times, without the use of anesthetics; and as the boy refused to take stimulants or to be tied down to the bed, the manner in which he passed through the trying ordeal was a rare exhibition of pluck and power of endurance. After the operation the lad quickly recovered, and was sent to Salem, Massachusetts, to the home of his uncle, Jesse Smith, in the hope that the sea air would help in his restoration to perfect health, a hope that was not disappointed.<sup>3</sup>

Something like a year of sickness played havoc with the fortunes of the family of Joseph Smith, Sen., and they removed to Norwich in the State of Vermont—just over the State line, and some ten or twelve miles distant from Lebanon. Here three successive crop failures still further reduced the fortunes of the family. Meantime, Joseph Smith, Sen., having heard of the richer lands and milder climate of western New York, deter-

2. *Ibid.* ch. xv.

3. "History of the Prophet Joseph," by Lucy Smith, ch. xvi. The fever sore in shoulder and leg, requiring the painful surgical operation alluded to in the text, is called the "ancestral ulceration," by Riley in his "Founder of Mormonism," p. 65, for which remark, neither in his own collection of "ancestral ailments," attributed to the Smith and Macks, or elsewhere, is there any justification. The immediate cause for the gathering in shoulder and leg is found in the effect of the typhus fever upon the lad's system; and this, I am assured by medical authority, is not unusual.

*See Smith, ch. 1.*



mined upon removing to that State. After negotiating a settlement of his financial affairs between his debtors and creditors, he departed, in company with a Mr. Howard, for Palmyra, New York. In due time a team was sent back to Norwich for his wife Lucy and the family of children, now numbering eight. On the eve of the family's departure some creditors, refusing to abide by the settlement arranged before the father left Vermont, came forward now and presented their claims, which Lucy Smith, by extraordinary exertions succeeded in satisfying. After a painful separation from her mother at Royalton—the former Lydia Gates so tenderly praised by Solomon Mack—Lucy Smith and her family made their way to Palmyra, New York, where they were welcomed by the father, and all rejoiced in the reunion of the family.

It was a serious condition that confronted this family on its arrival in Palmyra. More than a year of sickness, followed by three successive crop failures—not because of idleness or lack of skill in husbandry, but through drought or frosts, causes beyond their control—together with the necessary expense of removing from New Hampshire to Palmyra, a distance of some three hundred miles, had exhausted all their resources, and they were penniless. It need create no special wonderment that the elder Smith at this period is described as being “of guant and haggard visage,” and wearing “rusty clothes.”<sup>4</sup> A family consultation resulted in the determination to unite their efforts in purchasing a tract of one hundred acres of land some two miles south of Palmyra, on the north border of Manchester township, belonging to minor heirs of the Everson estate, whose agent resided at Canandaigua, Ontario county. “In a year,” says Lucy Smith, “we made nearly all of the first payment, erected a log house, and commenced clearing. I believe something like thirty acres of land were made ready for cultivation the first year.”<sup>5</sup> Meanwhile, to meet the immediate necessities of the family, the male members engaged in occasional day's

4. “Rusty clothes of a vagabond,” is the full language of Riley; which he justifies on the authority of W. D. Purple's editorial in the *Norwich, New York, Union*, April 28, 1877, who claims to have taken notes on an alleged trial of Joseph Smith, Sen., for vagrancy before Albert Nelly, J. P. “*Founder of Mormonism*,” p. 26.

5. “History of the Prophet Joseph,” by Lucy Smith, ch. xvii.



work among the neighboring farmers or in the town; while the mother, skilled in hand-painting oil-cloth covers for tables and stands, etc., met a large part of the family expenses.

Finally the family moved from the town of Palmyra, to the new log house on the farm,<sup>6</sup> in Manchester township, and though the house was a humble one—consisting of two rooms on the ground floor and a like number in an attic, to which there was soon afterwards added a bedroom-wing of sawed slabs—the family was able to resume the conditions of independent methods of life to which it had been accustomed. In a very few years a more commodious frame house was planned and the erection of it begun. This enterprise was more especially the conception of Alvin, the oldest son of the family, then about twenty-five years of age. To the neighbors who watched the progress of the new house, he often said: "I am going to have a nice, pleasant room for father and mother to sit in, and everything arranged for their comfort. They shall not work any more as they have done." But Alvin never lived to see the house completed. In the middle of November, 1824, he was taken ill and died, not of bilious colic of which he was stricken down, but of an over-dose of calomel which lodged in the upper intestines, gangrened, and produced death, despite the efforts of four physicians called to attend the case.<sup>7</sup> In after years in speaking of

6. Some confusion exists as to the length of time before the family moved from the town of Palmyra to the home on the farm. From Lucy Smith's account "History of the Prophet Joseph," ch. xvii, it would be in the second year after their arrival from Vermont; according to the "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," by Pomeroy Tucker-Appleton and Co., N. Y., 1867, p. 12, "two and a half years;" according to Linns "The Story of the Mormons," p. 11, "three and a half years;" Joseph Smith, the Prophet, in his autobiographical journal puts the time of removal as being about four years after his father's arrival in Palmyra; "History of the Church," vol. 1, p. 2. (This last mentioned work is a documentary history, five volumes, of which are now published. It will probably be a work of eight volumes of between five and six hundred pages each, when completed. Six volumes will be required to bring the work to the close of Joseph Smith's life). It is uncertain by how much time the senior Joseph Smith preceded his family to Palmyra; doubtless it was several months. The Prophet speaks of the time between the arrival at Palmyra and the removal to Manchester township indefinitely; and Tucker writes of it as a recollection after an elapse of fifty years. Lucy Smith's statement is likely to be the most accurate.

7. "History of the Prophet Joseph," ch. xix. The above facts were disclosed by an autopsy on the body, permitted by the family at the desire of the four attendant physicians. An anti-Mormon writer in Littell's *Living Age* (Vol. 30, p. 429), refers to this sad experience of the Smith family in these terms: "Alvah [Alvin], however spiritual he may have been, had a carnal appetite; ate too many green turnips, sickened, and died."





his brother, Alvin, the Prophet referred to him "as a very handsome man, and of great strength."<sup>9</sup> The mother speaks of him as "A youth of singular goodness of disposition, kind and aimable."<sup>10</sup>

The new house was finally completed and the family took possession of it. The amount of cleared land gradually increased from thirty to sixty acres, and there were from twelve to fifteen hundred sugar trees on the place from which sap was gathered in the spring and converted into molasses and sugar.<sup>11</sup> The farm thus redeemed from a wilderness and a commodious house built upon it, attracted the attention of the covetous. All the payments as agreed upon with the agents of the Everson estate, except the last, had been made, when a change of agents took place. To the new agent misrepresentations were made as to the movements and intention of the Smiths. The departure of Joseph Smith, Sen., and his son Joseph from home in order to raise the money for the payment of the last installment—having made arrangements with a Mr. Josiah Stool and a Mr. Joseph Knight for the sale of their wheat crop, with that end in view—was converted into a "running away;" while Hyrum was accused of cutting down the sugar orchard, hauling away the rails, burning them, and doing no end of mischief to the farm. Under these circumstances the place was sold outright by the new agent to other parties—one of them a Mr. Stoddard, who had been the chief carpenter in building the new house for the Smiths—and a deed given for the same. These would-be purchasers, however, did not altogether succeed in their designs, since by the exertions of the Smith family the unjust purchase was canceled and the title lodged with the high sheriff of the county, a Mr. Durfee. The Smiths continued to occupy the home and cultivate the farm until they removed to Ohio, in 1831; but they never completed the title to the property.

During the five years, however, that this commodious house, still in a good state of preservation, as will be seen by the engraving of it accompanying this chapter, made from a photograph

8. "History of the Church," vol. v., p. 247.

9. "History of the Prophet Joseph," by Lucy Smith, ch. xx.

10. Statement of William Smith, brother of the Prophet, *Zion's Ensign*, Independence, Mo., copied into *Deseret News*, of January 20, 1894.



recently taken—sheltered the Smiths, it was the home of a Christian family, as also was the more humble log house first erected on the Smith farm, although none of the family formed any connection with the sectarian churches about them until 1820. The question “which of the sects shall we join,” had been a problem in the Smith household even before their removal from Vermont. Lucy Smith was baptized in that state by a minister who was willing to leave to her the question of choosing the sect she would join, and to a time subsequent to her baptism. During the family’s residence in Tunbridge, Lucy’s desire to be identified with some one or other of the churches became acute; but, owing to the disagreeable feelings such a step seemed likely to engender among their friends, and especially with the eldest brother of Joseph Smith, Sen.,—Jesse Smith,—she abandoned for the time being her desire. In 1820, however, when the religious revival that swept through the Western Reserve and New York state reached Palmyra, she determined upon membership in the Presbyterian Church, and in this was followed by her sons Hyrum and Samuel Harrison, and by her daughter Sophronia. Joseph Smith, the future Prophet of Mormonism, inclined to the Methodist persuasion, but did not join their church. The father held aloof from formal connection with any of the sects, but was none the less a staunch, Christian man. “Were your folks religiously inclined before Joseph saw the angel,” inquired one of William Smith, brother of the Prophet. This in 1893, when William Smith was a very aged man. “Yes,” he answered, “We always had family prayers since I can remember. I well remember father used to carry his spectacles in his vest pocket, and when we boys saw him feel for his specs, we knew that was a signal to get ready for prayer, and if we did not notice it mother would say, ‘William,’ or whoever was the negligent one, ‘get ready for prayers.’ After the prayer we had a song we would sing; I remember part of it yet.

‘Another day has passed and gone,  
We lay our garments by.’ ”<sup>11</sup>

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11. Interview with Wm. Smith, *Zion's Ensign*, Independence, Mo., copied into the *Deseret News* of January 20, 1894.



It was this circumstance of Bible reading in the home which doubtless led one who was for some years neighbor to the Smiths,—Dr. John Stafford, of Rochester, New York,—to say that Joseph Smith, Jun., was quite illiterate until after the Smiths “began to have school at their house;” and then “he improved greatly.” “Did they have school in their own house,” Doctor Stafford was asked. “Yes, sir,” he answered, “they had school in their house and studied the Bible.” “Who was their teacher?” the Doctor was asked. “They did not have any teacher; they taught themselves.”<sup>12</sup>

It was in these places, Palmyra and Manchester, and in the midst of these family struggles for existence and these sorrows, that the boyhood of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was spent. Western and much even of central New York was a wilderness in those years. Rochester, some twenty miles to the northwest of Palmyra, in 1815, consisted of but two or three log houses. The region was known as “the western wilderness,” and two years before the arrival of the Smiths the Indians had “desolated the whole Niagara frontier.”<sup>13</sup> Educational advantages were meagre. Up to the revision of the state constitution in 1822, each school district had but twenty dollars *per annum* from the state, and it was with some difficulty that a three months term of the common schools could be run by state and local taxation.<sup>14</sup> Moreover, the affairs of the family in the early years of its residence at Palmyra, required the services of even the lad Joseph to assist in its maintenance, so that he was largely deprived even of the small opportunities afforded by the school system of the state; and books, as already noted, were few and difficult to obtain. Small need of wonder, then, if the book-learning of young Smith was limited. Still he learned to read passing well, he could write and had some knowledge of numbers; it is confessed by his mother that he was less inclined to the perusal of books, than the other children of the family, but “was more given to deep study and meditation.”<sup>15</sup>

12. “Interviews with Old Palmyra and Manchester Residents with Reference to the Character of the Smith family,” by E. L. and Wm. H. Kelley, published in *The Saints Herald*, Plano, Ill., June 1, 1881.

13. “Founder of Mormonism,” p. 39-40.

14. “Early Common Schools in New York, Report of Commissioner of Education,” 1897, p. 224.

15. “History of the Prophet Joseph,” by Lucy Smith, ch. xix.



A number of anti-Mormon writers unconsciously corroborate this view of his being given to deep study and meditation. Tucker, who perhaps has written the most prejudiced account of the Prophet's boyhood days, says: "Taciturnity was among his characteristic idiosyncracies, and he seldom spoke to any one outside of his intimate associates except when first addressed by another. . . . He nevertheless evidenced the rapid development of a thinking, plodding, evil-brewing mental composition."<sup>16</sup> Of his reading Tucker also remarks: "Joseph, moreover, as he grew in years had learned to read comprehensively, in which qualification he was far in advance of his elder brother and even his father."<sup>17</sup> As this comparison is made as to his brother Alvin, who died in 1824, it gives us a view of the Prophet in his later "teens," from seventeen to nineteen. Tucker also adds: "He was, however, proverbially good natured, very rarely if ever indulging in any combative spirit toward any one, whatever might be the provocation, and yet was never known to laugh."<sup>18</sup> Another anti-Mormon writer speaking of the Prophet's boyhood, says: "His mind was retentive; he was possessed of a rude eloquence of speech, and had that rare power of expression that to the stranger or the simple would seem the outward form of a sincere belief within."<sup>19</sup>

Leaving out the visions and revelations received by Joseph Smith in his youth—beginning in his fifteenth year, and which are reserved for separate treatment—his boyhood was commonplace enough, and his life very similar to the lives of thousands of American boys of that generation, reared in the borders of an ever expanding frontier.

16. "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," p. 16.

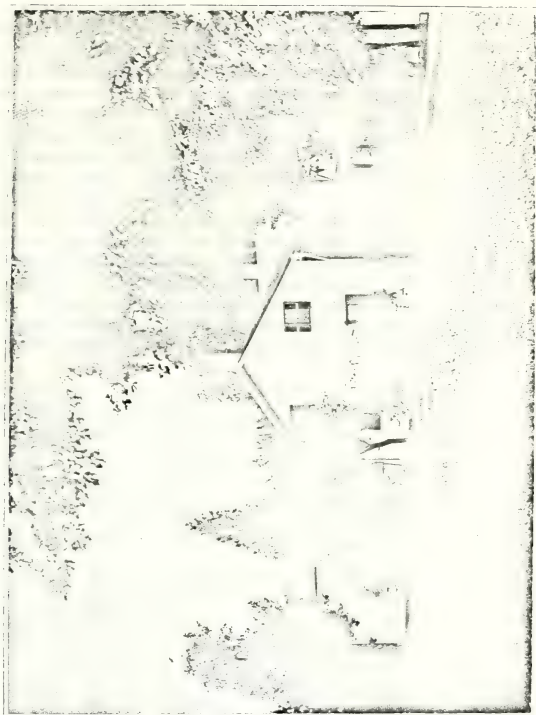
17. "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," p. 17.

18. Ibid, pp. 16, 17. This view scarcely agrees with another anti-Mormon writer, who claims personal knowledge of the Prophet in those early days, viz.: Daniel Hendrix, who says: "Yet Joe had a jovial, easy, don't care way about him that made him a lot of warm friends;" see letter to the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, February 2, 1897, quoted by Linn in his "Story of the Mormons," p. 13. This agrees admirably with what the Prophet has said of himself as pertaining to those days: "I was guilty of levity, and sometimes associated with jovial company. \* \* \* But this will not seem very strange to any one who recollects my youth, and is acquainted with my native, cheery temperament;" see "History of the Church," vol. I, pp. 9, 10. This scarcely is the description of a boy who was "never known to laugh."

19. "Early Days of Mormonism," Kennedy, p. 15.









## CHAPTER IV

## THE SMITH FAMILY AT PALMYRA AND MANCHESTER

The Smith family while living in Palmyra and Manchester are said (1) to have been lazy, shiftless, intemperate and untruthful;<sup>1</sup> (2) to have opened a "shop" in Palmyra where they sold cakes, pies, rootbeer, and the like; and that on public occasions, such as the Fourth of July, militia training days, and election days, the elder Smith would load a rude hand-cart, made by himself, with these wares and sally forth to find such patronage as might come to hand;<sup>2</sup> (3) to have been dishonest and guilty of stealing from their neighbors.<sup>3</sup>

Joseph Smith, the Prophet, states that shortly after obtaining the plates from which he translated the Book of Mormon, "Rumor with her thousand tongues was all the time employed in circulating falsehoods about my father's family, and myself. If I were to relate a thousandth part of them, it would fill up volumes."<sup>4</sup> A statement one can readily believe when he considers the mass of such rumors that have even found their way into print.

When a very aged man, eighty-two, the Prophet's younger brother, William Smith, in an interview given out about two weeks before his death,<sup>5</sup> answered the following questions:

*Question.* "It is said that Joseph and the rest of the family were lazy and indolent."

*Answer.* "We never heard of such a thing until after Joseph told his vision, and not then, by our friends. Whenever the neighbors wanted a good day's work done they knew where they

1. See affidavits in E. D. Howe's "Mormonism Unveiled," 1834, where the statement is frequently repeated, ch. xvii; also Tucker's "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," p. 16, and after them nearly all anti-Mormon writers, who repeat their fulminations *ad nauseam*.

2. Tucker was the first to put out this view of the Smith family, 1867; see "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," pp. 12, 14; and after him Kennedy, Linn and others have repeated it. Even Alexander Stevens in so dignified a work as his "History of the United States," 1883, p. 548, following Tucker, repeats in substance what Tucker and Kennedy have published on this subject.

3. Tucker, 1867, "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," p. 15. Also Kennedy, following Tucker, "Early Days of Mormonism," pp. 10, 11.

4. "History of the Church," vol. I., p. 19.

5. He died, November 13, 1893, at Osterdock, Iowa; *Saints Herald*, vol. 40, p. 787.



could get a good hand and they were not particular to take any of the other boys before Joseph either. We cleared sixty acres of the heaviest timber I ever saw. We had a good place. We also had on it from twelve to fifteen hundred sugar trees, and to gather the sap and make sugar and molasses from that number of trees was no lazy job. We worked hard to clear our place and the neighbors were a little jealous. If you will figure up how much work it would take to clear sixty acres of heavy timber land, heavier than any here, trees you could not conveniently cut down, you can tell whether we were lazy or not, and Joseph did his share of the work with the rest of the boys. We never knew we were bad folks until Joseph told his vision. We were considered respectable till then, but at once people began to circulate falsehoods and stories in a wonderful way."<sup>6</sup>

*Question.* "Did not you doubt Joseph's testimony (about the Book of Mormon) sometimes?"

*Answer.* "No; we all had the most implicit confidence in what he said. He was a truthful boy. Father and mother believed him, why should not the children? I suppose if he had told crooked stories about other things we might have doubted his word about the plates, but Joseph was a truthful boy. That father and mother believed his report and suffered persecution for that belief shows that he was truthful. No, sir, we never doubted his word for one minute."

The evidence relied upon to support the charge of being lazy, shiftless, intemperate and unreliable as to speaking the truth, is a collection of affidavits made in Palmyra, and Manchester, New York; and in Harmony, Pennsylvania, in the closing months of 1833, and published in E. D. Howe's "Mormonism Unveiled," 1834. Since then they have been revamped from time to time by

6. *Zion's Ensign*, Independence, Missouri, copied into *Deseret News*, January 20, 1894.

7. *Ibid.*

8. Riley, in his "Founder of Mormonism," p. 66, discredits them, saying: "No reliance is to be placed in the multiplied affidavits of jealous neighbors, who swore on oath that there was intense intoxication among the Smiths; people in those days had the affidavit habit." Riley, however, claims to believe the charge of intemperance on other grounds. Even Kennedy balks a little at some of the rawness of these affidavits. Commenting on a conjoint affidavit signed by sixty-two residents of Palmyra, which he quotes at second hand from Kidder's "Mormonism and the Mormons," in which the statement is made that Joseph Smith, Sen., and his son Joseph were, in particular, considered entirely destitute of moral character, and addicted to vicious habits,"—he says: "Some portion of this may have been dictated by envy, malice, or that form of righteousness which controls men at times when their neighbors have been more successful than themselves, but the allegations had a foundation in fact;" "Early Days of Mormonism," p. 17.



nearly every anti-Mormon writer who has taken in hand the task of enlightening the world respecting Mormon origins.

These affidavits were collected by one "Doctor" Philastus Hurlburt, under the following circumstances. Hurlburt had been expelled from the Mormon Church in Kirtland, in June, 1833, for immoralities;<sup>9</sup> and because he had threatened to take the life of Joseph Smith, Jun., he was placed under bonds "to keep the peace and be of good behavior to all the citizens of the state of Ohio, generally, and to the said Joseph Smith, Jun., in particular."<sup>10</sup>

Hurlburt between these two events,—his excommunication and his trial for threatening the life of Joseph Smith, Jun.,—was sent as the special agent of the anti-Mormon party in and about Kirtland, to gather up all that report had to say about the Prophet and his family both in Palmyra, New York, and in Harmony, Pennsylvania. The collection of affidavits in Howe's "Mormonism Unveiled" was the result. It was simply a matter of "muck raking" on Hurlburt's part. Every idle story, every dark insinuation which at that time could be thought of and unearthed was pressed into service to gratify this man's personal desire for revenge, and to aid the enemies of the Prophet in their attempt to destroy his influence and overthrow the institution then in process of such remarkable development. If the vindictiveness of sectarian hate be taken into account; if the unreliability of even well-meaning persons be remembered when under the influence of prejudice and contending for what they may regard as orthodoxy in religion, neither the character nor the mass of these affidavits against the Smith family need occasion any surprise. The most trifling circumstance under prejudice and hate is expanded into immense proportions. A single mis-step is converted into a confirmed evil habit. Things indifferent or innocent in themselves are garbed in sinister vestments, and made to appear inexpressibly vile.

Against this large collection of evil report and false interpretation of the character of the Smiths while at Palmyra, prompted as it was by Prejudice and collected by Malice, the evidence of

9. "History of the Church," vol. I, pp. 352, 355, and note.

10. Ibid, vol. II, pp. 47, 49 and note. The trial was held before Mr. Birchard, J. P., in Chardon, Ohio, in April, 1834.





accomplished fact, and the subsequent lives of the family may be opposed. Take for example the achievements of the family during the few years of their residence in Palmyra. They arrived there penniless, as all admit, with nothing but their bare hands with which to help themselves. Yet in a few years they built two homes in the wilderness; they cleared sixty acres of heavy timber land, and converted it into a tillable farm; in addition to their farming and gardening, they had a sugar orchard of from twelve to fifteen hundred maple trees, from which they gathered the sap and converted it into syrup or sugar; to aid in making the annual payments upon their farm, as well as to help sustain the family until the farm could be made productive, they took an occasional day's work among the neighboring farmers or the Palmyra village folk, sometimes engaged to dig a well, or harvest a field of grain. It is conceded, in the main, that they did all this; and one marvels in the face of it that the charge of laziness and thriftlessness should be made. But the wonder grows when to all this is to be added the stories of the affidavits about the Smith's "money digging" enterprises. "They .

. . . spent much of their time in digging for money which they pretended was hid in the earth, and to this day large excavations may be seen in the earth not far from their residence, where they used to spend their time digging for hidden treasures."<sup>11</sup> Truly if the half of what is told in the affidavits about these exploits, usually carried on at night, is to be believed, then it would be utterly impossible to believe the Smiths to be idle.

As to the charge of intemperance, one may not be altogether sure what act may have given some color for this accusation. It was a time when drinking hard cider and even spirits was quite general in that locality, and accounted no great harm except when malice prompted some spiteful allusion to a practice so common. But of this one may be assured, that the evil never ripened into habits with the Smith family; for intemperance never claimed a victim among the Smiths, either the father or any of his sons; and within two years after leaving Palmyra, viz., in 1833, it was

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11. Conjoint affidavit of fifty-three citizens of Palmyra and vicinity, Howe's "Mormonism Unveiled," first edition, p. 261-2.



Joseph Smith, Jun., who gave to the Church of the Latter-day Saints, and to the world, a temperance law that has been the admiration of all who have become acquainted with it. It has rescued thousands from the evils of intemperance, and restrained tens of thousands from contracting intemperate habits, because it enjoins upon the membership of the Church, as the law of God, total abstinence from wines and strong drinks.<sup>12</sup> This is not likely to be the product of a man or a family given to habitual intemperance

Charges of exaggeration and untruthfulness are so easy to make, especially when associated with the announcement of spiritual experiences and religious truths that the world considers unorthodox, that one scarcely need stop to ascertain the grounds of them. It will be enough here to say that the Smith family spent many years with the people gathered together by the ministry of their son Joseph and his associates; and everywhere as a family they won and held the esteem of their people, and this through evil and good report. This is not done by people who are untruthful, who exaggerate, or who are insincere. The well known industry, frugality, honesty, charity, integrity, sobriety and truthfulness, of the Smith family through all their subsequent career, after leaving Palmyra, and of which thousands were witnesses, and which has crystalized into a tradition in the Church, is a complete refutation of the idle rumors and trumped up charges of envious neighbors in and about Manchester and Palmyra.

The second charge against the Smiths is that while at Pal-

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12. The law is known as the "Word of Wisdom," and was given in February, 1833. The part of the revelation bearing upon the use of strong drinks and tobacco is as follows:

"Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days. I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation.

That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him.

And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make.

And again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.

And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill. Doctrine and Covenants, section 89.



myra "they opened a small shop" and sold cakes, pies, root-beer and the like; and that on certain public occasions the elder Smith peddled such wares in the streets from a hard-cart. There is nothing dishonorable in itself in this, even had they engaged in such an occupation. Still it was put forth with the evident intention of making the family appear contemptible by representing that its occupations were petty and mean.

"It can never be," said one of old, "that your spirit is generous and noble while you are engaged in petty, mean employments; no more than you can be abject and mean-spirited while your actions are honorable and glorious. Whatever be the pursuits of men, their sentiments must necessarily be similar." One may see a conscious recognition of this truth in the thought of those who would make it appear that the Smiths engaged in petty, mean employments.

Inventive malice also adds the detail that the clerkship of the line of trade above described was assigned to Joseph Smith, Jun.; that here he "learned his first lessons in commercial and monetary science;" and that the boys of Palmyra delighted in "obtaining the valuable goods entrusted to Joseph's clerkship, in exchange for worthless pewter imitation two shilling pieces!"<sup>13</sup> Inquiry among descendants of the Smith family, and wide knowledge of that which is published in relation to them, besides access to letters and papers and personal journals that have never been published, bearing upon their lives and character, fails to disclose any scrap of evidence that the Smiths at Palmyra or elsewhere ever engaged in or followed any such petty, mean employment as is here described; and had it been part of the family's experience in the days of their misfortunes, it is not likely that it would have escaped mention; especially when it is remembered how frank the members of the family have ever been in detailing their experiences, as well those that relate to their misfortunes and humility, as those that would be esteemed as being to their advantage.

Pomeroy Tucker was the first to put forth this charge; and his work was published in 1867. He pretends to speak from per-

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13. Tucker, "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," p. 14.



sonal knowledge of the matter, being a resident of Palmyra while the Smiths lived in that vicinity; and an employee on the *Wayne Signal* during the time the Book of Mormon was being printed in the job department of that publishing establishment, thus frequently being thrown in contact with the Smiths. One thing, however, very seriously mitigates against the probability of Mr. Tucker's story, besides the absolute silence of the Smith family. It has already been recounted in these pages that in 1833 a large collection of affidavits was made by "Doctor" Philastus Hurlburt as the agent of an anti-Mormon party in Kirtland, Ohio, that was intensely bitter in its hatred of all things Mormon, and was determined to destroy both Joseph Smith and the Church. Hurlburt was a worthy agent of such principals, and all that malice could suggest or hatred invent was combined in that effort to scrape together everything derogatory to the character of the Smith family. This was only two years after the departure of the Smiths from the neighborhood of Palmyra, when very many were living there who could remember every circumstance and detail derogatory to their character, injurious to their reputation, or humiliating in their career. Yet in all the 15 separate and independent affidavits collected in Palmyra in 1833 by Hurlburt, and in the affidavit signed conjointly by 68 people of Palmyra and vicinity, derogatory to the Smiths, not a syllable is uttered respecting the "cake and beer shop," or the peddling of such wares in the street on public occasions mentioned with such pomp of circumstance by Pomeroy Tucker. The silence of all the affidavits collected in 1833, and of all the anti-Mormon writers up to Tucker in 1867, throws strong suspicion of improbability upon his pretended statement of fact. Malice invented the story, and sectarian prejudice accepted the falsehood for truth.

The third charge, viz., that the Smith family was dishonest and preyed upon their neighbors by stealing from them is not only malicious, but he who first promulgated the charge gives evidence by the very manner in which he sets forth the accusation that he is conscious that the charge was not true. Tucker was the first to make the allegation, and he does it in the following terms:





"Existing as they did from year to year in this thriftless manner, with seemingly inadequate visible means or habits of profitable industry for their respectable livelihood, it is not at all to be wondered at that the suspicions of some good people in the community were apt to be turned toward them, especially in view of the frequently occurring nocturnal depredations and thefts in the neighborhood. On these accounts the inhabitants came to observe more than their former vigilance in the care of their sheepfolds, hencoops, smoke-houses, pork-barrels, and the like domestic interests; though it is not within the remembrance of the writer, who in this designedly impartial narrative would "nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice," if the popular inferences in this matter were ever sustained by judicial investigation. It is appropriate to remark, however, that the truth of history, no less than proper deference to the recollections of many living witnesses in Palmyra and its vicinity, demand that these reminiscences should be given, intimately blended as they are with the purpose in hand, to present before the public a candid and authentic account of the origin, rise, and progress of Mormonism, from its first foundation."<sup>14</sup>

There is nothing more cowardly than a vicious insinuation. It is the character-assassins' readiest and deadliest weapon. It can be used in the absence of proof, and be made to calumniate as readily the innocent as the guilty. It can allie itself so easily with hypocrisy, as it does in the above quotation from Tucker, and pretend to act from the purest of motives, in the interest even of impartial narrative, that "would nothing set down in malice!"

It is here invoked by Tucker in the interest of the "truth of history," the most sacred altar upon which truth's incense burns! But "it is not within the remembrance of the writer (Tucker) . . . if the popular inference in this matter were ever sustained by judicial investigation." That is, the Smiths were never charged with the petty thefts insinuated by Tucker. Notwithstanding all the vigilance of a neighborhood deeply prejudiced against them, and disposed to magnify every peculiarity of temperament or error of conduct, and amid "frequently occurring nocturnal depredations and thefts in the neighborhood"—yet the people of Palmyra prejudiced and watchful as

14. "Origin and Progress of Mormonism." By Pomeroy Tucker, p. 13.



they were, could never find justification for even making a charge against the Smiths that went to "judicial investigation!" Then why is the charge made against them in a pretended historical treatise that boasts itself "a candid and authentic account of the origin, rise, and progress of Mormonism?"

It is justified on the ground "that the truth of history, no less than proper deference to the recollection of many living witnesses in Palmyra and its vicinity, demanded that these reminiscences should be given, intimately blended as they are with the purpose in hand, to present before the public a candid account of the origin, rise and progress of Mormonism." But the "truth of history," even as represented by Tucker, raised this charge against the Smith family no higher than "popular inferences." And he is extremely unfortunate in his "deference to the recollections of many living witnesses in Palmyra" on the subject, since, when in 1833 those people were appealed to by Hurlburt, and they made so many affidavits against the Smiths singly and conjointly, some eighty in all, there was not one word said about the Smiths being petty thieves, or of "popular inferences" in relation to such a matter. The fact of silence in the affidavits renders very improbable the vile insinuation of Tucker. And strange to say, on a preceding page, to the one just quoted, Tucker himself gives the Smith family credit for creating the understanding that by means of their "shop" and the "day's works" on the part of the father and elder sons among the "farming people," the elder Smith "was understood to secure a scanty but honest living!"<sup>15</sup>

The charge of petty thieving launched by Tucker is repeated with increasing assurance by many writers who follow him; but it has no force beyond what Tucker's authority gives it. Bring ever so many mirrors into a room where a farthing rush light is burning, you shall not increase the light—you merely reflect what is already there—a single farthing rush light, you make it no more, though you reflect it an hundred times.

(To be continued.)

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15. "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," by Pomeroy Tucker, p. 12.



## THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

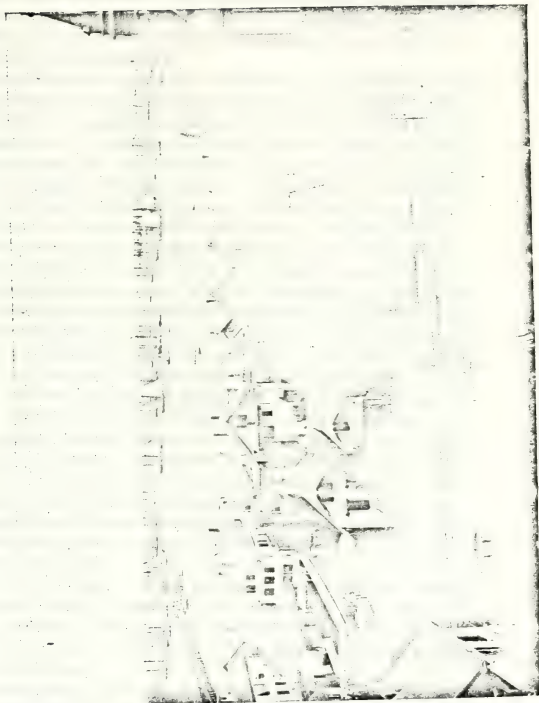
BY HENRY WATERMAN

**W**HILE Plymouth is commonly associated with the Pilgrim Fathers the historic Mayflower dropped anchor in Provincetown harbor a full month prior to the day observed as Forefather's Day. On the lawn of Provincetown town-house is a flagstaff near the top of which is a semi-circular sign reading: The Birthplace of American Liberty. Nearby is a granite slab bearing on its face a bronze tablet inscribed: "This memorial stone is erected by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to commemorate the Compact or Constitution of government signed by the Pilgrims on board the Mayflower in Provincetown Harbor, Nov. 11, 1620, old style." On the reverse side another bronze tablet bears the words of the compact and the names of the signers, among them Bradford, Winslow, Carver, and Myles Standish.

The signing of the compact is, of course, the great central fact linking Provincetown and the Pilgrims, but there are minor incidents of no little interest. Governor Bradford's wife lost her life by drowning in Provincetown harbor and at Provincetown was born Peregrine White, the first child of English parentage to be born on New England soil. Myles Standish drilled his gallant army of sixteen men at Provincetown, and from there they marched up the Cape to what is now Wellfleet, thirsting for the Red Man's blood, but returning with nothing more warlike than a supply of corn, which, tradition says, was kept for seed and saved the colony from complete annihilation at Plymouth.

It is a fact that there was a strong sentiment among the Pilgrims in favor of remaining at Provincetown, and after Plymouth was finally decided upon as the permanent settlement the Pilgrims were in the habit of going across the bay to Province-





PROVINCETOWN, MASS





town to take advantage of the fishing and always claimed the fishing privileges as their own. Now and then they let out these privileges, but they always maintained that the region was theirs by right of prior occupancy.

The continual disregard of Provincetown by authorities on the Pilgrims at length led to the formation of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association, having as its object the erection at Provincetown of a suitable monument, and on August 20, 1907, President Roosevelt laid the corner stone of a shaft which now rises to a height of 164 feet and when completed will be 250 feet high. The monument stands on one of the highest points of land on the Cape and its apex will be 350 feet above the sea level.

Provincetown is a unique place and well worth seeing, regardless of its eventual fame as one of the historic towns of America. It straggles along a narrow strip of reclaimed land for about three miles, the beautiful harbor visible from nearly every point. Dwellings and shops appear to have been dropped haphazard; there is no evidence of any desire to satisfy the ideas of a precision and the result is naturally out of the ordinary. Practically the town is laid out along one long street skirting the shore. Here and there is a house rather more pretentious than its neighbors, but on the whole the builder's art has hardly been taxed to its utmost. There are a few bungalows and a fair sprinkling of summer cottages, for Provincetown is a shore resort and in the summer has its share of vacationists.

Among these latter are several artists who carry on schools of art, and people with an eye for the beautiful are numerous during July and August. Several persons known to the literary world find Provincetown an agreeable summer home, among them Mary Heaton Vorse and Viola Roseberry. The mayor of Boston has had a cottage at Provincetown for two seasons and there has been talk of President Taft making it the summer capital of the nation.

Provincetown is the only community on Cape Cod with any reasonable claim to the title of city, its year-round population being about 5,000, and the settlement extremely compact. As a matter of fact, however, the municipal affairs are administered in accordance with the traditional forms of New England town



government and the annual town-meeting still obtains. Fully one-half the population are of Western Islands Portuguese extraction; the first of these dark-hued people came in whale ships that put into the Islands to replenish their stores and to recruit their crews.

The Nova Scotia and Cape Breton type will not escape the practised eye, and last in numbers come the genuine Cape Codders, who do not make up more than a third of the sum total. Such an admixture of types presents the anomaly of a decidedly foreign community inhabiting the birthplace of American liberty but the result is at least picturesque. In a general way the men may be classed as toilers of the sea. In the old days whaling was the chief line of activity and was carried on directly off shore. Right whales made no bones of coming into the harbor but their reception being hardly hospitable, these monsters soon took to distant waters. Then vessels began to fit out and the whaling industry grew until more than half a hundred barques, brigs, and schooners hailed from the port.

As whaling declined the Grand Banks fishing grew and thousands of cod were brought to Provincetown, spread out to dry on light wooden frames called "flakes," and sent to all parts of the country. But Grand Banking had its day and fresh fishing became the chief source of revenue. At the present time gasoline dories are the principal craft in use and they bring in great hauls which are largely turned over to the cold-storage plants, of which there are three in town. There the fish are stored against the periods of famine, when they are sent to market and sold at prices that cause the stockholders in the plants to chuckle with glee. It is an actual fact that in a recent year one of the plants declared a dividend of over seventy per cent.

Provincetown still maintains that ancient institution, the town-crier, although there are two weekly papers, and his announcements, always prefaced with the time-honored "No-tice," never fail to bring the people to doors and windows that they may learn what wonderful thing has happened. To tell the truth, a desire for knowledge is characteristic of the people, though it must be confessed that under the term—"knowledge"—are included a great many things that are not so.



Parlor philosophers may not flourish, but there is plenty of back-shop discussion of matters that have puzzled wise men from time immemorial and are likely to excite differences of opinion for ages to come.

There are no trolley cars, but there are electric lights, and the absence of the former is atoned for by a line of carriages locally known as "accommodations." These vehicles are true to their name so far as those who wish to get in are concerned, for they will wait for prospective passengers who are anywhere within hailing distance. In the summer the "accommodations" are well patronized—it is not a question of rapid transit, but of getting as many aboard as possible, a condition of affairs not unlike that in the cities.

Provincetown town hall is a building in which the people justly take pride, for it is a good piece of workmanship. The land was given to the town by a native, Rev. William Henry Ryder, and the structure cost something like \$50,000. The auditorium seats about 1,200 and the stage is frequently the scene of melodramatic performances that stir the pulse like a trumpet call. The talent is usually local and the audiences are very sympathetic. Those who yearn for the more esthetic may have it at the "theatre" up the street, where moving pictures and illustrated songs nightly tell their tales of domestic pandemonium and unrequited love.

If one likes old ocean it spreads before him at Highland Light, seven miles away. The cliffs are perhaps 140 feet high and from them one looks upon a scene that proves that Byron's apostrophe to the ocean is not overdrawn. The lighthouse, immortalized by Thoreau, is one of the oldest on the coast. The lantern is a Fresnal lens imported from France at a cost of \$40,000. There is a fog-horn operated by an engine—there are two engines, so that there is little chance of the horn not being available at any time.

Back of Provincetown lie the so-called Province Lands, title to which vests in the state, which triennially appropriates \$10,000 toward reclaiming them from the ravages of the elements. Great sand hills, or dunes, and long wastes of white sand produce an effect that is unlike any to be found elsewhere in New England.



Looking in one direction one sees miles of surf-washed shore; another way he looks upon Provincetown and its harbor. It is a scene of surpassing grandeur.

There are people around the town who are quite sure that it has seen its best days, but so pessimistic a view hardly accords with fact, for the chances are that it will share in the general trend toward Cape Cod as a summer resort, a trend that was foretold years ago by Henry Thoreau, who said, in effect that this region would some day become one of the most popular resorts in the country. Daniel Webster is on record as saying that one's education is incomplete without a visit to Cape Cod. On this assumption a trip to Provincetown is an essential to culture.





## CHATELAINES OF THE BRITISH LEGATION IN WASHINGTON

BY CORRA BACON FOSTER

Indes 11

**M**R. ANTHONY MERRY was the first British envoy to the United States to reside in Washington. He came in 1803 accompanied by his wife and a large retinue of servants; it is related that Congress took official notice of the great amount of house furnishings he brought. There were at that time few desirable residences in the new city but he was fortunate in securing for the legation one of the two handsome dwellings that Col. Peter had built some years previously for his sons. In the one occupied by the legation President Washington had been frequently entertained during his visits to the "Federal City," Mrs. Peter being a grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington.

Mr. Merry was a good, fairly bright sort of man, rather stolid even for an Englishman, and punctilious to a degree, but was considered "safe" by his government. The wife whom he had recently married was a woman of wealth and intelligence, fully aware of the social requirements of her position. President Jefferson's drastic application of his social code of "pele-mele" on her first appearance in Washington society greatly displeased her and being fearless she had not hesitated to freely express her opinion of the "boorishness of the entire official outfit." So outspoken was she that she soon became persona non grata to the administration; the president so far forgetting the dignity of his position as to write Minister Munroe to complain of her demeanor to the Foreign Office, which Munroe hesitated to do as his own wife had been subjected to some social affronts in London.

Notwithstanding all this Mrs. Merry was a fine woman with a superior mind unusually well cultivated. She soon discovered



the gulf between the two political parties and attracted to the legation the leaders of the opposition in the Federal party. Her weekly drawing rooms were far more elegant than anything hitherto attempted in the little city; it is a matter of regret that her generous hospitality should have been shamefully abused by many of the uncouth legislators who accepted the lavish entertainment. Invitations to her dinners were eagerly sought by the cultivated gentlemen from the eastern districts. Judge Plumer, Dr. Mitchill, Aaron Burr, Abraham Baldwin and the Rev. Manasseh Cutler were especial favorites with the accomplished hostess. Cutler repeatedly refers to Mrs. Merry in his letters and diary; both being enthusiastic botanists, they exchanged books and specimens. Tom Moore was the guest of the legation in 1805. This association may account in part for the tone of his American descriptions.

In 1805 Aaron Burr and his brilliant daughter, Theodosia Alston, became very intimate with the British minister and his wife; the ladies were mutually attracted by their congenial tastes, while our worthy vice-president ingratiated himself into the good graces of His British Majesty's representative by making him a confidant of his ambitious plans for founding a southwestern empire. Burr was a consummate artist as well as a man of great ability, gifted with unusual powers of fascination; his arrangement of the old senate chamber with added galleries and private boxes draped in crimson and blue hangings for the impeachment trial of Judge Chase must have been decidedly impressive for the time. Burr presided ably and with great dignity,—could there have been in his mind any premonition of another trial scene in which he should appear at the bar? Mrs. Merry occupied a seat in his daughter's box, an interested auditor. Society turned out en masse and patiently sat through the long sessions of the trial, merrily lunching in the galleries during the intermissions, for restaurants had not then been introduced into the Capitol.

Mr. Merry was at last cajoled into intimating to his government that Burr's scheme was feasible and would be for the benefit of the British colony of West Florida, hence should be encouraged; but the ministry, distant from the adroit, plausible



"man of destiny" did not approve either of the chimerical schemes or of their envoy's interest in treasonable projects, and it so happened that Mr. Merry was advised that "his request for a transfer would be granted and that upon the arrival of his successor he might return to Europe." He and his wife had grown quite accustomed to American life, had learned to more than half like it and were mortified by the manner of the recall, but in vain did he protest that he had not desired any change; he was no longer regarded as "safe."

Mrs. Merry had formed few intimate friendships among Washington women, though a frequent guest in the Federalist homes in Georgetown and Virginia; Mrs. Madison she could not tolerate, Mrs. Barlow avoided the legation and the Marquesa de Yrujo, wife of the Spanish minister, whom she admired had not been in Washington after the spring of 1804. The Federalist members of Congress for whom there had always been a cordial welcome at the legation greatly deplored the departure of the Merrys.

Meanwhile there had been a change in the British government, the liberal party having secured control. In compliment to the great Scotch orator, Erskine, his son David Montagu, a young man of much promise, was selected for the American position. Erskine was a handsome young man, vigorous, alert and imbued with enthusiasm for his mission to effect a reconciliation between Great Britain and the United States, for on account of the "Chesapeake" outrage and trade difficulties there existed much hard feeling in America. Having an American mother and an American wife he naturally would be much in sympathy with the young republic.

While attached to the legation in Philadelphia he had loved and married his kinswoman, Fanny Cadwalader, considered one of the most beautiful women in the world, to which the portraits of Stuart and St. Memin still bear mute witness. She is described and pictured as tall, slight and graceful, with a proudly poised head crowned with an unusual wealth of golden brown hair, with piquant features lighted by laughing dark eyes and a dancing dimple in either cheek, and a perfect complexion; these natural charms were emphasized by an elegant taste in dress. Her man-



ner was unaffectedly cordial and simple, albeit a trifle reserved with all but intimate friends. Her character was declared to be as lovely as her person. No American chronicler has given her more than passing notice, perhaps because so much of her life was spent in foreign countries, and possibly, too, because of the proud reserves of her family. European writers on the contrary have been lavish in praises of her beauty and attractions. The Erskines retained the house vacated by the Merrys, furnishing with great elegance; it now echoed with the prattle of childish voices.

Through the wise advice of Mrs. Joel Barlow, tactfully given, President Jefferson resumed his ordinary dress, dropped his "pele-mele" social code and greeted the dainty wife of the British Minister as her husband's office and her own social position demanded. Judge Plumer, a senator from Vermont, a Federalist, wrote home that "the President has laid aside the old slippers, red waistcoat and soiled corduroy small clothes and dresses all in black with clean linen and powdered hair."

As advised, Mrs. Erskine held one drawing room, but shocked by the ill breeding manifested by some of her guests she could never be induced to repeat it, thereafter restricting her entertainments to small dinners and evening parties. Politically she disapproved of the Federal policy of obstruction and socially of the uncouth manners of the Democrats. Her circle of associates was necessarily small and she longed for a return to the elegant life in Philadelphia and London. Mrs. Madison she had never met in her girlhood days and neither lady admired the other; in Mrs. Barlow and a small coterie of resident ladies she alone found congenial companionship. She was not inclined to intellectual pursuits, but preferred social and domestic pleasures.

Erskine earnestly sought to compose the grave international difficulties and in his zeal dared to read between the lines of his instructions, and pledge his government to a great concession, although he was aware that the Grenville ministry to whom he owed his appointment had given place to the conservative and narrow policies of Canning. A great fleet of heavily laden American merchant ships at once spread their sails for foreign





OF THE UNIVERSITY OF



DAVID MONTAGUE ERSKINE



markets. Erskine was promptly recalled with a severe reprimand. The household effects were offered at public sale, as we learn from an advertisement in the "National Intelligencer" and the family repaired to Philadelphia to await the arrival of his successor.

In August Erskine came from Philadelphia and Mr. Robert Smith, secretary of state, from Baltimore, to meet the new minister, the Honorable Francis James Jackson, who had arrived from Annapolis with family, servants, coaches and various articles most needed to make life endurable in a half savage country. The new envoy was a man different in type from either of his predecessors; he was an Englishman of the most pronounced stamp; tall, lean, energetic, matter-of-fact, he would never vary from the letter of his instructions. He had formerly been connected with the legation in Berlin where he had met and married a large blonde countess who never learned to speak her husband's language fluently. Jackson had also conducted the negotiations which led to the bombardment of Copenhagen and his sovereign's remark on his methods "that he was surprised he had not been kicked down stairs by the Dutch Regent." But he was on the whole honest and intelligent, anxious to improve every opportunity to study America and the people.

James Madison had succeeded to the presidency, the first inaugural ball had been given and had proved an ovation to the "First lady of the country," the "Queen of all hearts," an old chronicler declared. Diplomatic relations between the United States and Great Britain were greatly strained, partly because of Erskine's mistake, nor was the situation with Napoleon any easier; the alternative of fighting one or both was squarely up to the administration, coupled with the possibility of the dismemberment of the Union either by loss of the New England states or of Kentucky. Could an incompetent administration pledged to fantastic ideals be confronted with a more serious dilemma? President Madison determined to be very captious with the new minister from the Court of St. James.

Of course in August, then as now, when Jackson appeared upon the scene all Washington was elsewhere, but he found, it seems, comfortable accommodations at the new Union Hotel,



kept by a socially ambitious landlord. The president was at his Virginia home; would not return to the city before October; the Honorable Mr. Jackson might visit him at Montpelier, where he would doubtless meet a cordial welcome; or he might go to some northern city to wait the passing of the heated season; but he decided to remain in Washington and set about finding diversion. Profiting by the disagreeable social experiences of the Merrys, of which it seems he had been fully informed, the Jacksons evidently determined not to be over punctilious, but to take in good part the situation as they should find it; so when the Countess understood she was expected to return the morning visit of the wife of the landlord of the inn she did so, and even accepted an invitation to a "tea" given by the same lady in her honor.

Good horses were procured for coach and saddle. Jackson evidently appreciated the great natural beauty of the surrounding country;—"Elizabeth and I have been riding in all directions around this place whenever the weather has been cool enough. The country has a beautifully picturesque appearance, and I have nowhere seen finer scenery than is composed by the Potomac and the woods and hills about it, yet it has a wild and desolate air, reminding me of Hampstead Heath," he wrote his mother. He followed Erskine in the Peter house, of which he wrote, "Erskine has let it go to such a state of ruin and dirt that it will be several weeks before we can attempt to move into it—a Scotchman with an American wife, who would be a fine lady, are not the best people to succeed on such an occasion," this allusion to Gen. Cadwalader's daughter, than whom no finer lady could be found in all Europe reveals the characteristic ignorance and arrogance of the average Englishman of the period. He fell heir to Erskine's secretary, Oakley, who was desperately inamored of Jerome Bonaparte's discarded wife, Betsey Patterson of Baltimore,—a matter of regret. The three children were the wonder and envy of the Americans, who could not comprehend that so much flesh and rosy color could be natural. Till the president should return he occupied himself with Erskine's correspondence and wrote again; "It is but justice to say I have met with nothing but the utmost civility and with none of the



hardships and difficulties of which the Merrys so bitterly complained—I am also to be congratulated that none of Erskine's intimates have intruded themselves upon us," which probably referred to the fact that Joel Barlow and his wife had not tendered the hospitality of Kalorama to the newly arrived minister.

Jackson was received by the president early in October; the interview is best described by himself; "Madison, the president, is a plain and rather mean looking little man of great simplicity of manner and an inveterate enemy to form and ceremony, so much so that I was officially informed that my introduction to him was to be considered as nothing more than the reception of one gentleman by another and that no particular dress was to be worn on the occasion. All which I was very willing to acquiesce in. Accordingly I went in an afternoon frock, and found the president in similar attire. The president asked me to take a chair; while we were talking a negro servant brought in some glasses of punch and seed cakes;" provided by the thoughtful courtesy of Mrs. Madison, doubtless. Three weeks later he and his countess were invited to dine with the president. To resume the story written to his mother; "I do not know that I ever had more civility and attention shown me; I was treated with a distinction not lately accorded to a British minister in this country"—Erskine's experiences did not seem to count with him—"A foolish question of precedence which ever since Merry's time has been unsettled and has occasioned some heart burnings among the ladies, was also decided then by the president departing from his customary indifference to ceremony and etiquette and taking Elizabeth in to dinner, while I conducted Mrs. Madison." He paid his respects to Mrs. Madison thus; "The president's wife is fat and forty—but not fair. She must however have been a comely person when she served out the liquor at the bar of her father's tavern in Virginia. When I was told of her origin I understood why she and Mrs. Merry so scorned and looked down upon each other." Such a tale could only have originated in the servant quarters of the legation and must have been repeated by Oakley, the secretary. The countess complained that Mrs. Madison copied her toilettes, which was





probably justified, for the transit of fashion was tantallizingly slow and the fair Dolly loved a variety in dress.

The course of the honorable minister's diplomacy did not run smoothly and within a month he was informed that no farther communication would be received from him, so accompanied by his family he left the city and announced his headquarters in New York. Before accepting the appointment he had stipulated with the government that he might remain one year at least—doubtless anticipating difficulties. He travelled much through the northeastern states, receiving distinguished attentions from prominent Federalists, in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. When in Albany however, he had an experience that must have given him quite a shock. There were many Democrats in the surrounding country and learning of his presence the neighboring farmers planned to make a demonstration of their sentiments; appearing before his hotel with a rude band of music they set to work to erect a platform, upon which they placed an effigy labeled "Jackson;" while the band played an unmelodious dirge, a hangman in black mask set fire to the effigy, which was entirely consumed before the visitors disappeared.

In the summer, from his villa on the Hudson, he watched Fulton's steamboat as it passed to and from Albany and wrote humorous accounts of the queer craft to his mother in England, while the countess wrote of her gratification in the prospect of a speedy departure from such a "savage land."



## THE OUTLOOK FOR THE SOCIALIST PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY MILTON BAKER

**H**ISTORY records nothing more dramatic or ominous than the story of Socialism's persistent struggle for recognition. Born among the working class of Germany, depending for its support upon those who have little means and less leisure to devote to the upbuilding of a party, it has forced its way into the greatest legislative bodies of Europe.

Until a few years ago, Socialism was almost unknown in the United States, and many of our public men were totally ignorant of its strength as a world power. While Jaures and Bebel were stirring Europe with their oratory, Americans complacently smiled when the word Socialism was mentioned, and probably would comment that they had little fear of "anarchy" gaining any foothold in a free country.

Now a continent is awake to the presence of a mighty political and economic organization. Every month hundreds of "propaganda" meetings are held in various parts of the country. There are few persons beneath whose eyes some enthusiastic Socialist has not thrust a copy of the "Appeal to Reason." The larger cities have their Socialist dailies; and even the literary magazines are filled with favorable articles on Socialism.

It is not always from choice that editors accept such material. When one remembers that George Allen England, Eugene Wood, Upton Sinclair, Charles Edward Russel, Jack London, Charlotte Perkins Gillman, Earnest Poole and Edwin Markham are active members of the Socialist Party, it becomes apparent that editors are "at the mercy" of these writers, since their number includes the flower of American genius.

Lyceum and Chautauqua lecture courses have Socialist speeches



by Eugene V. Debs, Walter Thomas Mills, Jack London and Luella Twining—a Colorado woman who fell under the limelight by her activity in behalf of William D. Haywood, during his incarceration in the Ada County (Idaho) Jail.

There is no evading the fact: Socialism is the real issue of the day. Besides it the tariff becomes a toy for the amusement of politicians—in fact, that is about all it is anyhow.

Some time ago, Thomas Nelson Page announced (New York Times, October 31, 1908) his literary departure from strictly Southern themes, that he might deal with the “sterner questions of the day,” which he defines as the antagonistic forces of capital and labor. “It is to the treatment of subjects of this kind,” continues Dixie’s distinguished litterateur, “that the fiction of the day is undoubtedly tending.”

Ex-President Roosevelt has announced his intention of studying Socialism with the view of writing about it.

Not long before his death, John Lord, America’s greatest historical critic, became deeply interested in the struggle between capital and labor; and expressed a belief that it would prove the greatest question ever forced upon civilization for solution.

Lincoln Steffens, in the report of his interview with Debs, in *Everybody’s Magazine*, explains the proletarian drift toward Socialism. “Slowly, reluctantly, but naturally, they (the workers) turn to the agitator on the street corner. He says he knows, and he makes it all plain; too plain, perhaps; but at least he understands the troubles of all those that are weary and heavy-laden, and he says he will give them rest. Is it any wonder they go to him, as they do?”

Mr. Steffens, himself, seems to have “slowly, reluctantly,” yielded to the Socialist argument; though he disclaimed being a Socialist, shortly after the Debs interview, he issued a card, asking the voters of New York to support the Socialist candidates.

After the last national election, many leading newspapers gave prominence to the statement that the cause of Socialism in the United States was declining. A vote of 421,745, it was believed, did not compare favorably with the 402,283 of four years earlier.

The Socialists, who felt absolutely certain that their party



would poll not less than a million votes, were disappointed, but not disheartened.

Their cause is suffering—perhaps from a relative, but—from no actual decline. When a party is insignificant as to the number of its followers, it may double and quadruple its vote, without making a ripple on the political waters; but when it reaches the stage of a “third party” every slight increase is a menace to the dominating powers.

One element that helped deplete the Socialist vote is illustrated by the following: During an interview with an Oklahoma lawyer, who was making speeches for the Nebraskan orator, he explained: “I am more or less of a Socialist, but I shall vote for Bryan, because his program will be a step toward Socialism; when that is accomplished I shall be with the party or candidate that is striving for the next evolutionary development toward collectivism.”

Since the peerless failure of the Peerless Leader, it is exceedingly probable that most of these Bryan Socialists will line up with the Socialist Party in 1912.

Another favorable omen for Socialism is its growth in the agricultural sections of the country. Not so very long ago, the most serious problem with the agitators was how to appeal to the farmers. This barrier has been successfully met and overcome, and the party, today, is concerned, not with how to appeal to a certain portion of the population, but with the larger problem of how to send representatives to Congress in 1910.

Indeed, in the last election, Morris Hilquitt, the brilliant New York lawyer, and Socialist candidate for congress in the ninth district of New York, was only defeated by the Republicans, with but few exceptions, supporting the Democratic candidate.

Studied by any viewpoint, Socialism is gaining strength in the United States. In every part of the nation, the working class is gathering under the crimson folds of the revolutionary banner. Every sun sets on a stronger and more virulent Socialist Party. Its growth is the greatest phenomenon in history.

Silently, almost imperceptibly, it is marching on, certain of ultimate triumph. Every gun pointed at it, it turns against its enemy.





## LA MESILLA

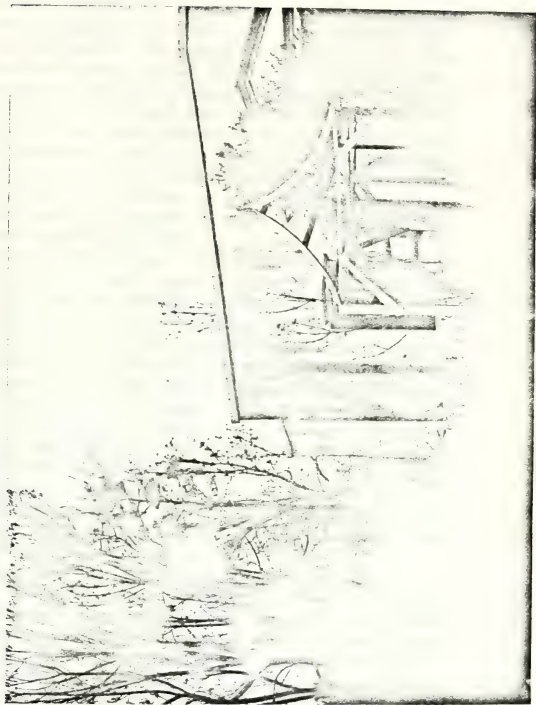
BY FRANCIS MEADE

**T**HE first view of this queer old village is interesting. The low, flat-roofed adobe buildings surrounded with real mud walls over which the low shrubbery leans and catches the dust of the narrow streets, and the natives sitting on the ground in the shade and smoking cigarettes and the little brown skinned babes rolling in the dust, all these are interesting to the stranger, but the real interest in the place comes when one learns of the history of this once famous but now decayed village.

This was once the home of the now Honorable Stephen B. Elkins, United States senator from Virginia, and son-in-law of Hon. Gassoway Davis, who was Democratic candidate for vice president four years ago. It was here that Mr. Elkins began the practice of law and had as a partner Mr. F. B. Catrous, now of Sante Fe, New Mexico. Here the people elected Mr. Elkins to represent Dona Ana county in the territorial legislature in 1861 and later he was elected as the territorial delegate to Congress.

This was once the home of Hon. Albert J. Fountain, Sr., who came here from California in the early sixties and opened a law office and for many years he was one of the most successful prosecutors of the bad men of this section. Cattle thieves, horse thieves, Indians and bad men in general had a horror of him and it was while he was doing his duty in 1895 that he lost his life. He was in the Jurilla Mountains with his seven year old son and had evidence enough to convict some of the cattle thieves that were in prison. He started home with his son, driving a double team, but that was a fatal ride. Neither he nor the son was ever seen or heard of, and to this day the mystery is unsolved. Today his eldest son lives in La Mesilla. He has spent a fortune in looking for his father, but has never found any trace of him.







Old Geronimo and his Apache warriors have often visited this place and traded under a flag of truce and then a few hours later stolen the horses and cattle from some ranchman near. There was a company of fifty organized to protect the city from the Indians and rustlers and at one time they chased the foxy old Geronimo and his band of braves into the Black range of mountains and then followed them for two weeks. Once the company was so near to the Indians that they saw the last braves disappearing around a cliff. They found the smouldering camp-fire and much mule meat which had been left in the hasty retreat, but while they fired a parting salute at the retreating savages they never caught the band and it remained for Colonel Lawton to ensnare the shrewd old leader.

La Mesilla is situated upon the old Santa Fe trail and it was here that the first Concord coach to make the trip from California was to meet the one which had started from Kansas City on the same date; as a matter of fact the one from Kansas City was only about 40 miles away when the first one entered Mesilla and they met below La Mesilla. This great race was attracting the attention of the entire country from Kansas City to San Francisco and crowds of rough riders followed them and couriers were sent out to report their progress. When this coach entered La Mesilla the crowd carried the driver away and even attempted to carry the horses into a nearby saloon, and if the driver had accepted only a small fraction of the drinks he was offered he would have been unable to proceed. He proceeded while the entire village was in a state of excitement and swarmed out like bees to an alfalfa ranch.

Previously this trip had been made only under the greatest difficulties. Water was scarce, Indians plentiful and hostile and it often happened that entire trading companies were robbed and they were fortunate if they escaped with their lives. There is a record of one company that followed this trail and suffered the most horrible tortures from thirst. It finally became unbearable and they cut off the ears of the mules and sucked the blood.

La Mesilla now has the ruins of a famous jail which once held Billy the Kid, a famous outlaw and bad gun man. He was



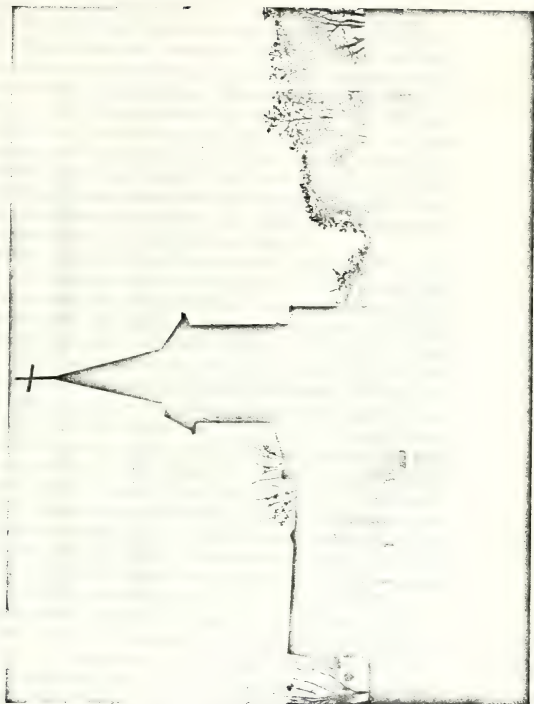
only a boy, but one of the most daring and dangerous men that roved over this wild and rough country. Billy was brought from Lincoln county for safe keeping and when he came he was taken into a blacksmith shop near by and the rude shackles cut from his wrists. A little later he was convicted of murder and in the same shop he was lifted upon the anvil and handcuffs riveted upon his wrists. Billy was the jolliest one in the crowd. "Hit them hard, boys," said he, "they'll not be there when I die," and he gave a coarse laugh. But his words proved true. He was taken to Sante Fe to the territorial penitentiary to await execution and escaped, after he had shot two guards. This made more than twenty victims and he was then hunted as an animal and one evening United States Marshal Patrick Garrett shot him as he was entering a room, where he was going to spend the night.

La Mesilla was the scene of many a conflict. Early after the civil war had begun a company of Texas soldiers took possession of the place and later were driven out by the Federal troops. Once there was a company of cow boys who were painting the town red and the civil authorities called out the Mexican troops, but the cow boys anticipated the movement and before the company could be formed they dispersed the militia and went on coloring the town a vermilion hue.

Cabeza DeVaca was the first white man to cross this country and he spent about two years in this section of the southwest. Two things that he mentions in his writings make it quite evident that he was near this section. The pinons that he describes are still eaten here today by the natives and counted one of the delicacies of the southwest. Then only a few miles away the Pueblos are still following the primitive method that he described of killing rabbits with a club used as a boomerang. Many of his descendants live here today; a relative of the original DeVaca was for many years a parish priest in La Mesilla, but in 1873 when there was a great political riot he went with a large company of natives to Asuncion, Mexico, from whence he never returned. However Atilano DeVaca, a direct descendant









of the famous explorer and wanderer now lives in La Mesilla, and is in his one hundredth year.

Here in 1873 took place one of the famous political riots of our country. Republicans and Democrats had each been having a public demonstration and a company of militia had been present to preserve order during the day. The company had gone to the barracks and the opposing parties had fallen into line and were marching around the little square. They met on the west side of the square and John Lemon, a Republican leader was hit over the head with a club and killed. This was the signal for a general outbreak and shots were fired promiscuously into the crowd. When the crowd had dispersed and the smoke cleared away nine men were dead and many more were wounded.

La Mesilla was at one time the capital of Arizona. When this territory was ceded to the United States those who owned land came in as citizens, but if they did not care to become citizens they had one year in which to leave for Mexico. The land records do not show any perceptible exodus at this time. When the final transfer was made the government officials came from Santa Fe and the final arrangements were made. In the open plaza patriotic speeches were made and the advantages of being a citizen of the United States was elucidated. A company of American soldiers represented our government while a company of Mexican soldiers represented the Mexican government. Everybody seemed pleased at the change except a notorious gambler who cursed Uncle Sam and lauded the former government. This was too much for the soldiers and the Mexican company took him and tied him to a cottonwood tree, raised the stars and stripes above him and let him blister under the tropical sun while patriotic speeches rattled upon his tympanum.

This queer adobe village with many of its buildings now in ruins and the mud walls crumbling with age was once a bustling southern city with two mills, a newspaper and hustling merchants, and it controlled the trade of this section of the southwest, but when the Santa Fe railroad magnates visited this section in order to secure the support of the people for the new road, the leading merchants opposed the road because they had a monopoly on transportation and were getting exorbitant rates. The road



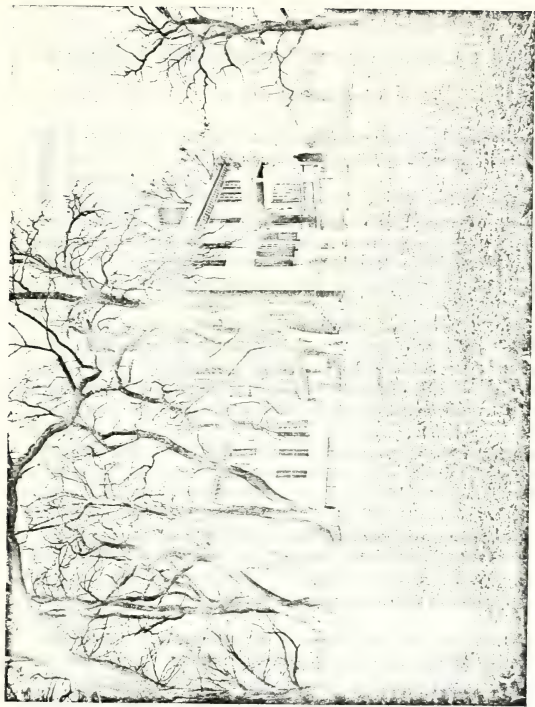
ran a few miles east of La Mesilla and as new places sprung up on the railroad it became a dead city with a past history.

It was from La Mesilla that a company of Mexicans started in 1830 to find the lost placer mine that Spanish tradition located in the Jurillo mountains, and they wandered around for some time and found much silver which they washed from the sands, but as water was scarce they took claims and came home, and the next year they hauled water, made a road, and took a large company of Mexicans to their claims in the Jurillo range. Here they worked until 1888 when the price of silver went down, and all abandoned their claims except Albert J. Fountain, Jr. He continued to do his assessment work until 1895, and after the mysterious disappearance of his father Mr. Fountain could not bear the thought of going again to this territory and sold his claim for \$5,000.00. On this claim is now located the most famous mine in the present town of Orograndie.

At one time there was a famous military organization in La Mesilla composed of 50 men whose duty it was to be ready at all times to protect the community from the rustlers, cattle thieves and Indians. Each man was given the use of a turano of land for his service in the company, and if he chose to leave a new recruit was given the land and the strength of the company was thus kept up. This company was so successful in its raids against the Indians that it is said to have terrorized the savages. Recent visitors to the Mescalero reservation say the old warriors still remember this famous military organization.

But the glory of La Mesilla has passed away. It lost the golden opportunity when it allowed the Santa Fe railroad to leave it to the west, and today it is only interesting because of its ruins and its history.





TUCKAHOE HOUSE

One of the Most Ancient Colonial Mansions of Virginia.





## AN ANCIENT VIRGINIA HOUSE AND ITS GHOST STORY

BY T. D. PENDLETON

**I**N Virginia, true colonial houses are not rare, but Tuckahoe, built by Thomas Randolph early in 1700, has a charm distinctly its own.

Disdaining the effete civilization of the lower James—then nearly a century old—this pioneer built his home as far west as he might, on the frontier, fifteen miles west of Richmond. To a degree the house is an expression of its master's spirit. Sturdy, simple in line, it has endured the storms of two hundred years.

There is a subtle flavor of domesticity about Tuckahoe, too, from the garden where old time herbs still exist to the ancient kitchen with cavernous fireplace. One pictures the mistress as a true colonial dame—a housewife—one who was “not afraid of the snow for her household for all her household were clothed in scarlet.”

Tuckahoe House is in the form of the letter H, being composed of two ells joined by a covered passage. The ends of the lower ell are of English brick which gives the house a quaintness not to be found elsewhere in all Virginia.

The stairway is a beautiful specimen of hand carving done entirely with penknives, and the hall is solidly pannaed with age-black oak. Narrow slits of windows with tiny panes let in shafts of sunlight that fall on this somber black panneling tenderly.

Not the least interesting of features is the old slave quarter. Standing nearer to the “big house” than was usual, its occupants and those of the mansion were near enough for mutual protection against Indians. The quarter is in perfect preservation, even its window panes being intact.

The family burying ground was, according to the tender



colonial custom, near the house. The enclosing wall is of the most durable type and measures thirty-six feet from base to coping. The trees in the enclosure were very old and one of them bore a complete record of the burials, the record having been made by flints driven into the bark. But alas! some years ago a man charged with the care of the grounds cut down every one of the monarchs. For the act of vandalism he was sued in the courts and made to pay five hundred dollars, which sum was applied to a fund for the perpetual care of the grave yard.

Countless marriages of cousins have made of the Randolph genealogy a labyrinth as intricate as the box maze still extant in Tuckahoe's garden, yet the fibre of their brain seemed to defy natural law; there were no idiots, no men of feeble mind. Such men as Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, John Randolph of Roanoke, Edmund Randolph were of this blood.

Tuckahoe was the childhood home of Thomas Jefferson and the little plantation schoolhouse where he learned to read still stands in the grounds.

Of course there is a ghost story, and it is the prettiest one that pertains to any Virginia house, its action involving: a step-mother, a beautiful orphan—true heiress of the Randolph name—a satin-breeched, shoe-buckled lover, a wicked stepsister (angular and ugly of course in the good oldtime story way) and The Fairy Godmother, who appears in the most delightful guise she has ever assumed in the centuries of her service, that of an old black nurse called "Mammy Mahala".

The story begins in the orthodox way. The beautiful, good Randolph maiden, true heiress of Tuckahoe and all its lands and appurtenances, the stepmother and her wicked daughter are seated in the library. Here also sits Mammy Mahala, ostensibly absorbed with her knitting, but really with her weather eye wide open. The conversation is somewhat warm. The beautiful, good Randolph maiden (true heiress) is making the first protest she has ever made in all her fifteen years of life. The step-mother, by misrepresentation, assiduous rousing and padding, and other heinous crimes of a number sufficient to keep her soul forever in purgatory, has succeeded in attracting to her own daughter the aforesaid satin-breeched and shoe-buckled lover.



The Randolph maiden, with characteristic gentleness, has yielded up the satin-breeched and shoe-buckled one, but the wicked stepmother now proposes to go a step further. She has planned to disregard a sacred tradition of the house: *that none but one of the true Randolph blood may be married in the oak-paneled room.* The stepmother is undoubtedly somewhat impressed by the arguments of the Randolph maiden—true astonishment at the protest of a sheep might make the most callous defer the knife thrust—but here the wicked daughter of the stepmother, who has heretofore been only a puppet, gets into the game. She says she will be wed in no other room but the oak-paneled room. Mammy Mahala sits in the background with the sunlight falling through the tiny-paned window in a golden shaft on her white turban and trembling black hands. The Randolph maiden yields at last, with a gentle sigh.

The story runs along: the gentle Randolph maiden (true heiress) succumbs to the cruel treatment of the stepmother and wicked daughter and goes into a "decline," of which she soon dies; and she is buried in the family burying ground in the corner of the garden. The wicked prosper. \* \* \* It is the eve before the wedding. The guests are in the dining-room partaking of hot waffles, broiled venison, scalloped oysters, boiled custard, pound cake and a few other trifles, all forgetful of the gentle girl who lies in her new grave; in truth the wicked are flourishing at a two-forty gait. Of a sudden fear blanches the faces of the revelers—even the usurper shows white under her thick coat of rouge—and all is consternation.

"Fire!"

Smoke issues from the oak-paneled room. Recovering themselves the males rush heroically, and even the groom, egged by his bride-to-be, and seemingly forgetful of his pink satin breeches (the wedding breeches were white and the "second day" breeches baby blue, it is a pity he didn't scorch them too, the traitor!) assists in quenching the fire.

But sad havoc had been wrought in the oak-paneled room. Everything in the room was destroyed, hangings, furniture, ornaments. Nothing remained of the furnishings but a single picture, which lay face down on the floor. When it was lifted



*it was found to be quite unharmed by the fire.* How had it alone escaped the flames? It was a portrait of the dead Randolph girl. Gradually the significance of the thing dawned on those guilty wretches, the stepmother and her usurping daughter. Little shivers ran up and down the spines of the guests. The girl of the portrait simpered on just as she had always done, but to the guilty the simper seemed a deadly menacing smile. Came then the voice of Mammy Mahala from the shadows:

"I wuz lookin' out'n de window ub de quatah when I seed a white shape ub my deah young mistuss rize fum de grabeyahd an' flote in de ayah todes de big house an' right in at de window ub de oak-panneled room, through glass an' all jes de same as if deah wuzn' no glass 'tall. Den I seed de room break out in a light blaze, an' I kivered my eyes an' didn' look no moah."

The shivers of the guests became shakes. The stepmother tried to brazen it out with the immemorial manner of her species, but the bride-to-be sobbed outright. Needless to tell no wedding took place in the oak-panneled room. The next day the marriage was consummated at the schedule time, but the ceremony was performed in the drawing-room where (it is to be hoped) the background of pale yellow brocade walls was not so becoming to the bride as would have been the oak panneling lit up by wax candles.

Here is the end of the story they tell at Tuckahoe, but one does not need to be told of how a carelessly drawn curtain left a convenient peephole for Mammy Mahala and of how she, viewing the proceedings surreptitiously, sniffed:

"Well, bof ub yuh am gittin' yuh deserts, sence yuh am gittin' each uddah. An' anyhow dey ain' no weddin' in de oak-panneled room dis night an' dey ain' nebbah gwine toh be none deah 'tell a true Randolph stan's deah takin' de vows."

Dear Mammy! Your crime is a capital offense in the state of Virginia, but who dares say that the end does not oftentimes justify the means?





## THE EDUCATION OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

BY WILLIAM W. LOOMIS

IS a college education the best preparation for a young man who expects to enter business? This question is asked by the father who is anxious to give his son every possible advantage; it is asked by the ambitious young man; it is asked by the employer looking for capable help, and it is being asked more and more by progressive educational institutions. The discussion of the question would fill many volumes—for the most part individual opinions and theories. On the one hand are educators who insist that a college course is the best possible preparation for any career; on the other hand are practical men of affairs represented by Henry Clews who will not employ a college graduate in his banking house in any capacity. But individual opinions, however interesting, are not conclusive, and there has been no census of successful men to give the complete information necessary for establishing definite principles.

The most valuable data available are found in the various "Who's Who" publications, and while these books are by no means exhaustive they are sufficiently complete to justify a careful study. Because of the cosmopolitan character of Chicago and the influence of such a city on the industrial and educational life of the country, an analysis of the "Red Book of Chicagoans" furnishes an interesting side-light on the relation of college-trained to non-college-trained men among those "who control the activities . . . in all important avenues of public, private, business and intellectual endeavor."

In an analysis of "Who's Who" made by the author of that publication several years ago, no distinction was made between business and professional men. This is really essential, for it does not follow that the best preparation for a professional career is the most desirable training for a business life. A



classification is somewhat arbitrary as there is no accepted definition of "profession" and not infrequently a lawyer, a physician, or some other professional man is, at the same time, identified with business enterprises. But the men (and women) sketched in the "Red Book" may be classified with fair accuracy, as 2,144 representatives of the professions and 3,578 who are identified with commercial life.

After eliminating 27 professional men and 371 business men who give no information as to their schooling, or whose statements are indefinite, the following facts in reference to educational qualifications are ascertained:

#### PROFESSIONAL MEN

College (or university) training.....	1,849
Common or high school.....	144
Technical schools .....	58
Academies or institutes.....	28
Private schools (or tutors).....	23
Both private and public schools.....	8
Military academies .....	3
Business colleges .....	4
Total.....	2,117

Classing the technical and military schools with the colleges, the analysis shows 1,910 trained by higher education, and 207 who had nothing more than a high school education or its equivalent.

According to this record there is but one non-college educated man who makes a conspicuous success in the professions, to 9.2 men who have had special training. The showing is so favorable for the college educated man that there can be no doubt as to the desirability of such a preparation. At the same time the men without college training are sufficiently in evidence to offer the greatest encouragement to the ambitious young men who have not enjoyed such advantages. They should find reassurance in the knowledge that there are a large number of eminently suc-



cessful men—especially lawyers, engineers and writers—who have won the widest recognition in their respective fields without the aid of collegiate training.\*

#### EDUCATION OF BUSINESS MEN

Common or high school education.....	1,846
College (or university).....	731
Academies, institutes or seminaries.....	212
Business colleges and common schools.....	166
Both private and public schools.....	86
Private schools (or tutors).....	52
Technical schools .....	72
Military schools .....	34
Parochial schools .....	8
Total.....	3,207

Classing the technical and military schools with the colleges, the analysis shows 837 who have some form of higher education compared to 2,370 with nothing more than a common school training or its equivalent.

Further study shows that many who attended college—approximately 20 per cent.—left school before completing a course. Some of the so-called colleges and most of the military academies and normal schools (all classed as colleges) would not rank with the modern high school and graduates therefrom cannot be said to have a “higher education” as that term is commonly understood. Furthermore, allowance should be made for the fact that while these men are all in business, it was not always their conspicuous business success that led to their recognition in the “Red Book.” Many mediocre business men have become prominent through their political influence, social position, philanthropic work, civic betterment movements or other activities in which the world is interested.

\*The record of successful attorneys is especially remarkable. The author of “Who’s Who” found that 40 per cent. of the leading lawyers of the United States had not attended either a college or a law school.



With these facts as a basis it is impossible to arrive at the conclusion that a college course is the best preparation for a business life. On the other hand, the record does not warrant the sweeping assertion, frequently heard, that a college training is a detriment and unfits a man for business.

It must be admitted that there is a good deal of prejudice in the business world against college graduates, exception being made to engineering students and those who have made special preparation for some particular line of work. This prejudice has not been sufficiently considered, for in many places it is so strong that the young graduate does not have a fair chance to learn a business. The men in stores, offices and factories who have worked their way up are apt to be antagonistic to college graduates—sometimes because of jealousy and sometimes because of a narrow view that associates all college men with freakishly dressed Rah-Rah boys and night-shirt parades. Many who are above such prejudices are firmly convinced that college courses are impractical and the busy man of affairs generally feels that he has nothing to learn from professors who write ponderous articles on the "concatenation of industrial processes." Another thing that works to the disadvantage of the young graduate is that college men are looked upon as "all of a kind," and when one makes a failure every subsequent applicant finds a prejudice against him for which he is in nowise responsible.

So much for the handicap that the graduate, no matter how deserving, must expect to meet. It is true that in recent years there has been a constant demand for college trained men for special lines of work, notably for electrical, mechanical, civil and mining engineers. This is due largely to the marvelous development of these fields and to the further fact that most of the engineering and polytechnical schools are doing very excellent work. But many graduates who had several jobs awaiting them upon finishing their course later discovered the fly in the ointment, for it is the deliberate policy of certain large concerns to employ a great many college men every summer, hiring them at low wages by bearing down heavily on the argument that in such a big institution there are wonderful opportunities for





advancement, but the majority become dissatisfied and quit before the end of the year, or are laid off to make way for the next class of unsophisticated graduates. But at the worst, their lot is a "flowery bed of ease" compared to the young man who has nothing but a "B.A." or a "B.PH." to commend him to the business world.

A prominent business man voiced a sentiment that is widespread when he said, "We would be glad to hire more college men if we could start them in any place where they would be profitable to us. They are naturally unwilling to start in the manufacturing department with the boys of fifteen on a four years' apprenticeship; in the office they have no knowledge of accounting or business correspondence and we can't afford to teach them as long as we can find experienced men. We employ some of them in the sales department and find that their college experience has usually taught them to read human nature and meet men in an easy way, but at the best this is a very limited field compared to the number of graduates."

A successful wholesale merchant expressed himself as follows, "I cannot understand why the colleges are so reluctant to introduce practical studies. For instance, I do not know of any college that pretends to teach shorthand or typewriting and yet a few months devoted to these subjects during a four years' course would not lower the standard nor interfere with more pretentious studies, but it would be invaluable in getting a young man started in business. I don't mean to say that a college boy should spend all his days pounding a typewriter, but if he knew how to handle a machine it would enable him to earn his salt while learning the business and it would warrant the house in taking him on and in developing him for a higher position in the department or line for which he is best qualified."

A railroad man at the head of a large system said, "In the engineering departments we want college men, for we find their training can be used to good advantage. In the general offices the college man has nothing that we need. He has no knowledge or experience that will relieve the department heads of details or responsibilities. The boy who begins by opening mail, copying letters, filing reports, etc., is preferred every time."



These views are given because they are typical and because they show wherein the business world feels that the colleges are lacking. The belief is prevalent that a college training is valuable when it has been supplemented with some practical knowledge of business usages. One of the largest industrial concerns in the United States has adopted a rule to give preference always to college graduates, but under no circumstances to hire a man until he has been out of school at least two years. All the theoretical arguments ever advanced will not weigh against such a rule.

These things are referred to, not so much for the purpose of criticising the colleges as to call attention to some of the discouraging situations that the college graduate must face. The opposition is not sufficient to discourage the young man of determination, but it shows the fallacy of the opinion, all too prevalent, that if a boy can manage to get through college his future is assured.

In considering the successful man of the country, attention is too apt to be centered on those Captains of Industry whose names have become household words. A writer recently pointed out that Morgan, Clews, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Gould, Field, Hopkins, Wanamaker, Palmer, Leiter, Vanderbilt, Peabody, Sibley, Armour, Girard, Sage, Mitchell, Gage, Corcoran and Cornell all entered business before they were seventeen; not one was a college graduate, and but two attended college. The assertion follows that twenty men of equal business prominence could not be found among the ranks of college graduates. This is granted—to the credit of the colleges, for it should be counted among their greatest achievements that they have been able to impress upon the minds of their students a conception of a “successful life” that is not expressed by the sign of the dollar. There are an increasing number of people who refuse to recognize in the multi-millionaire our highest type of citizenship, and with all due respect to the commercial conquests of the gentlemen named above, it is quite possible that our country would be just as well off today if some of these men had made fewer millions and fewer socialists.

Several of these Captains of Industry have gone out of their



way to bespeak their prejudice against college graduates, but it is significant that they have sent their own children to the best universities, and some of them have given millions to the cause of higher education. The names of Girard, Armour, Hopkins, Cornell and Rockefeller are associated with well known educational institutions, and some of these men were among the first to recognize the possibilities of applied economics and the need of technical knowledge and skill in the business world.

Certain school men have long insisted that colleges are to train the mind, not to give practical instruction, and they resent the intrusion of the "bread and butter" idea of education. But it has been clearly demonstrated that useful knowledge and practical courses do not make undue sacrifices to the "demands of culture and liberal education." Expert business training in the colleges is not to be expected, but the young man who gives four years of his life to the college has a right to insist that it shall take him a little further on the roadway to success. He will have to take a post graduate course in the school of practical experience, but the length of that course should be shortened by some knowledge of the fundamentals of business.

The new ideas in education are not intended to supplant the "Sacred Tripod," but the demand is made that the useful arts and applied sciences be given equal prominence with the classics. Education may be an end in itself, but it is an exploded theory that it is less desirable because it has some practical application. In the activities of the Twentieth Century life the man who has nothing to offer the world but culture is a negative quantity. The demand of the times is not classical ornamentation but practical training; not abstract knowledge but efficiency. The struggle of the coming years, it has been remarked, will not be for the conquest of lands, but for the control of the forces of nature. Scientific knowledge is the basis of every great industry, and the business world is crying out for trained men. It is as useless for the educators of the "Old School" to oppose this demand as it was for King Canute to command the waves to recede.

But while some of the colleges are persistently marking time, many of them are recognizing their larger opportunities and



their larger responsibilities. Every year they are becoming more and more influential factors in world affairs, but what of the young men, who, under existing conditions, cannot hope to secure a college training? At the best only 20 per cent. of the young men of the country can enjoy these privileges—what of the remaining 80 per cent.? Are the gates to the higher stations in life closed to them? Is their handicap too great? Assuredly not. The message of the "Red Book" should be an inspiration to the great army of young men who are precluded, under the present organization of society, from securing a college education. They should find courage in the thought that 84 per cent. of the business men in the United States today are without college training, and 90 per cent. of the "bosses"—the men at the head of the great industrial, commercial and financial institutions of the country—started in minor positions with nothing more than a common school education and worked their way to the front.

While a college education may be desirable, according to the records of the "Red Book," it is by no means indispensable; it does not assure success. The colleges are coming to be more and more influential in all industrial affairs, but it is safe to predict that for many years to come the dominant factors in the business world will be the men who work their way up from the ranks, and it is the glory of our country that the men who start out with the greatest handicaps are constantly winning the highest honors in both professional and business life.





## HISTORY OF SLAVERY

BY SALLIE R. MC LEAN

**H**ISTORIANS agree that in Asia was the cradle of the human race. Early emigrations to the banks of the Nile, where conditions were most favorable for sustaining life and inducing permanent habitation, gave to Egypt the earliest authentic and continuous history of its peoples as an independent nation. The relations of the Egyptians with the Jews, as recounted in the Bible, in connection with the remains of their monuments and habitations have made for them the first place in the history of the ancient world. However, nearly contemporaneous with Egyptian history have been brought to the results of scholarly research and comparison the records of the most ancient nations of Asia.

All history emphasizes the fact that the beginnings of community existence were in the valleys of great rivers. As on the banks of the Nile, so in the regions bordering the Tigris and the Euphrates, and in another ancient center, the valley of the Indus, were first in Asia gathered the different races in numbers sufficient to be called nations. As in Egypt, in the valley of these rivers have been discovered the ruins of many great cities; there also we find the imperishable evidences of a great and wonderful civilization; there also great kings have depicted on indestructible bricks, polished marble and rough hewn stone, either in picture representation or cunieform inscription, the marvelous records of their conquests, and their achievements in building up great cities, and in enriching their countries by gigantic public works. From the buried ruins of these great cities and the remains of these public works, as well as from the records found there, historians have been enabled to unravel the history of their ancient inhabitants to that definiteness and completeness which challenge the wonder and excite the imagination.



Comparison with these sources of history with the accounts of these regions given in Holy Writ has but added the proof of their mutual verity and completeness.

To the twilight of distant centuries, before the Christian era, have been traced the beginnings of the tribes and peoples of these regions of Asia. The settlement of a nomadic tribe in a fertile and favorable region would bring the cultivation of land about a fixed center which would become the abiding place of the ruler. When for purposes of protection against the inroads of other nomadic tribes, this center was walled in, towers placed at intervals and the best habitation then possible erected for the chief or king, and to enable all to worship unmolested, the gods they had chosen, a temple was raised near the king's abode, then and there were the beginnings of a walled and towered capital city. In later ages these contained palaces of great magnificence, temples of costly construction and lavish ornamentation, which then became the principal abiding places of an absolute ruler of a monarchy of great extent.

When reaching out to absorb more territory, the predatory chief of a small tribe would come upon another chief, who would dispute his advance and the contest resulting in the victory of one and the defeat of the other and the subjugation of the weaker tribe to the stronger led to this energetic tribal leader becoming the forerunner of great conquerors, and his contests the first of aggressive enterprises which later became highly organized and stupendous undertakings for the conquests of many countries, and the subjugation of rulers and people of far distant regions.

When the stronger people, led by ambitious and successful rulers were victorious, then that people became the dominant race and their king ruled over a widening extent of territory, and was even the overlord of other long-established kingdoms. With the periods of peace came in those widening relations of different nations which resulted in increasing knowledge and a diffusion of better conditions of living expressed in the term civilization.

Back in ages more or less remote began the history of each one of the countries of Asia, and although during many centuries they had a parallel existence, yet there were long periods of



time when one particular country was the great and overshadowing power of Asia. So extended became the dominion of this one monarch and one country that even over Egypt and among the Greek isles of the Mediterranean did different conquering kings stretch their dominion and rule over millions of subjects. Five great monarchies are given whose imperial power differ in duration of time and number of conquered regions, but whose domination during those periods of time and over that number of conquered countries made the history of those periods of time and of those countries. Those five great kingdoms were Chaldaea, Assyria, Media, Babylonia and Persia.

Not only those five countries, but other smaller kingdoms and tribal communities had a separate and partly contemporaneous existence before they became the conquered provinces of a great monarchy. Although often pushing their conquests to regions inhabited by nomadic tribes, it was into countries more or less civilized that the warlike conquerors of Asia preferred to lead their armies; into regions where the flocks and herds of the thrifty husbandmen could be driven hence, where the fields of ripened grain could be harvested for the invading hosts, and where above all, the great cities that yielded to siege and assault, furnished rich booty to the victors, and where from the vanquished inhabitants, they could secure countless captives. A great moving army of those ancient times surely must have been a marvellous spectacle, especially in those later ages when the dominions of the king going to war were already stretched over different countries, whence he gathered his invading hosts. The long lines of horsemen, seated on the finest steeds of Arabia, both horse and rider in dazzling panoply of defense, the serried ranks of the infantry uniformed in the picturesque costumes and carrying the arms of many different countries, the chariots of dazzling colors and gleaming with spiked and bladed wheels, the trains of pack asses and mules bearing food for the men and even fodder for the horses; all these stretching out for miles even before the center of the advancing host was seen. There the canopied litters held the king and the richly robed priests grouped about the arks containing the idols or at least the altars of the gods. Other chariots and other gorgeous litters bore the



wives and concubines, not only of the king but of the great nobles and generals. All these, as they swept through a country must have formed a spectacle of an imposing sense of power and magnificence unrivalled and even unapproached in later ages of the world's wars and conquests. The litters and chariots containing the women of the seraglios and their own small army of attendants, when the battles began or the sieges were opened, must have formed an embarrassing addition to the impedimenta, about which in a later age, Caesar writes so constantly in his *Conquest of Gaul*.

It is not in place here to follow the waves of conquest as they swept first from one center and then from another, and spread over regions more or less extended; not to give long lists of the high sounding, sonorous names of the kings of different monarchies, who are yet renowned in the history of the world as among its greatest military leaders and administrators of the government of vast region, as well as builders of marvellous cities. Nor is it in place here definitely to fix the centuries when the capital city of the most powerful of these Asiatic despots was Ur or Babylon, Susa or Ecbatana, Ninevah or Pesagardae, nor, interesting as such accounts would be, to recount the times each was besieged, captured, partially destroyed, and then rebuilt.

Depending primarily on the sort of defeat endured by the conquered and the ensuing terms of peace, it is not possible to give in full the subsequent relation of the conquerors and the conquered. It would take many volumes to give them in full. The more barbarous conditions of the early ages left the status of the conquered one of complete subjugation. After a successful war came the periods of extending and beautifying the capital cities, advances in the sciences and arts of civilization, and the differentiation of the occupations which produced trade and commerce. Then to the dominant race came the disintegrating effects of indulgence in unlimited power and luxury. From another center within the conquered province or neighboring unsubdued nations, another people, yet unspoiled by great power and uncorrupted by indulgence in luxury, would be led by another ambitious and war-like leader, and after other wars the center of

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overshadowing power in Asia would move to another kingdom, another great city would be the capital, another king would become the mighty one, another people the dominant race. Therefore, later on with advancing civilization and an approximation to equality in fighting strength and the greater possibilities of reconquest of independent existence, the vast dominions held at different periods by these five great monarchies are best described as a "congeries of kingdoms." In some cases, as with Assyria and Babylonia during a long period, their relations would be best expressed by the term "allied kingdoms." Especially was this true, when through an intermarriage of members of two reigning families which usually followed on a war not overwhelmingly successful on either side—the people of each capital thought they were still governed by a native ruler. These facts fully set forth are of great interest, but they belong to general history, not to an inquiry on a particular subject.

Yet in writing on slavery in any country or group of countries, it becomes necessary to give first some information concerning the dominant people, those who held their fellow creatures in bondage. In a consideration of the different kingdoms of Asia in the order of their relative age and the extent of their domination, the first place must be given to ancient Chaldea.

The Chaldeans were Cushite in origin. It is claimed for them that in the time of their highest development they possessed great knowledge of agriculture and of architecture. Their monuments and palaces were built of bricks alone. These were made so perfect that those which were baked are still hard and perfect, and they were therefore as building material a complete substitute for stone. The remains of their structures prove that they had knowledge of the arch and also understood the principles and construction of drains. Their implements, utensils and ornaments, though crude in comparison with those of later ages, show an advance in those arts which tend to comfort in living. The Chaldeans were among the most ancient of maritime peoples, and considering the knowledge of ship building in those times, their commerce was extended. It is claimed for them that their astronomical calculations were later accepted by astronomers and the permanence and far reaching recognition of



their astronomical knowledge are further proved by the fact that under the Roman emperors the astronomers and astrologers were called Chaldeans. Their systems of notations and of writing bring them to the rank of the early Egyptians; in religion they were polytheists, and as in all polytheistic systems their rites were many and often terrible, and their beliefs later led to idolatry. The different dynasties which during centuries governed Chaldea were of kindred race and produced no change in the language, religion and customs of the people.

All the information that historians give concerning slavery in ancient Chaldea is that it has been deciphered in some of their records that certain kings went to war with neighboring tribes in order to secure slaves, whose labor would enable them to complete some projected public work.

Assyria, the second of the five great monarchies of Asia, had many centuries of existence as an independent, powerful kingdom, before striving for universal dominion in Asia and Egypt. To imperial Assyria belonged many of the greatest conquerors of the Asiatic continent and the influence the Assyrians asserted over the other peoples of Asia was greater in extent of time and permeating effects than that of any other dominant race.

To the family of races known as Semitic belonged the Assyrians. This family includes the Isaelites or Hebrews, the Aramaeans or Syrians and the Joktanian Arabs. In the Assyrian dynasties we find many of the mighty conquerors and great builders of ancient Asia and even when another adjacent kingdom became the ruling monarchy of Asia, the Assyrian cities became the favorite capitals of the conquerors. Assyrian customs and manners were adopted by them and it was the corrupting influence of Assyrian luxury, which in turn became their own undoing and compelled them to give place as the leading power in Asia to a conqueror from one of their own provinces. As architects and builders of both palaces, temples, and public works, as artists who covered the walls of their imposing structures with real and symbolic figures, erected colossal statuary of real and imaginary creatures both human and animal, and wrote their history in pictured epics, the Assyrians are given rank higher in realistic and artistic achievements than that



accorded to the Egyptians. The art of the Egyptians never gave any idea of life or motion to the human or animal figures represented, but the remains of Assyrian art are today considered as stirring in their suggestion of life and motion, as they doubtless were thought when completed by their artists thousands of years ago. Under one of the greatest of the kings so marvellous are considered the remains of the sculpture of that period it has been written: "To judge by the advance over previous works which we observe in the sculptures of the son of Esarhaddon, it would seem that if Assyria had not been assailed by barbaric enemies about this time, she would have anticipated by above a century the finished excellence of the Greeks."

However, of the remains of their manufactured articles there is no certainty that they were all Assyrian. Their conquered provinces included so many and distant regions that plunder, tribute, and commerce served to bring to Nineveh, the capital city, the choicest products of all civilized countries. However, if it be reasonable to suppose that the bulk of manufactured goods consumed in a country are of home manufacture, it is fair to assume that the vases, jars, bronzes, glass bottles, carved ornaments in ivory and mother of pearl, engraved gems, bells, dishes, earrings, arms, armor, and working implements which have been found at Nimrod, Khorsabad and Koyunjik are mainly of Assyrian manufacture.

It is more probable that the garments represented as worn by Assyrian kings came from Babylon, which city, during many centuries was renowned for its tissues. All the remains of these manufactured objects show considerable knowledge of metallurgy and refined taste, and also even prove the use of inventions until comparatively recently supposed to be entirely modern. The knowledge of the Assyrians of mechanical contrivances as aids to moving and raising heavy weights was ahead of that of the Egyptians. The religion of the Assyrians is called the worship of Asshur, and was allied to that of the Chaldeans. Although Asshur was the principal god worshipped and always the titular deity of Nineveh, the Assyrian religion became polytheistic. Bel, or Beltis, was the principal god of the Babylon-



ians. At the height of the power of the Assyrians the priestly class was powerful and religious ceremonies idolatrous.

Before considering the next great monarchy of Asia, Media, a great fact of history which effected not only Assyria, but all the provinces of that powerful kingdom, all the smaller countries which possessed a complete or semi-independence must be referred to. That was the invasion of the Scyths. These barbarous tribes swept down from the Steppe country of the Caucasus and carried slaughter and destruction through all the cultivated, civilized portions of Asia, going as far as Palestine and Syria, and leaving in their triumphant march through all these countries, a trail of blood and devastation. At that time the people of the kingdom of Media, then a tributary province of Assyria, were not only warlike, but were uncorrupted by Assyrian luxury. The richer countries of Asia suffered more by the destruction of their crops and the sack of their cities by the Scythian hords, than did Media. It was therefore that country which first made peace with the invading Scyths, and then started on a series of conquests to annex the rich but recently plundered provinces of other kingdoms. Thus aided by those Scythic hordes, whose bravery and knowledge of warfare in later centuries gave to the victorious Roman legions their most difficult and most bloody victories, it came to pass that the kingdom of Media grew to imperial power, and absorbed Assyria and its chief province of Babylonia, extended her authority with more or less advantage in submission and tribute to other portions of Asia and became the third of the five great, imperial monarchies of that continent. Assyria had rounded out a thousand years of history when the rise of the Median kingdom deprived her of imperial power, if not of foremost influence in Asia.

The Medes belonged to the Arian or Iranic branch of the human family, a leading sub-division of the great Indo-European race. "The tie of a common language, common manners and customs and to a great extent a common belief in ancient time united all the dominant tribes of the great plateau of Asia. Persians, Medes, Sogartians, Chorasmians, Bactrians, Sogdeans, Hyrcanians, Saragians, Gandarians, and Sanskritic Indians belonged all to a single stock, differing from one another prob-





ably not much more than now differ the various subdivisions of the Teutonic or Slavonic race."

With the exception of the Scythians, as conquerors the Medes were the most savage and cruel of any of those, who at different times swept over Asia. In the early part of their career they were simple and manly. It was because they were braver and simpler, and therefore stronger, that they were able to dispossess the Assyrians, but in their case, as in that of all the other conquerors, power brought on that indulgence in luxury which in turn made them a prey to the stronger. The Medes endeavored to imitate the Assyrians, and did attain a certain degree of civilization and refinement not greatly inferior. To understand the religion which they brought into their enlarged kingdom, which had a great subsequent influence on the history of Asia, a general survey of the religious question now becomes necessary.

Before the Arian race was separated into the two branches and the Easterns and Westerns had not yet adopted the conflicting creeds of Zoroastranism and Brahmanism, there was prevailing a polytheistic nature worship with rites directed by a priestly class. The rise of the Iranic-Median or Persian system was a revolt from the sensuous and superficial nature worship, and brings a recognition of spiritual intelligences. These intelligences were later divided into good and bad, pure and impure, benignant and malevolent. Then follows the belief that in a certain sense assets monothelism. "At the head of good intelligences is a single great Intelligence, Ahuro-Magdao, the true Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the universe. Although Ahuro-Magdao is less awful and less spiritual than Jehovah," still considering the general failure of unassisted reason to mount up to the true notion of a spiritual God, this doctrine of the early Arians is very remarkable. This belief was at first also held by the Medes.

It was the contact with the Scythic tribes who were worshippers of the elements, fire, earth and water, which corrupted the purer religion of the Medes, and made them accept Magism. On the altars of these nature worshippers the fire was never quenched and the power of their priests, the Magi, was not only fully acknowledged, but in succeeding ages that power brought



on far reaching political consequences. Although during their imperial power the prevailing religion of the Medes was Magism, they were tolerant of other religions in their dependencies, and even in their capital. It was at that period when Persia was a province of Media, that there the purer religion of Arian faith took refuge. In later centuries, when to them, as the stronger, more warlike people, dominion passed to the Persians, they became the active and effective enemies of all forms of idolatry.

The principal city of the fourth Monarchy, Babylonia, was the former capital of the most ancient of the monarchies, Chaldea. It was therefore in the nature of a return to power of the people and country which had ranked first, when from Babylonia came Cyaxeres to wrest from Media imperial power. Periods of partial eclipse, when Babylonia was either a province of Assyria or an independent kingdom through suffrance of the greater kingdom, do not obscure entirely the continuous history of the country from the time of the early Cushite kings to the great reigns of Cyaxeres and Nebuchadnezer. Direct heirs to the learning and scientific achievements of the Chaldeans, the Babylonians advanced in scientific knowledge, and their wisdom and learning are celebrated by the Jewish prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Daniel. However, they were not only astronomers, but mingled that real science with astrology. They were always great in commerce and their country was a land of traffic and Babylon "a city of merchants." The name Babylonian has always stood for extravagance and luxury, and with good reason. In comparison with their mode of life the Babylonians looked upon the people of Persia and Greece as barbarians.

As in the history of Assyria, we find in that of Babylonia a long list of conquering kings, at first enterprising and warlike, restorers of the glories of ancient cities and repairers of stupendous works, as well as architects and builders of wondrous new structures, outvieing all that had gone before. Then in their turn came the periods of the disintegrating influences of unbridled power and sensuous indulgence, until at the gates of Babylon the conquering hosts of Cyrus the Persian brought to Babylonia the bitterness of defeat, and the position of a tributary province



of the fifth monarchy, Persia. We know that a wonderful and stormy period of the history of Asia followed the accession of the Persians, and not until the Macedonian phalanxes of Alexander the Great laid the known world at his feet was the paramount ascendancy of Persia in Asia successfully disputed. Not only because they lived nearer the equator but also because they were partly Ethiopian in origin the Persians were darker than the Assyrians or Babylonians.

The remains of Persopolis and other great Persian cities indicate that while following in the main the principles of Assyrian and Babylonian art, they possessed original conceptions, and especially in decorative features their art was not only different, but often superior, especially in the designs and colors in the decorations of the stately palaces.

Of the lesser kingdoms of Asia which at various times became subject nations to the principal kingdoms, but whose connection was often one of alliance more than of subjection, were Lydia, Syria, Phoenicia,



## REPRESENTATIVE SOUTHERN LITERATURE

BY ELIZABETH L. STOCKING

IT has sometimes been said that the South produced little literature of value before the war. When we really look into the matter, however, we find this statement to be incorrect. Washington, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were all Virginians, and each one, although more noted as a statesman, was a writer. Francis Scott Key, who composed "The Star-Spangled Banner," came from Maryland; Edgar Allan Poe, "The Prince of American Literature," according to Victor Hugo, was a southerner, and lived between 1809 and 1849.

In reading the lives of the southerners who have written since 1860, we note again and again the effect of the Civil War on their lives. Paul Hamilton Hayne, who has sometimes been called the "Poet Laureate of the South," the son of wealthy, cultured parents, lost his property at the time of the war, and it is perhaps due to this fact that he devoted himself to literary work. The great conflict inspired Henry Timrod, another poet and close friend of Hayne, in a series of war poems to strike "a higher and finer note than had ever yet escaped his lyre;" but later, when Sherman with his army marched into South Carolina, Timrod was reduced to poverty and almost to despair. Sidney Lanier, the greatest poet the South has produced, was broken in health during his service in the army, and the remainder of his brief life was a struggle with disease. And so we might go on showing the effect of the war, often disastrous, sometimes inspiring, on the lives of southern writers. Most of them have died young, due, no doubt, in some cases to the hardships of the war.

We also find among southern writers a strong love for their own particular state or locality, just as we should expect to be





the case among people who have always stood for state rights, and among whom there are greater variations between the different states than in the North. They delight to picture scenes and people distinctive of their home. Thus we find James Lane Allen writing of the Kentucky cardinal, Kentucky women and Kentucky horses; Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary Noailles Murfree) tells us of the Tennessee mountaineers, among whom she lived; George W. Cable writes of the Creoles who lived in his native city of New Orleans; Thomas Nelson Page depicts the Virginian negro, and Joel Chandler Harris, the negro from Georgia.

Although this clinging to locality is found perhaps with the majority of southern authors, giving a peculiar charm to their writings, it is quite absent from the productions of one of the greatest—Edgar Allen Poe. One could scarcely tell from reading his works whether he came from Maine or California, Minnesota or Louisiana. I doubt whether there is much in his stories or poems which would even mark him as an American, from any state whatsoever. This may be because he was a genius and genius has no country—it belongs to the world; or on the other hand, it may be because his home was not confined to any one state.

In this year of the hundredth anniversary since his birth, much has been written of him, both in praise and blame. It seems to be quite universally agreed by his later biographers that he was woefully misrepresented by his first biographer who had a personal grudge against him. His weird, fantastic stories were not, as it was then claimed, the result of fancies while under the influence of liquor or morphine. Drink he did, unfortunately, but it was when driven to desperation by trouble and poverty.

His poem of "The Bells" is one of the most musical in the English language; as we read, we can hear them all—the tinnabulation of the silver sleigh-bells, the rapture of the happy wedding-bells, the shrieking of the loud alarm bells, and the tolling of the sad funeral bells—our mood changes from gaiety at first to sadness and solemnity at the close.

What is more dainty and sweet than the little poem "Annabel Lee," a tribute to his child-wife who died so young?



"The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

Best known of all is his poem "The Raven" written when he was in despair at the mortal sickness of his wife. There is a sadness in all the poems, but "The Raven" is the saddest of all. It is typical of Poe's life,—the black raven of poverty and despondency was never far from him.

Poe has come to be considered the master of the short story so far as technique is concerned. The first sentence of one of his stories grips the attention, and from that forward, every phrase—every word leads up to the climax. Many of his stories deal with horrors. It has been said of them: "The sunshine is not the sunshine of the fields, for it comes through dense foliage or colored glass. The wind blows from caverns and vaulted tombs. The color on the cheeks is hectic, the mirth hysterical. Everywhere are grief, madness, disease and death." Another writer, from terror to beauty and sublimity; there is a magic touch speaking more in praise, says: "There is a fascination ranging which removes all his scenes into the enchanted realm of the supernatural and invests them with a sacred awe."

We will now turn from Poe, who was a representative writer living in the South, to Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris, writers representative of the South. They have pictured for us as perhaps no other writers ever did, the negro character,—the type of "befo' de war" darky, which is fast disappearing from the land. Thomas Nelson Page, in his stories, brings out the relations existing between the good master and his faithful slaves: Joel Chandler Harris, in his "Uncle Remus" tales, narrates the legends and folklore of the negro.

"Marse Chan," one of the best known of Thomas Nelson Page's stories, is supposed to be related of a young southerner, by his former devoted slave. He describes the "ole marster" coming out onto the porch with a "smile wus'n a 'possum," his



little new-born son in his arms, and all the slaves gathering about to greet "de young marster." From among them, he picked out Sam, then a boy, and putting the baby into his arms, said: "I'm going to give you to your young Marse Channing." "An' from dat time I was tooken in de house to be Marse Channin's body-servant."

The adjoining estate belonged to Col. Chamberlin, and he had a little daughter Anne to whom young "Marse Chan" as he grew into boyhood, was devoted. The children were constantly together. Their fathers, too, were close friends until pitted against each other politically, and then a coolness arose between them which increased until they got to disagreeing about their slaves and their boundary-lines. The young people, however, remained friends and "Marse Chan he use to love de ve'y groun' she walked on. Heh! His face 'twould light up whenever she come into chu'ch or anywhere, jes' like de sun hed come th'oo a chink on it sudden'y." One time after Marse Chan had grown into a young man, Col. Chamberlin spoke insultingly of his father. The boy resented it and the colonel challenged him to a duel. Marse Chan took his faithful servant Sam with him to the rendezvous, and as they rode together, he said:

"Sam, you and I were boys together, weren't we?"

"Yes, Marse Chan, dat we wuz."

"You have been very faithful to me, and I have seen to it that you are well provided for. You want to marry Judy. I know, and you'll be able to buy her if you want to."

When the signal came to fire, the colonel aimed directly at Marse Chan, his bullet passing through the young man's hat, but Marse Chan shot his pistol in the air, because he could not bear to injure Anne's father, and said to him: "I make you a present to your family, sir!"

The colonel, however, would not forgive him, and the next time Marse Chan met Miss Anné, she passed him with her head in the air.

"I nuver see nuttin' like de look dat come on Marse Chan's face when she pahss 'im like dat. He gi' de sorrel a pull dat fotch 'im back settin' down in de san' on he haunches. He ve'y lips wuz white."



Then, Marse Chan' enlisted for the war, taking Sam along with him. Before he went, he had one interview with Anne, telling her that he had loved her ever since she was a baby, and asking if he came back from the war whether she wouldn't try to think of him as she used to do when she was a little girl. But she turned her head away and replied: "I don't love you." "(Jes' dem th'ee wuds!) De wuds fall right slow—like dirt falls out a spade on a coffin when yo's buryin' anybody, an sey, 'uth unto uth.' "

Marse Chan went to the war, and when there was anything particularly dangerous to be done, he always volunteered. "In camp he use' to be so sorrerful he'd hardly open he mouf. But jes' le' 'im git into danger, an' he use' to be like old times—jolly an' laughin' like when he wuz a boy. He use' to tek me wid 'im whenever he could. He didn't mine bullets, no more'n he did so many draps o' rain. But I use' to be pow'ful skeered sometimes."

Sam wrote to Judy, telling how Marse Chan had knocked a man over for speaking contemptuously of Colonel Chamberlin, and that he was dying for love of Miss Anne. Judy, who was Miss Anne's maid, got her mistress to read the letter for her, Miss Anne told her father about Marse Chan's defense of his name, and when she turned away blushing, Col. Chamberlin said to her: "Anne, do you want him?"

"An' she sez, 'Yes,' an' put her head down on he shoulder an' begin to cry."

One day a letter came for Marse Chan. When he read it, "ef he face didn' shine like a angel's." The next day there was a great battle and Marse Chan was killed leading a brave charge up a hill.

"I pick 'im up in my arms wid de fleg still in he han's, an' toted 'im back jes like I did dat day when he wuz a baby, an' ole marster gin 'im to me in my arms, an' sey he could trus' me, an' tell me to tek keer on 'im long ez he lived."

"Well, we buried Marse Chan dyah in de ole grabeyard, wid de flag wrapped roun' 'im. Miss Anne she nuver went home to stay arfter dat; she stay wid ole marster an' ole missis ez long ez dey lived."

This story of "Marse Chan" and the one called "Meh Lady"





are always mentioned as being among the best written by Thomas Nelson Page. "Meh Lady" brings out still more strongly the self-sacrifice and devotion of a former slave, in this case to his mistress, after the war had deprived her of all her property, and most of the other negroes had left her. It was one of the palliations of slavery—this relation which sometimes sprang up between the slaves and their masters, but the fact that the darker side depicted in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and other writings could and did exist, showed the innate evil of the practice.

In the Uncle Remus stories of Joel Chandler Harris, we find the folk-lore of the negro, many of them having originated in his native Africa. One writer wonders what the effect of these stories where Brer Rabbit is constantly overcoming his enemies by deceit and cunning would have upon the mind of a susceptible child, but he concludes that "Brer Rabbit's deceit is so much more amiable than Brer Fox's that it is comparatively moral to sympathize with it." We cannot help wondering whether in the mind of the negro, as he told these stories on the southern plantations, the tyrannical Brer Fox did not represent the white man, and Brer Rabbit the negro who must circumvent him by cunning.

Perhaps the most familiar of these stories is "The Tar Baby," but there are others equally graphic and almost as well-known. There is the story of "The Moon in the Mill-pond" when Brer Rabbit and "Brer Tarrypin" got up a fishing party and a plot. Brer Bear, Brer Fox and Brer Wolf were all present besides two ladies,—Miss Meadows and Miss Mott. When Brer Rabbit was about to throw his hook into the water, he suddenly stopped, dropped his pole and stood scratching his head and looking down into the pond. The others questioned him as to what was the trouble, and he answered: "Accidents got ter happen unter we all, des same ez dey is unter yuther folks, en dey aint nuthin' much de marter 'ceppin' dat de moon done drap in de water." So they all looked into the water and "dar lay de moon a-swingin' an' a-swayin' at de bottom er de pon'."

Brer Rabbit told them it was no use trying to fish until they got the moon out, and that he would go and borrow a seine to do so. While he was gone, Brer Tarrypin informed the others that



he had heard that "dem wat fine de moon in de water en fetch 'im out, lakwise dey ull fetch out a pot er money." When Brer Rabbit returned with the seine and began taking off his coat preparatory to wading in, they declared they weren't going to let "dry-foot man lak Brer Rabbit go in de water." "Brer Fox, he tuck holt er one staff er de sane, Brer Wolf he tuck holt er yuther staff an Brer B'ar he wade 'long behine fer ter lif' de sane 'cross logs en snags."

They hauled and they hauled but no moon. They waded further and further from the bank. "Water run in Brer Fox year, he shake he head; water run in Brer Wolf year, he shake he head; water run in Brer B'ar year, he shake he head." While they were shaking, they came to the place where the bottom shelved off, and all had a ducking. "Dey kick en splatter twel it look lak dey uz gwine ter slosh all de water outer de mill pon'." When they came out "go whar you would, dey wan't no wuss lookin' creeters dan dem." Brer Rabbit shouted at them: "I hear talk dat de moon'll bite at a hook ef you take fools fer baits, an I lay dat's de onliest way fer ter ketch 'er."

"Then Brer Rabbit en Brer Tarrypin, dey went home wid de gals."

As weird and "creepy" as any of Poe's tales is the ghost story related by Tildy in Uncle Remus's cabin. A woman had died, and when she was laid out, two big silver dollars belonging to her were put on her eyelids to keep them down. The man that buried her stole the dollars and put them in a tin box on his mantel shelf. In the night he heard the wind blow: "Bizzy-buzz, bizzy-buzz, buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o-o! Phew-fee-e-e-e and then something went "Clinkity, clink, clinkity clinkalinkle." He asked: "Hey! who stealin' my money?"

When there was no response he got up and looking into the box, found the money still there. After he lay down, he heard again,—“Clinkity, clinkalinkle.” He investigated once more, and went back to bed, and so, several times. At last “look like he kin year sump’n say ’way off yander: ’Whar my money? Oh, gime my money!” Every time he closed the box, he would hear again “Clinkity, clinkalinkle” and the voice,—“Oh, gim me my money! I want my money!” Finally, he got up and put a flat-



iron on the box, piled all the chairs against the door, and hid himself in bed.

"Man shiver en shiver, win' blow en blow, money rattle en rattle. 'Oman cry en cry. 'Buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o!' sez de win'; 'Clinkalink!' sez de box; 'Oh, gim me my money!' sez de 'oman; 'O Lordy!' sez de man."

At last he saw the ghost of the woman come through the door. She groped nearer and nearer "tell bimeby she jum on de man en holler: 'You got my money!'

With that, the story-teller gave a pounce upon one of the negroes which nearly frightened him to death, and thus reached the climax of her story.

We can well imagine a company of darkies gathered about a fire-place, in the evening, the whites of their eyes gleaming in the fire-light, their hair almost unkinking itself and standing upright in their horror at this tale.

And so, with a sigh of passing regret and a little shiver, we turn from the warm Southland back to our own Northern clime. A writer has said of Southern literature: "The Southern story-writers have done more than given us studies of new localities. We feel instinctively a different quality in their work. Contrasted with the productions of New England writers, we feel the richer coloring, the warmer blood and the quicker pulses. Put a work of Cable's side by side with Howell's and it is like the tropic warmth of the Gulf Stream after the chill of Northern waters.



## RISE OF THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

*1763-1780* BY VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC

**F**OR the purpose of defending the crown and the provincial constitution against the illegal action of the London parliament, the republicans and loyalists were united. But apart from this the republicans conspired among themselves to revolutionize society, plunder the aristocracy and overturn the state. Without foreign aid they could not effect this. They had been told that France was desirous of revenge against England for the loss of Canada and Louisiana, and they began overtures to France at the very time that they were protesting their loyalty to Britain. Dr. Franklin, whom the French called "Bonhomme," said in 1773, "I never heard from any person the least expression of a wish for separation." In October, 1774, Washington wrote: "I am well satisfied that no such thing as independence is desired by any thinking man in America." And in April, 1775, Jefferson wrote: "I never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain," and "as for the form of the British government, it is the best yet, and I desire none better." This was to Sir John Randolph. At the same time John Adams published in Boston: "That there are any who pant after independence is the greatest slander in the province."

"It seems difficult to recognize with truthfulness, fairness and impartiality the intrigues and proposed terms of alliance between the leaders of Congress and the king of France. These intrigues commenced while the authors of them were disclaiming any wish or design to separate from England and their desire to be reconciled with the mother country by a recognition of their rights as they existed before, in 1763."

"As early as December, 1775 . . . a secret committee of correspondence of Congress wrote Arthur Lee, their agent in





London, and Charles Dumas, at the Hague, requesting them to ascertain the feeling of European Courts respecting America, enjoining them to 'great circumspection and secrecy.'"

"M. de Beauvoulis, agent for the French government, appeared in Philadelphia, held a secret conference with the secret committee and assured them that France was ready to aid the colonies on such conditions as might be considered equitable. These conferences were so secret that M. de Beauvoulis said that, 'the committee met him at an appointed place after dark, each going to it by a different road.' A few weeks later Silas Deane, by the secret committee, was appointed commercial agent to Europe to obtain supplies and to communicate to the French premier, Comte de Vergennes, the probable separation from Great Britain."<sup>1</sup>

After once being known, is it possible that dependence can be put on a nation sprung from such material? Gen. Wolfe had written in his day: "The Americans are in general the dirtiest, most contemptible, cowardly dogs that you can conceive. There is no depending on 'em in action. They fall down dead in their own dirt and desert by battalions, officers and all. Such rascals as these are rather an encumbrance than a strength."

Washington, who had been used to better things in the society of the Fairfaxes, Brockinboroughs, Randolphs, Grymeses and other royalists of Virginia, wrote in Nov., 1775, about these new people of the democracy: "Such a dearth of public spirit and such a want of virtue, such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another I never saw before and pray God's mercy that I may never see again!"

At this time and up to 1778, the time when the London parliament ate humble pie and acknowledged that the provinces were not its constituencies, but were fiefs of the crown, with whose management it had no right to interfere, the major part of the royalists as well were united in opposition to it. The bravest and most resolute organized themselves as "minute men" under three articles: I. To defend the royal prerogative in the province. II. To defend the provincial constitution. III. To obey their own officers chosen by themselves to these ends. Colonists of all classes, royalists and republicans, sent delegates to a con-

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1. Ryerson's "Loyalists of America," Vol. I, p. 513.



gress to form means of defense. Each colony provided for the enlistment of its own militia. And in many instances the militia of different colonies refused to leave the territory of their particular colony because they had been recruited merely to defend that territory. All officers below the rank of colonel were appointed by the provincial government, while the general officers were commissioned by congress.

But there were more republicans, who had an understanding among themselves, than royalists, in the Congress of 1775. They were arranged as follows:—The delegates of the northern colonies in the general congress at Philadelphia in 1775, were for separating from the empire. The delegates of the six southern colonies were for resisting the infringement of their charters by the action of the London parliament, but preferred to remain in the empire, and with a royal form of government. Pennsylvania, the thirteenth colony, had five delegates. Of these, two were for separating from the empire, two were for the empire and royalty, and the fifth man undecided.

The republicans saw their chance here. Disguising their intent they, under the plea of forming parliamentary rules to expedite affairs, urged three measures, which were adopted by all the delegates. These measures were:—I. That the congress should count votes by colonies. II. That the majority of the delegates of a colony should control the voice of that colony. III. That what a majority of the colonial voices thus constituted should decide to do, the others would be bound to follow.

Measures from this time forward went pretty much as the republicans directed, for the wavering of the fifth vote of Pennsylvania was intrigued for by them. When the motion was put that the colonies be declared free and independent states, the six southern colonies voted against the measure. The six northern colonies voted for it, and three of the five votes that Pennsylvania had, turned the balance by making that colony on the side of separation and democracy. Hence Pennsylvania is called the "Keystone State." The vote then stood by colonies, seven for separation and democracy, and six for empire and royalty. The intrigue that gained the one vote of Pennsylvania that turned the balance in favour of separation, imposed on the



unwilling southern colonies the burden of assisting in a cause for which their delegates had been led to pledge their honour, before the ultimate purpose of that cause was revealed to them. It is true that the cavaliers who had fought for the Stuarts from the time of Charles I. in the middle of the seventeenth century to the time of Charles Edward, the "Pretender's" son, in the middle of the eighteenth, and had taken refuge in the colonies, bore no greater love for the house of Hanover, now seated on the British throne, than the Puritans, whose sires had crossed the ocean to found a government without priestcraft and kingcraft. The Scottish and Irish families from Ulster, who had come to the colonies to be freed from a parliamentary jurisdiction in Ireland that debarred them from public position and representation if they had not stood for parliament and were not of the Established Church, were also determined to resist the imposition of a parliamentary tyranny in the colonies. Some hoped for a restoration of the Stuarts to overcome the usurpation. Another class, the exiled knight-errants of Europe, like De Kalb, Kusi-osko, Pulaski, and De Elbe, saw in the formation of a new state the opportunity of winning feudal tenures by strengthening the sword of Washington. Finally, those whose families had won a way in the new world burned with the desire to resent the slights cast on their achievements and pretensions.

It is true that the colonists had charters from the crown, but they had created the power on which their governments rested, and they had made states where before there were deserts. In the heat of mutual recrimination many were borne beyond their cooler calculations, and were led by crafty democrats to come to a rupture with the home government instead of a reconciliation. That same year — 1775 — Lord Chatham brought forward a bill in parliament to reconcile the two parties by withdrawing parliamentary interference with colonial affairs, but it was defeated. The news of this defeat put the colonies at once under arms.

Immediately, the armed ports, mostly under surveillance of colonial authorities in their various territories, were occupied. Large forts and arsenals that were not securely guarded fell into the same hands without a struggle. Only one colony refused to act with the others in this matter, and that was the colony of



Georgia. Although a party existed there favorable to union with the other colonies, it did not develop an early strength, and after it did come to an expression it was speedily extinguished, while the loyal province of Florida, that had been acquired from Spain, poured her troops over the border, under command of General Prevost, and quelled all further uprisings until the final surrender of the province by Lord Cornwallis in the terms following on the surrender at Yorktown in 1782.

There were small conflicts here and there in all the colonies, as the colonial authorities proceeded to gather the means of defense, but none so serious as that at Concord and Lexington in Massachusetts. Powder, shot and arms had been collected in the neighborhood of Concord and Lexington, and the first serious effort made by the English troops to dispossess the locality of these stores brought on the beginning of the American Revolution.

Lord Percy's letters show the British side of this account, and, as the American side of the story is known to every school-boy, the British side will be novel and interesting, especially as Lord Percy was an eyewitness of the greater part of the fight, he having been sent with the relief corps from Boston to cover the retreat of the Concord and Lexington expedition.

It seems that Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, at the head of nearly eight hundred grenadiers, light infantry and marines, marched to Lexington and Concord, dispersed the few militia who were posted there, destroyed some of the military stores which had not been removed by the inhabitants to places of greater safety, and started on their return trip to Boston. But at this time bodies of armed men arrived from every quarter; the woods were full of them, so were housetops, barns, from which an incessant fire was kept up on the British force. The peril of this force was great, and General Gage sent Lord Percy with reinforcements to save them. The following is Percy's official account to General Gage:—

"Sir,—In obedience to your Excellency's orders, I marched yesterday (April 19), at 9 o'clock in the morning, with the First Brigade and two field pieces, in order to cover the retreat of the





grenadiers and light infantry on their return from the expedition to Concord.

"As all the houses were shut up, and there was not the appearance of a single inhabitant, I could get no intelligence concerning them till I had passed Menotomy (Brookline), where I was informed that the rebels had attacked his Majesty's troops, who were retiring, overpowered by numbers, greatly exhausted and fatigued, and having expended almost all their ammunition. And about 2 o'clock I met them retiring through the town of Lexington.

"I ordered immediately the two field pieces to fire at the rebels, and drew up the brigade on a height. The shot from the cannon had the desired effect and stopped the rebels for a little time, who dispersed and endeavored to surround us, being very numerous. Now, as it began to grow pretty late, and we had 15 miles to retire and only our 36 rounds, I ordered the grenadiers and light infantry to move off first and covered them with my brigade, sending out very strong flanking parties, which was absolutely necessary, as there was not a stone wall or house, though before in appearance evacuated, from whence the rebels did not fire on us.

"So soon as they saw us begin to retire, they pressed very much on our rear guard, which for that reason I relieved every now and then. In this manner we retired for 15 miles under an incessant fire all around us till we arrived at Charlestown between 7 and 8 in the evening, very much fatigued with a march of about 30 miles and having expended almost all our ammunition. "We had the misfortune of losing a good many men in the retreat, though nothing like the number which from many circumstances I have reason to believe were killed of the rebels. His Majesty's troops during the whole affair behaved with their usual intrepidity and spirit. Nor were they a little exasperated at the cruelty and barbarity of the rebels, who scalped and cut off the ears of some of the wounded men who fell into their hands. I am, etc.

(Signed)

"PERCY,

*"Acting Brigadier-General."*

In another letter to General Harvey he says: "During the whole affair the rebels attacked us in a very scattered, irregular manner, but with perseverance and resolution, nor did they ever dare to form into any regular body. Indeed, they knew too well what was proper to do so. Whoever looks on them as an irregular mob will find himself much mistaken. They have men among them who know very well what they are about, having



been employed as rangers against the Indians and Canadians, and this country being much covered by wood and hilly, is very advantageous for their method of fighting.

"Nor are several of their men void of a spirit of enthusiasm, as we experienced yesterday, for many of them concealed themselves in houses and advanced to within 10 yards to fire at me and other officers, though they were morally certain of being put to death themselves in an instant. You may depend on it that, as the rebels have now had time to prepare, they are determined to go through with it, nor will the insurrection here turn out so despicable as it is imagined perhaps at home."

It was at this time that some of the Puritan Yankees who dominated in the former "Land of Evangeline" met in a church in Nova Scotia to prepare an organization of sympathy and of aid for the democrats of the old colonies. They were filled with hatred for the French, whose land had been stolen from them and on which land they were now living. They were exasperated to think that the French noblesse, the French language and the Catholic religion were confirmed in constitutional rights by the Act of Quebec of 1774.

But while they were deliberating on their treasonable projects, there stalked in among them an old soldier in full uniform with loaded and bayoneted musket. He had been retired and had settled in the neighborhood and had come to the meeting to act his part as a feudatory of the crown. Proceeding up the aisle, in the midst of the astounded Yankees, he reached the speaker's desk, which was vacated on his approach. Then turning about with his musket cocked and on guard, he demanded in a loud voice for the man to rise who was plotting treason to the crown and constitution. At the sound of that demand there was an immediate scramble for the door, from which the conspirators scattered in safety for their homes. And the old soldier in his scarlet uniform, on guard to defend the constitution and the law, remained the triumphant master of the situation.

The tenth of May is the anniversary of the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by Colonel Allen, Colonel Arnold and Colonel Warner in the year 1775. They were the three "Black crows" of the northern border.

There remains yet a stone bastion and part of the walls of



this ancient colonial fortress, green grown with the moss and lichens of an hundred and fifty years. There is yet the outlines of a redoubt, stretching across the field where the Highlanders of Abercrombie's British army pressed forward, where Montcalm's intrepid French formed in line behind earthen defense, against which the British broke in vain. This fort which had been built by the Baron Dieskau in 1755, when Canada was prosperous beneath the ever-glorious golden lilies of France, was lifted up by the waters of Lake Champlain as the "gateway of Canada." From it there issued the few but valorous troops of France against the English possessions further south, penetrating at one time to Albany, which they burned. Towards it had marched by mountains, plain and shore the 16,000 veteran and provincial troops of Abercrombie of 1757. The next year the fort was abandoned by the French, and after Canada had passed to England by the Treaty of 1763, the fort was enlarged and strengthened by Lord Amherst, who built a road from it to Crown Point.

The British officials, with their usual carelessness, did not seem to think that this fort with its 200 cannon and immense quantities of supplies in 1775 would be an easy prey to the American colonists, for it was garrisoned by but 42 men commanded by Captain Delaplace and a lieutenant. Crown Point had but twelve men under a sergeant, and the fort by Lake George was occupied only by the caretaker and his wife. In 1773 General Haldimand, a Swiss mercenary in the pay of England, chief military authority in that part of the country, reported that there was no need of more than a nominal garrison. Because neither he thought, nor his fellows, that the American colonies would rebel against the Crown, however much they might "talk" rebellion.

Now there was one, John Brown, of Pittsfield, Mass., who had a secret mission to Montreal in March, 1775—where some English deserters were ready to join any attempt against the Crown that might happen. They were some of those who opened the gates of Montreal afterwards to Montgomery and furnished what is known as the First Canadian Regiment to Montgomery's invading army.



This Mr. Brown was astonished at the stupidity of the English in leaving such a feeble garrison over the "Gateway of Canada." He wrote to Samuel Adams and Dr. Joseph Warren, who were on the "committee of correspondence" of the colony, and the capture of Ticonderoga was planned. On the 20th of April, Benedict Arnold, on the way to Cambridge with a company of volunteers, also learned of the defenseless condition of the fort and of the great number of cannon and muskets and the abundance of warlike material there; and he started immediately with his company for the place.

At the same time the hunters, squatters on disputed land and the house-raiders and barn-burners of the Green Mountains, under their notorious leader, "Col." Ethen Allen, were forming plans for the capture of the same place. And while all this was going on about them, while companies were arming in every colony to fight against the British, the English officials with a stupidity that is amazing, took no heed.

The troops of Arnold met those of Allen on the road, and there arose immediately a dispute about the command, which resulted in their dividing the honors equally and both led. When they arrived at the fort, which was just "at the dawn of day," when the mist was rising like a thin ghost from a mighty shroud, the sleepy sentry did not perceive them until they were within the gate. He could not give the alarm by firing a shot, for in "that piping time of peace" he had not thought it necessary to load his gun. He rushed into the fort, followed by Arnold and Allen and their 300 men, who were obliged even then to shout and cheer before they succeeded in awakening the sleeping English garrison, who appeared soon in shirts and rubbed their eyes in amazement.

Allen enquired for their leader and they replied that he was abed. So Allen clambered up the stairway to the Captain's room, and, after a great pounding on the door, was successful in awakening him. When Captain Delaplace came out, he was attired like his soldiers, in a shirt, but he wore a greater mark of distinction in a night-cap, with a little silk tassel. He told Allen that he disapproved of such an early call and demanded to know his business. Allen replied that he had come to demand the





surrender of the fort; at the same time he waved an old cutlass which he carried and made other demonstrations to prove that he was in earnest. Captain Delaplace refused to look the matter seriously in the face, and he demanded by what authority. With another wave of his cutlass, Allen shouted, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Before this sacred alliance, to prove which Allen pointed to his 300 below, Captain Delaplace was forced to yield. At this moment, after all the glory had been gathered in, Colonel Warner arrived with another troop of armed men, and the remaining places, Crown Point and the fort of Lake George, were taken.

Thus, without any other disturbance than the awakening of the little garrison and the spoiling of the commandant's appetite for breakfast, the greatest arsenal of arms and ammunition outside of the citadel of Quebec was transferred on that day from the authority of the King of England to that of "The Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" as proclaimed by "Colonel" Ethan Allen.

In the meantime Colonel George Washington had been appointed commander-in-chief of the united forces of all the colonies by the continental congress holding session in Philadelphia. Washington took command of the troops of the several colonies at Cambridge assembled, just before the battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17th, 1776. He found that most of the men assembled had had previous military experience under the British colonial authority against the French and Indians and knew therefore how to fire a gun to advantage. Their courage and energy had been fortified by monarchical institutions, of whose king, whose former troops they were, they were assembled to fight. They had arms and munitions in abundance, and cannon from the several small forts which they had captured in the interior.

But the ethical value of the men was of little account. The annals of that time offer a startling lesson to the present. "Desertions of twenty and thirty happened very frequently, many of whom fled to Maine and Vermont and were among the settlers of those states at that time." "One thousand men, the date of whose enlistment was lost, perjured themselves in a body."



. . . in order to quit the ranks they had joined voluntarily." "Many enlisted, deserted and re-enlisted, under other recruiting officers, so as to get double bounty." "Some prowled about the country to rob and kill the unoffending and defenseless." General Knox wrote to Gerry that there were "men in commission who had been rewarded with rank without having any pretension to it except through cabal and intrigue." "Some of these were clamorous for more pay, while they drew large sums of public money under pretext of paying their men, but applied them to the support of their own extravagance; some went home on furlough and never returned: some violated their paroles and were threatened by Washington with being exposed in every newspaper in the land . . . and so numerous were the convictions that their names were sent to Congress in lists."

"Many of the surgeons," said Washington, "are very great rascals, often countenancing the men to sham complaints to avoid doing duty and receiving bribes for such certificates, for procuring such discharges or furloughs." In a letter to one of the governors, he asserted that the officers that that state had sent him were "generally of the lowest class of the people and led their men to plunder the inhabitants and into every kind of mischief. In another letter to General Lee, while he was at Cambridge, he describes the small sense of honor among the officers. To his brother, John Augustine Washington, he wrote that the officers nominated "were not fit to be bootblacks." This condition was not confined to the New England troops and their officers, but extended to other colonial officials. Washington in a letter to a member of Congress from Virginia, in 1778, declares "that 90 officers of the Virginia Line had conspired to resign and desert in a body."

Of the Generals, eighteen retired during the war; one for drunkenness, one to escape trial for drawing double pay, one as a deserter to the enemy, and the rest because of old age. In 1777, John Adams wrote: "I am weary to death of the wrangles between the military officers, high and low . . . they quarrel like cats and dogs . . . scrambling for higher rank and more pay like apes for nuts."

Such was their general condition when Washington was called



to the command at Cambridge, and in addition, they were looking forward to obtaining the plunder of the estates of those who were true to the crown. There were some, however, who were not influenced by so base motives, but acted from resentment and hatred of the royalists, and others—a few extreme idealists—who dreamed of establishing an utopian republic with a commingling of the equality of the Athenian democracy with the majesty of the Roman dominion and with the doctrine of the liberty of the French philosophers of the seventeenth century, an impossible creation likely to result as results the experiment of commingling fire with powder.

And so to Cambridge the various colonies directed the men enlisted in their cause until the number assembled there amounted to over fourteen thousand of all arms. Among them were the New Hampshire troops, who had effected the capture of Fort William Henry, and on the road was a great deal of ammunition, being drawn over the country roads in ox-carts. All these troops were to besiege the city of Boston, where lay encamped a portion of the British, while in the harbor was anchored some British men-of-war.

June seventeenth, the continental forces that had been ordered the day before to entrench themselves on Bunker's Hill, by mistake took up a position on Breed's Hill and erected a strong redoubt. By the dawning light of the seventeenth, the British saw the position of the Americans and opened a fire from their battleships. At noon they landed three thousand men in heavy marching order under the command of General Howe and advanced towards Breed's Hill, where the Americans lay entrenched. A few of the Americans who dwelt in Boston were loyal to the crown. Among them was a Mr. Willard who was serving under Lord Howe. He had a personal acquaintance with Colonel Prescott, who was commanding the colonial position. General Howe handed Willard the field-glass and asked him if he thought Prescott would fight. After a long gaze at the hard outlines of Prescott's face, Willard replied: "Yes sir, he will fight to the gates of hell." "Then," said Howe, "we will give him hell, itself," and forthwith he ordered a general advance.

Previous to this, General Howe had believed that the entire



body of Americans, although with grievances against the parliament, were too much attached to their motherland to do more than threaten a resistance. This was the general belief of all the high officials and dignitaries of the crown. This was why the first military operations of the British were conducted so slowly—in order to give the Americans time “to repent and return to their allegiance.”

As the order came for the troops to advance, the guns from the warships began to thunder on the American redoubts and pour red-hot shot into Charlestown, so that under cover of the smoke of the conflagration the troops might go up the hill somewhat hidden. As the British deployed into column of attack, partly concealed by the smoke of Charlestown, Howe ordered up his cannon to fire on the retrenchments. For some strange cause no cannon shot responded to the command. The reason for it was this: Mr. Lovell, the ordinance officer, was so much in love with the daughter of the schoolmaster of the regiment that he was confused about everything that day, and on this occasion, sent to the front twenty-four pound shot for twelve pound guns. The result was that the cannon were useless. A verse of the time commemorates this exploit in the following manner:—

“Our conductor, he got broke

TIME FORGOTTEN For his misconduct sure, sir.

The shot he sent for twelve pound guns

PRESENTED FOR Were made for twenty-four, sir.”

Sir William Howe, in a letter written subsequent to the attack on Breed's Hill, refers to this incident as the principal cause for the first British repulse. For the Americans were enabled by the lack of British artillery fire in front, to remain undisturbed behind their entrenchments and discharge their volleys at close range into the approaching ranks of the British. A second attack was repulsed in the same manner. But the third time the officers urged on the troops; the ships' batteries and field artillery renewed their protecting fire. It has been claimed that at this epoch the powder of the Americans gave out and they retired a space on their reserves. But it was their ability to hold





the place that was lacking and they fled as the British climbed the hill. The Connecticut troops left their muskets sticking through the fence-rails behind which they were drawn up and ran without firing a shot, while their commander, General Israel Putnam, swore like a mad-man as he ran after them and tried to rally them.

In the rear was a strong reserve of New Hampshire men; and the ox-carts, laden with powder and other munitions had arrived the very day of the British attack. Not only were the reserves supplied with powder enough for the battle, but they had enough remaining to fill the horns of Washington's entire army. The American forces retired to Prospect Hill and the British occupied Bunker's Hill. The loss of the British were one thousand two hundred killed and wounded. The Americans acknowledged five hundred killed and wounded and five cannon captured by the enemy.

But the metropolitan troops did not pursue their success and the colonial troops coming in all the time from distant colonies drew nearer and laid Boston under siege. Boston was cordoned by the republican army, and the cordon had been drawn closer since the battle of Bunker Hill. The British garrison, supported by a few loyalists, held the town, which had become a place of refuge for other loyalists who had resided in the vicinity, who had been true to the crown, even in the midst of armed opposition, preferring to abandon all rather than yield. Before April twenty, 1775, General Gage, the British commander, wrote the provincial congress, asking that these loyalists in the surrounding towns be permitted to enter Boston with their effects. April thirty, the provincial congress granted such permission, and stationed officers at the Neck of Boston and Charlestown to secure their unmolested entrance. At this time one of the protests against the republicans by some loyalists said: "You make the air resound with the cry of liberty, but subject those who differ with you to the most outrageous tyranny."

Among the loyalists who availed themselves of this permission was Lady Frankland, widow of Sir Charles H. Frankland. Her story is one of the romances of American history. Her maiden name was Agnes Surriage, and at the age of fifteen she



was living with her parents at Marblehead. According to the chronicles of the time, they were "poor but decent folk."

It was at this time that Sir Charles Frankland was collector of customs at Boston, an office more sought for than that of Governor, on account of the perquisites attached thereto, although the salary was only \$500 per annum. Sir Charles was born at Bengal, where his father was governor of the East Indian Company's possessions. His mother was the youngest and favorite daughter of the great Cromwell. At the age of twenty-five Frankland was appointed collector of Boston. His winning and generous manner made him a favorite in the "vice-regal" society of the town. He was a liberal patron of King's Chapel and of Harvard College.

But now comes to his meeting with Agnes Surriage. On a beautiful day in May, in 1742, Agnes was in the little front garden of her home in Marblehead, when Sir Charles drove by in his coach. Her dress was very short, for at that time she had outgrown it, and there was no more cloth in the house to piece it down. She had taken off her shoes and stockings, and her dress coming only to her knees showed the rarest and richest contour. Frankland, who had an artist's eye and soul, was not insensible to her beauty. In fact, he was struck dumb and tingled with admiration, as he paused at the garden gate, and began to converse with Agnes, who looked at him with the eyes of unabashed yet respectful familiarity. After Frankland had caressed her flowing hair and patted her lovely rounded arms, he gave her a half-crown with which to buy a pair of shoes. Then he departed, promising himself to see her again.

And the picture of Agnes did not leave his mind. Every day she came chasing through his thoughts, the sunbeams playing with her hair and the breezes blowing her dress away from her gracefully modelled limbs. He dreamed of her. So again, shortly thereafter, he found himself on the road to Marblehead, before the sweet, short-skirted Agnes. "Why did you not buy some shoes?" he said to Agnes, as he looked with warming pleasure at the yet bare and rosy limbs. "I did," replied Agnes, "but I keep them to wear Sundays." Then she gave him such a shy but witching glance that he could restrain himself no



longer. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her. Then he entered the house and demanded permission of her parents to take her to Boston with him, he promising to educate her. The permission was obtained very easily; the poor folk saw the advantage it would be to Agnes to be under the protection of so great a man, and Agnes travelled back in the Frankland coach, with armorial on panel, and coachman and outrider. Now Frankland was so much in love with Agnes that he could not let her remain at school. He built an elegant house at Hopkinton, twenty-five miles from Boston, and there, in the midst of a magnificent estate, and attended by twenty servants, he kept her as his very own. There were many loyalists in Hopkinton, and they had a jolly time, with love among the roses.

In 1754, Frankland visited England and took Agnes with him. The next year they were in Lisbon, at the time of the terrible earthquake. The day of this happening, Frankland and Agnes were riding through one of the streets of that city. A house fell on them, and they were buried beneath the ruins for the greater part of the day before they were rescued. At that time, Frankland resolved that if he ever got out he would correct all his misdeeds. The next day after his rescue he led Agnes to church, and they became man and wife. In 1756, they were welcomed again to Boston, where he bought, as a town house, the beautiful Clarke mansion, on Garden Court Street, next to Governor Hutchinson's. On the anniversary of the Lisbon earthquake, he would retire to a room of his Hopkinton house and put on the same clothes which he had worn on that day, and keep fast the whole day.

After another visit to Lisbon as consul-general, and again to Boston in 1763, he went to England, where he died in the city of Bath in 1768. The bereaved widow returned to Boston and retired to her Hopkinton house, where she was living when Boston was besieged by the republicans in 1775. All her gratitude and affection were locked up by the armed bands of the continental congress in Boston. And she was loyal.

In answer to her request that she might move to Boston, the committee of safety wrote her May 15th: "On application of Lady Frankland—voted, that she have liberty to pass into Bos-



ton with the following goods and articles for her voyage: 6 trunks, 1 chest, 3 beds and bedding, 6 wethers, 2 pigs, 1 small keg pickled tongues, some hay, 3 bags of corn and such other goods as she thinks proper." The following permit was granted: "To the colony guard—Permit Lady Frankland of Hopkinton, with her attendants, goods and the provisions above mentioned, to pass to Boston. By express order of committee of safety, Benjamin Church, chairman, headquarters, May 15th, 1775."

But the people of Hopkinton, because she was a royalist, prevented her leaving, stole her goods and abused her attendants, until she brought the matter before Congress. Congress agreed that: "Lady Frankland be permitted to pass to Boston with the following articles: 7 trunks, all the beds and furniture with them, all boxes and crates, a basket of chickens, a bag of corn, 2 barrels and a hamper, 2 horses and 2 chaises and all the articles in the chaises except arms and ammunition, 1 phaeton, some tongues, ham and veal, sundry small bundles, which are to be examined by a committee of congress."

May 19th, Col. Bond, with a guard of six men appointed to escort her to Boston, passed her through the lines, where a copy of the congressional resolution was shown. She lived in Boston during the siege at her house on Garden Court Street and departed with the British, March 17, 1776. She went to Bath, England, where she died in 1783.





## IMPRESSIONS OF PEOPLE WE HAVE NOT SEEN

ALAN CHADWICK

**P**ERHAPS it would be more exact to say ideas; but I will take the liberty to say what came into my head just this minute; it occurs to me there is some good reason for it.

Have you ever remarked that there is a frightful tyranny about portraits? They insist on making you see things that are opposed to your instinct, to your fancies and your beliefs; they show a man you know to be kind, generous, fatherly, as a coarse brute, with a broad nose, thick lips, and a bulldog forehead. You gaze with sad doubt on a countenance that always appeared pleasant, forced to recognize the fidelity of the likeness, but shocked at the indelicacy of an unwished for revelation, as if you had been compelled to enter unannounced into the family sitting room of a friend never suspected of temper and found him scolding his wife.

And then, the portrait of a lady you admire; what disappointment to learn that her nose is out of drawing, and her chin too short; that the eyes which always seemed to you so full of fire are set very near together, and that there is a sinister line on her brow! Good artists will not allow these defects to appear, of course, but here comes in a mysterious agency of ill chance to spoil their best intentions; let us whisper the secret—all pictures, however bad, show more of the real self of a person than is usually shown in the face itself! Life is animated deceit; we never are our real selves except when we are asleep. But a portrait catches some obscure trait about us that we have not the wit to hide or the presence of mind to think about, and presto! there it is on the paper, and other people will not fail to recognize it the first minute they see it. Rogues may well hate to have their photographs taken; not solely from the risk of future capture, but because more is detected about them, than was known before.



I think we can never completely rid ourselves, after studying a good likeness of a person, of the impressions then made upon us; the pictured head hangs in the air over the real countenance, modifying and perhaps contradicting what the smiling lips of the living acquaintance say to us. If I wanted to be keenly and critically aware of the innermost nature of some one about to be presented to me, I should like to make acquaintance with a good portrait of him first. Ten to one, I should change my ideas about him several times, in actual intercourse; and finally go back to my first impressions; those made by the picture!

But now to talk about impressions that are not made by portraits, but built up out of hear-say. A queer artist and a false fellow is Hear-say; he is such an extremist that he will only give us idealized sketches or characatures; he puts in fancy lines and makes broad marks that blur and blot truth. Who ever got a correct idea of the look of a person from a verbal description? But who ever failed to get a most distorted and absurd view of some person who had been much talked about and extravagantly praised? Down to the very details of eyes and hair and height, we get misled by the busy little faculty inside of our own minds whose affair it is to "make of airy nothings" a definite, materialized conception. Some time ago I recognized the malice of this busybody and now completely distrust all his suggestions, simply remarking,—whatever you say is sure to prove just the contrary. If I get an impression from you that the father of my friend is a bald, grey man, I know I am to see a youthful creature with flowing locks which are his pride. A promised beauty will certainly turn out a scarecrow; a countenance pictured as shining with intelligence, to be vacant as Slender, whispering unwelcome flattery to sweet Ann Page. Our fore-impressions are as untrustworthy as if they all belonged to George Eliot's mathematical dreamland, where "nothing is but what is not." And I don't know why it is so; does any psychologist? Does any newspaper reporter? I should be glad to talk over the matter with him, and find out whether, among all the great men he has been to interview, he has found one who verified and corresponded to his mental photograph, taken say, on the threshold of the reception room.



If there be any substitute for eyes, as a corrector of false impressions, it is the ear. Let me but hear a voice, and I will know the real man. But that is more as to character than form. Although the elephant must always talk in character, and the bear roar, yet the whine of the cat is very like that of a human being, and I should not undertake to swear that when a yawl spoils my night's rest, I might see a feline creature or my neighbor's baby, were I to be suddenly gifted with sight to peer through the walls. But the little imp of suggestion within us meddles with voices too. We seldom hear the tones we expected to hear before a new acquaintance has opened his mouth. And it is a curious thing that we are ordinarily disappointed. Our imp always flatters voices.

Before closing I must just allude to the deceptions of hand-writing. If there is a base cheat on earth,—with the exception of those teachers who advertise to imbue any simpleton with a speaking knowledge of a foreign language in three months!—it is the charlatan who will tell your fortune, sex, talent and all, from your handwriting. A Tennessee judge—and heaven knows they are acute!—expressed much disappointment on making my acquaintance after first seeing a letter of mine; he remarked that he had expected to find a man about ten feet tall! The reader may infer that I am little.



## EDITORIAL

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THE action of the Florida Legislature in passing a bill making the state responsible for stolen property, and the adverse comment on that action in the North, emphasizes the temperamental difference between the two great sections of our people.

It also explains why almost all initiatives leading to our building up as a nation, have come from that sturdy, independent element which is never loth to accept responsibility; which eagerly claims it, paying so, the price of its creative energy. If, in the subtle strife between the genius of the South and the "push" of the Yankee the latter quality has come uppermost until it represents, in the eyes of the old world, if not in our own, the essence of "Americanism," it is because the Yankee ideal is self-hood, with a toleration of joint action with his neighbors for purposes of defense only. While it is in the character of the Southerner to lavish his power on schemes full of originality and splendor, but demanding for their fulfilment more opportunity than he can compass in his own person. The hour arrives when he is forced to seek outside aid to go on with his plans; his habit is to cut too large for individual action. Inevitably, out of the realization of a limited capacity to achieve what is excellent comes the irritable demand for assistance from government; the tendency to regard this as a paternalism with helpful functions, constituted to be leaned upon, and to come in and finish what personal





effort is inadequate to accomplish. Here is the weak spot in a temperament otherwise possessed of all the essentials of grandeur; it is the pride which must stretch tasks out beyond the limitations of ability, necessitating mortifying recoil and defeat at the very doors of success. Too much imagination and too little practice in confronting obstacles is the preliminary to that outcry for some authoritative protection which the South often makes, not seeing or believing that the homely old axiom, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom" is a man-making doctrine, and the one which has inspired in the rival Yankee nature the power of doing great things. Because they have not "despised the day of small things," because they have developed muscle, nerve and endurance from the constant habit of self-reliance and self-responsibility, fathering the consequences of their failures and learning how to turn them into successes, believing with all their souls that self-direction is the only divine impulse, and all temptation to recline on other minds pernicious, the "Yankee" from a mere handful of despised pioneers has grown to be one of the most respected and feared nations on the globe. United with southern genius, northern energy might move the world. But the time for the unity is not yet come. The South, with all its divining power, has not grasped the doctrine of individuality. It loves to move in the mass, and to stop when tired. But the secret of greatness is not to be able to stop, because whirled on by an inward impulsion that no more knows fatigue or rest than the solar system. And that, similiarly, evolves force from the fact of motion. Our South is still somewhat shackled with European habits of thought, enervated with the European temperament. It is a pity, for so much of grace and refinement, so much of the esthetic sentiment which we lack here, resides among our brilliant neighbors. The Yankee force which pushes ahead, the individuality which is aggressive, are necessarily little rough and coarse. Self-hood is selfish in its youthful days, and our maturity has not yet arrived. We must honestly admire and revere that attainment of repose and serenity which result from the longer civilization of older lands; but we cannot emulate it yet. The task of individual effort is at this moment our engrossing occu-



pation. And it is the destiny of the American to make, not so much a great nation as a nation of great men.

The article of Mr. Loomis on college education and its disadvantages for business, gives poignancy to a doubt some of us are experiencing, whether Americans care for culture for culture's sake. "Education may be an end in itself," says the author, "but it is an exploded theory that it is less desirable because it has some practical application. The demand is not classical ornament but practical training; not abstract knowledge but efficiency." The trenchant words strike at the heart of our modern conception of the worth of things and the object of all living. It is then, strife and nothing but strife; a struggle for business success that must engross all our minds to the exclusion of the capacity for higher moral evolution. Paul Roussi re, one of the most intelligent and sympathetic critics who have written of our national tendencies and habits, said, "We regard life as a struggle, and not a pleasure." It is just possible that the habit of looking upon existence as a struggle is taking all the capacity for pleasure out of us. At least, for pleasure of a quiet, sane, improving kind. If it is true that we must regard education as a preparation for practical life and not a means of self culture, if our energies must be bent upon the attainment of skill in crafts, involving disdain of the classics, of poetry and of philosophy, upon what sort of faculties can we call to support us in our necessary hours of relaxation? Or, shall we relax no more, but only fall into a state of mental exhaustion at the end of our day's strenuous effort toward accumulation—of money? We are not a sordid race; but we care terribly for the "game" of success. And to that we have almost sacrificed already, our capacity for leisurely meditation upon questions belonging to our higher life. Excitement has too largely taken the place of enjoyment with us, and crowded out the capacity for pure intellectual effort. But it is a question worth considering, whether we can afford to let the only thing that marks a strong distinction between ourselves and lower types pass wholly out of our nature. If culture for culture's



sake is not to be deemed an object, shall we not degenerate before long, into mere machines, replete with energy for "going ahead," for business "success;" but poor in that power of serene, high thinking, of social intercourse, of meditation upon what is true, good and beautiful, which only makes life worth the effort.



## REPORT OF THE CIRCULAR LITERATURE

REVIEWED BY

**THE STORY OF NEW NETHERLAND.** The Dutch in America. By  
WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. Houghton-Mifflin Company. 1909.  
Illustrated. Net price, \$1.25.

This is one of the books whose value grows upon us with the reading. There is a great deal of matter, and it is presented in a clear and graphic style. The author sets out with the statement that he intends to separate facts from fairy tales, and legends from history, and go back to the home of the Dutch people to study their true character. He sweeps away several current fallacies regarding Dutch names; makes clear the distinction between Netherland and the country of the Germans, and gives many excellent pictures of the early Pilgrim settlers of New Netherland. The reader has repeatedly impressed upon him that the Dutch colonist, instead of being "old, fat and stupid, living in a cloud of tobacco smoke," was young, thrifty and enterprising, often handsome and gallant, also. The Dutch women are finely painted, as intelligent, well educated and true helpmates to their husbands; as well as the model housewives we have been accustomed to believe them. Religious life is given considerable space, and we are interested to learn that more comfort and less strain existed in the old time churches than we have been wont to suppose. But a modern reader has his sympathy stirred by the casual allusion that "the ordinary sermon was from seventy-five to ninety minutes long, with occasional tendency to plethoric continuity." As American freedom grew out of a determination for religious liberty, too much stress cannot be laid on the necessity for understanding the ideas of the early settlers which led to separation from the mother countries. We too often think of but one mother country, and that England; but as the author says, "our country is not a New England or a New Britain, but a New Europe."





The book furnishes excellent supplementary-reading for class use, and is interesting from beginning to finish.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER—2 Volumes. Price, net, \$4.00. MacMillan Company, New York.

The city of New York, from an historical standpoint, has already been the subject of five hundred and fifty books and articles. The present work is based partly upon a study of them as well as of those documents to be found in the archives here and abroad that bear upon the subject. What Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes may therefore be considered as a last word. Such a thoroughness of effort as her work shows entitles it to be looked upon as an authority.

The history covers a period of eighty years from the settlement planted by the Dutch on Manhattan Island to the accession of William and Mary on the throne of England. We are promised two new volumes that will cover the later colonial and revolutionary periods down to 1789, the year Washington was inaugurated for the first time.

The East India Company was a leading factor in the early history of Manhattan. This corporation was organized at Amsterdam in 1602 solely for trading purposes. The great maritime problem of those days was to find a short water passage to the Orient. A London corporation was one of the early trading companies to attempt its solution. Henry or Henrie Hudson and not Hendrick Hudson was sent out for that purpose. The attempt was a failure. The Dutch company determined however to try for itself, and also engaged Hudson. They paid him the sum of \$320 for his outfit and the support of his family during his absence and the directors also agreed to pay his wife \$30 if he lost his life. He was to be further rewarded at their discretion if he found a good passage. Hudson sailed on April 4, 1609, entered the Narrows on September 11th and the next day went up the river that bears his name as far as Albany. While he did not discover the passage the many things he brought back and



his description of the country inspired the movement of colonization.

Pieter Evertsen Hulft, a director of The West India Company, took the first active step in that direction. He sent over three ships, two containing farming implements and seed, with swine, sheep and more than one hundred head of horses and cattle, some for breeding purposes, and the third with six complete families and some freemen, forty-five persons in all. These were the first permanent settlers of Manhattan Island.

The first white woman born in New Netherland was Sarah Rapelye. The date was June 9, 1625.

Peter Minuit was the first Governor. He was born in Wesel, then in the duchy of Cleves, of French Huguenot descent. It was Minuit who bought the island from the Indians. Things did not go smoothly in the colony however until Peter Stuyvesant succeeded to the governorship. He was fifty-five at the time, had been employed by the trading company in its operations in Brazil and lost a leg in an unsuccessful attack on a Portuguese stronghold on the island of St. Martin. He was upright and sober in his private life, intelligent in military and diplomatic affairs. He was impulsive by nature, but prudent in the face of difficulties and energetic and conscientious in the performance of his whole duty as he saw it. Stuyvesant though was an autocrat by conviction and an enemy on principle to all theory of the popular rights.

The Dutch lost the possession of the colony to England in 1664. Governor Nicolls was the first British head. It was under him that the government of the city was re-organized to consist of a Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriff. Thomas Willett was the first Mayor. Colonel Francis Lovelace was the successor of Governor Nicolls. He was a man of intelligence and amiability and tried hard to follow in the path of mingled conciliation and firm justice that his predecessor had marked out. He did much to improve the city and stimulate its trade.

The work closes with an interesting account of the stirring times revolving around the execution of Jacob Leisler, acting Lieutenant Governor, and Jacob Milborne, his son-in-law.



## ANNOUNCEMENTS

AMERICANA's leading paper for September is entitled "A Notable Neighborhood," and is from the pen of Mr. William J. Roe. As fertile with pencil as with pen, the author has given us beautiful illustrations which form excellent accompaniment to his article. It is especially interesting at this time, when we are waiting for the October program which is to draw general attention to our grand old Hudson.

Philip Sheridan is one of the nation's favorite sons; a sort of "preux chevalier" of whom many stories are told. In "The Hero of the Valley," Mr. Frank H. Sweet draws on some unhackneyed anecdotes and material to furnish a good paper.

A dainty little article, with quaint illustrations, is that from Mr. Warrick James Price. He calls it "The Genesis of the Fourth Estate in Philadelphia."

Mr. Roberts' series on the "History of the Mormon Church" has already attracted wide attention. Another instalment here is given.

So much has been written on Washington city that it would almost seem that nothing more remains to be said as to its history; but Miss Mary C. Ringwalt has contrived to cull some pretty thoughts from the old field, and has wittily portrayed the day of beginning in "Our National Capital."

Another chapter of the Count de Fransas's "United Empire Loyalists" will please those of our readers who have been interested in following out the rather strenuous views of this author.

The most curious church in our country is that which sometimes calls itself Unitarian, and sometimes Episcopalian. It is well treated in the illustrated paper of Mr. Henry Waterman, who calls his article "A Famous American Church."

Mrs. Sallie R. McLean is one of the women writers who have made a deep study of serious questions, and her important



series on "The History of Slavery" deserves and has received, so far, wide attention. She deals in this number with slavery in those burning eastern lands where tyranny is the outgrowth of the soil, and where liberty is scarcely dreamed of.

Everything relating to our Indians has the peculiar interest that attaches to a fading race. Before three more generations have lived and died the old type of America's Red Men must have passed completely into the realm of tradition. All that we can preserve is precious, and we must thank Mrs. Leonora Sill Ashton for giving us a view of the Indian relation with a Britain, perhaps but little known to us now, in her paper on "Sir William Johnson."

We confess to having been particularly fascinated by the title of a paper presented under the musical sound of "When Europe's Kings Wooed California." We trust that our readers will find as pleasant as we did this article by Mr. Al H. Martin.

Our September number ends up with a fine paper by Mr. L. E. Schwartz, entitled "American Freedom's First Test." A title to arouse expectation and keep the attention of the reader to its end.

Now, there remains one thing to say; that a certain department we desire to establish is still "in the air" solely on account of an odd misunderstanding that has grown up regarding it. The TWILIGHT HOUR DEPARTMENT is a contributors' Club; not a page of reverie and poetic effusions. We intend it rather as a page of controversy and comment, than anything else, and we thought to give readers herein a pleasant opportunity to express in a curt, incisive way, those particularly individual sentiments and ideas which some of us long often to utter, but suppress because we do not care to draw general attention to our personal idiosyncracies. The Club is an anonymous free court; a masked ball where each one may have his fling without fear of committing himself. To the prudent editor alone the name of writers may be revealed, and whoever desires to enter into discussion of anything contained in AMERICANA, or any subject pertinent to it, has full liberty to send in his contributions.





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# AMERICANA

FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN, Editor

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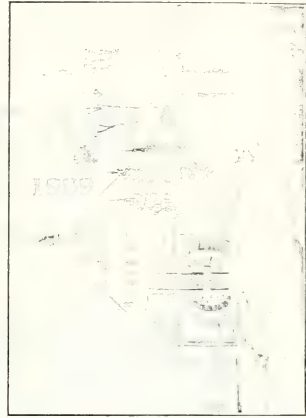
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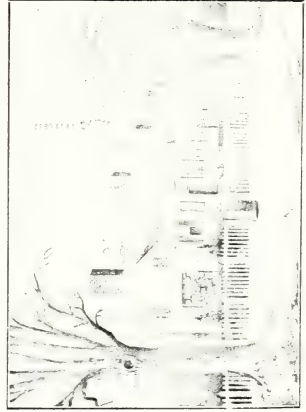
Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh



Ettricks Mill



The Temple



Clinton's Quarters, New Windsor



# AMERICANA

September, 1909

## A NOTABLE NEIGHBORHOOD

BY WILLIAM J. ROE

**A**CCORDING to the program arranged by the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission, on the morning of Friday, October 1st, a fleet of war vessels,—both our own and of foreign nations—will proceed up the Hudson River to Newburgh Bay, convoying the restored “Halve-Maen” of Henry Hudson and the “Clermont” of Robert Fulton. At this point, as far as the depth of channel permits the deep draught ships to go, the most interesting exercises of the two centenaries will take place, afloat and ashore, and these will culminate in the delivery by the southern fleet to another lighter draught from the north of the duplicated historic crafts.

So strangely indifferent have the citizens of New York city been to the preservation of ancient buildings within their borders, that it may be both interesting and profitable to realize that another neighborhood of their own state has not been so neglectful of old associations. This neighborhood clusters around Newburgh Bay, whose center is “The Palatine City,” and whose limit is the sweep of a great circle, mainly to the south, southwest and east, of a radius of not to exceed four or five miles.

Of this widening of the river long afterwards to be called by his name, Henry Hudson makes one mention in his journal of the date September 29th, on his return voyage; that he “turned down to the edge of the mountains, or the northermost of the mountains, and anchored; because the high lands hath many





points, and a narrow channel, and hath many eddie winds. So we rode quietly all night."

This is the district of country, "northermost of the mountains," on the western bank of the river, assigned by patent of George, second of that name, king of England, to various persons from about the year 1680 and thereafter, that, slowly hewn out the primeval wilderness, has become the populous and prosperous region it is today. It was well enough in its way for an English king to grant rights to the soil; but actual settlers found quickly that another power had a voice in the matter,—the tribes of the Lenni-Lenape nation of Red men. Because the course seemed good policy, rather than for any scruples most of the early proprietors had against despoiling the "salvages," bargains were made with the Indians; the record of one to a large part of this neighborhood having been preserved shows for consideration;—"10 fathoms blue duffles, 10 red duffles, 10 fathoms stroud water, 10 duffle coats and some white wampum. Other matters were included, as cutlasses, hatchets and scissors. One hears often how cheaply land could be obtained from the aborigines; but if at this present time you or I were offered all of Orange County for the price of October 25th, 1684—the date of this transaction, how could we go about making a "good delivery?" Hatchets and scissors no doubt are to be had, but I think we might be hard pushed to procure "duffles," or "Stroud water."

Among the patentees (and it is believed the first actual settler on lands hereabouts) came one Thomas Ellison, vouched for as a "loving subject" of King George, who entered upon some two thousands acres, some of which he farmed as early as 1730. It is curious to note,—but no less true than curious,—that human nature's motives have not varied, and that the time runneth not to the contrary" when a "get-rich-quick" scheme has not made successful appeal to the slow-saving. In the thirty years or so after Ellison came to New Windsor much land back from the river had been taken up; rude roads had been traced through the forests, these leading mainly to the place where Ellison had built a wharf, and to which now trading sloops began to come. It was then this thrifty farmer,—anticipating by a cen-



tury and a half the real-estate deals of today,—proceeded to cut up his tract into lots. In this speculation he had for surveyor Charles Clinton, younger brother to those more famous Clintons,—one major-general in the Continental army; the other first state governor of New York, and twice vice-president of the United States. When on Friday, October 1st next the war ships come into Newburgh Bay, convoying the reproduced “Half-Moon” (by some called “The Crescent”) and Fulton’s “Clermont,” there may be those aboard to cast an interested glance at the small, straggling and rather unkempt hamlet of New Windsor. It is now made up chiefly of prosaic brick-yards; but back of these climbing up three almost perpendicular streets, houses clutch at the clay that progress has half undermined, old buildings tawdry and weather worn; but ranged on streets strictly at right angles, showing now what happened in the spring of 1749. The elaborate map made by Clinton is of record, May 24, of that year. It is tradition that a big speculation in city lots ensued; perhaps even they had excursions from Manhattan, with (who knows?) a barbecue, with a brass band or the like.

Fulton had not yet been born to provide rapid transit on the water highways, and, if excursions there were, the investors in suburban property came by sloops. One of the old time houses is interesting, for herein our De Witt Clinton, son of General James Clinton, was born in 1769. In New Windsor’s rural cemetery the father, and most of the Clinton family rest; Governor De Witt Clinton is buried in Greenwood.

When Robert Fulton steamed past drowsy New Windsor, September 3rd, 1807, on his first voyage to Albany, a building still stood there that for a time previous to Washington’s occupation of the Newburgh house in April, 1782, served as his headquarters. The house was of stone, and had been built by Colonel Ellison, descendant of the patentee. For several years after the surveying of the town and its founding as a coming metropolis, New Windsor enjoyed considerable prosperity; warehouses were put up and a long wharf, and trade from the west even to the Delaware River was considerable. It was a thriving place long before Newburgh, which it might have outstripped except for the



cupidity of the landowners, who asked, it is said, exorbitant prices for lots. Early in the eighteenth century a band of exiles from the Palatinate on the Rhine, Lutherans in religion, under their pastor, one Joshua Kocherthal, was granted a tract of land,—the parish of Quassaick, the site of the present city of Newburgh. These settlers, being enterprising as well as frugal, soon attracted others to their settlement, built a church (of which a tablet on a boulder in the ancient graveyard is the sole memorial) also a school, and throve to the disadvantage of their neighbors.

For near two-thirds of a century, that is to say until about the time vehement Patrick Henry, in old St. John's church at Richmond, Virginia, heard on the gale from the north the clash of resounding arms, there was prosperity and peace, and therefore no history, for the neighborhood. Hardly had the Revolution begun before the British under the brothers Howe,—lord and admiral and general,—capturing New York, cut off New England from the central and southern colonies. To maintain connection between the two sections was vital to the patriot cause; the Hudson Highlands furnished a natural rampart; so this range of hills, fortified at West Point, defending the country hereabouts, not only opened a highway from east to south, but afforded the best possible location for supplies for the army. The chief depot was at Fishkill, across the river from Newburgh, where were established magazines, work-shops, hospitals, and at one time extensive barracks. On this side of the river there are now standing four buildings, each having its own peculiar associations connected with that period. One of these, Trinity Episcopal church, was a hospital from the time of the battle of White Plains; another church, the Dutch Reformed, served as a prison, chiefly for Tories. Here Enoch Crosby, upon whose adventures Cooper's novel, "The Spy," is founded, was imprisoned; but so negligently guarded that he contrived to escape, much to the amazement of his guards—not of course knowing that he was in the "secret service" of the Continentals. The "Wharton House" headquarters of several of the higher officers on permanent duty, and where Washington frequently stopped temporarily, is also standing. But to the Verplanck homestead, about



midway between Fishkill Landing and the village, attaches a peculiar interest, as here,—during its occupancy by Inspector-general Baron de Steuben,—was organized on May 13th, 1783, the Society of the Cincinnati. The first suggestion of such an organization of commissioned comrades was made by General Henry Knox, Chief-of-artillery, in a letter to Washington dated from West Point, April 15th. A meeting of general officers, field officers of regiments, with representatives of the staff, was held, May 10th, at the "New Building," or the "Temple" on New Windsor heights, when a preliminary organization was effected, the permanent organization being at Mount Gulian,—the Verplanck mansion. The old house is of stone, of the plain architecture of the Holland-Dutch type. The room where the society was formed, on the north side of the entrance hall, is preserved in its former style. The building itself has been somewhat modernized, an addition having been made rather detracting from the dignity of its colonial simplicity.

The most striking object in Newburgh, as viewed from the river is the so-called Tower of Victory, erected to commemorate the centenary of the close of the War of the Revolution held here in the fall of 1883. Back of the tower is the building widely known as Washington's Headquarters, now owned by the state, controlled by a Board of Trustees, and which contains a priceless collection of revolutionary relics. From the front porch on the east the entrance is directly into a large room—the famous room with seven doors and one window—used during the year's occupancy by Washington and his family as reception room and dining hall. The chamber occupied by Washington and "Lady Martha" opens out of this apartment, and others are shown wherein slept often La Fayette, Hamilton, and for longer or shorter periods every one of the major generals of the Continental forces. The main room has a certain old time dignity of its own; it is spacious; a wide open chimney speaks of hospitality, and the iron crane and trammels of good cheer. The heavy beams overhead undefiled by modern plastering, give the room a sturdy as well as an antique appearance. The entire building is in exactly the condition that it was in the summer of 1783, when Washington entertained his numerous guests,





and Lady Washington tended the marigolds and sweet-williams in her garden, now a lawn in front of the house.

Although the old farm house is called "Washington's Headquarters," it was more properly his official residence, the affairs of the army being managed from the old "Temple" on the hill of New Windsor township overlooking the encampment and having an extended outlook over the rolling country bounded on the south by the "Hills of the Shattamuck," the Hudson Highlands.

Around this historic structure, long since torn down, and now marked by a simple shaft of field stone, gather memories of the closing days of the War for Independence well worthy of being cherished by all to whom patriotism and the preparation of a republican form of government appeal as the highest virtue. Here occurred the disbanding of the Continental forces after a definite treaty of peace had been concluded with Great Britain; here this treaty was celebrated by the army with great rejoicing; here too the birth of the French dauphin,—the unfortunate and uncrowned Louis XVII,—was celebrated; but here,—more momentous for good to the citizens of this modern time,—two incidents occurred in the life of Washington; one the quelling of the mutiny in the army; the other (in a letter to Colonel Lewis Nicola, wherein the tender of the crown of America was made) in vehement language repudiating all thought of kingship. "Let me conjure you," wrote Washington, "if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate sentiment of like nature."

The suppression of the sedition in the army was even more illustrative of the supreme quality of character of him who having proved himself for many years first in war, now showed at the dawn of peace that there he could be first also.

Images of another and more heroic age than this of today present themselves to the imagination; today war has become a matter of dollars and mathematics. A century and more ago it was, you dream, all of high resolve, of still higher sentiment. Well, the romantic episode of one day on New Windsor heights may dispel that one illusion;—there, too, was the sordid self in human nature; the beast *en masse* hungry and seeking food,



the mob spirit aroused, venomous, beginning to feel its own strength. Congress, that Continental Congress which though it gave liberty could not give justice; left the patriots—now their services were no longer essential—in the sad plight of rags, cold and hunger, hardly even deigning to hold out the forlorn hope of the flattery of promises. As usual the silent indignation of many found a single voice; the smoldering embers a fire-brand. On the road from Newburgh to the almost forgotten site of the Temple turn aside, driving a scant half mile or so due west. On the left, behind a plain picket fence, wooden, weather-beaten, a story and a half high, stands the house then the quarters of General George Clinton. Some distance beyond, at what is called locally "Little Britain Square," other generals were quartered;—La Fayette for one, and, among others, Gates, victor if not the real hero of Saratoga. Twice in the course of the war's history before that day envy and jealousy had striven to supplant Washington; one of these efforts came suddenly to nothing by the capture by the British of the ambitious and unscrupulous Charles Lee; the second (known as the Conway Cabal) had for its object the elevation of Horatio Gates to the chief command. This also failed, as suddenly, and even more ignominiously. Once again this savage winter the barriers of discipline were threatened. It has, I believe, never been charged that Gates still indulged what at the pitiful time of Valley Forge were serious expectations of replacing his chief. It is, however, certain that he was fully aware—if not the originator—of the project to demand of Congress, and to enforce the demand, for a redress of grievances. On the staff of Gates at this time was a young Pennsylvanian, Major John Armstrong, to whom the congenial task fell to voice the rising spirit of revolt against the feeble government at Philadelphia. It was at the Clinton house that this so-called "Newburgh Address" was written.

One needs only to recall the situation of the army to realize the effect of a masterly appeal to its passions, a forceful picturing of its distresses. The address written in hot blood of Major Armstrong was both forceful and masterly. After a review—short, sharp and every word counting—of the negligence, inefficiency and even contumely of the Congress, Armstrong thus closes:—



"If this then be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defense of America, what have you to expect for peace, when your voice shall sink, and your strength dissipate by division? when those very swords shall be taken from your sides, and no remaining mark of military distinction left but your wants, infirmities and scars? Can you then consent to be the only sufferers by the Revolution, and retiring from the field, grow old in poverty, wretchedness, and contempt? Can you consent to owe the miserable remnant of life to charity which has hitherto been spent in honor? If you can, go, and carry with you the jest, the ridicule, and what is worse, the pity of the world! Go, starve, and be forgotten."

This fiery appeal; this "last remonstrance," no longer to be classed among the previous "suing, soft, unsuccessful memorials", distributed in manuscript, was read throughout the cantonments with applauding fervor. To a man, rank and file alike, felt that the time had come to carry their just cause "from the justice to the fears of government." The entire army was saturated and seethed with rebellious passion.

A copy of the paper was soon in Washington's hands. Armstrong had demanded a prompt meeting of the disaffected officers; and, lest any weakness might develop, charged his comrades to— "suspect the man who would advise to more moderation and longer forbearance." Uninfluenced by this language (which he well knew was aimed especially at him) Washington issued an order referring in guarded language to the address, and designating the time for a meeting of the officers to consider the subject. With a degree of statesmanship equalled only when immediately after Appomattox, Lincoln claimed "Dixie's Land" as an air "captured among other effects of the Confederacy," Washington declined to permit this meeting to degenerate into one of passion or treason; with marvellous sagacity he made it official.

The account of the ensuing assemblage hardly bears any attempt at abbreviation. Washington designated Gates as presiding officer. The most profound silence pervaded the assembly as Washington rose. The manuscript of the address in his hand, he held it a moment; but the light of that brief day failed him; drawing out his silver rimmed spectacles he said simply:—



"You see, gentlemen, that I have not only grown gray but blind in your service."

The motto of the Washingtons,—*Exitus Acta Probat*,—justified itself that day. At the conclusion of his address Washington immediately withdrew; and the meeting, without one dissenting voice, resolved "That the officers of the American army view with abhorrence and reject with disdain the infamous propositions contained in the anonymous address." To quote from the journal of Congress (viii, 180-183):—"Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining."

Although in his impetuous youth Armstrong allowed himself to be carried away by the prevailing bitterness, in later years his motives came to be regarded as just and honorable. He attained high rank in the army, and great distinction in civil life. He married a daughter of William B. Astor.

After the successful conclusion of this most alarming attempt to subvert the discipline of the forces, life in the cantonments became more tolerable. Congress wisely made provision for the future of the troops, which, if not all that justice required, sufficed for pacification. The spring and summer of that year, 1793, was enlivened by numerous festivities and entertainments among the families of the higher officers. Washington himself was not at all averse to "society," and his wife was always gayest among the gay. So frequently the old headquarters was given up to dinner parties, and now and then to dances. It is said that Washington never danced, but would sometimes walk through the figures of a "minuet," his partner frequently the wife of the ill-fated Alexander Hamilton, or Mrs. Lucy Knox, wife of General Henry Knox, chief of artillery during the Revolution, and first secretary of war.

Probably of all the country mansions at that time occupied as quarters for the ranking officers, one,—still standing and preserved in all its old time dignity,—where General and "Mrs. Lucy" Knox dwelt, was most given to hospitality. This spacious residence was built by John Ellison in 1735. The material is stone, unusually thick, while its high peaked and irregular roof give it an extremely picturesque appearance. Within this effect



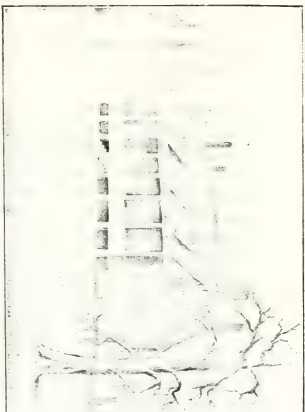


is carried out; the lofty ceilings, with exposed beams and oak-pannelled walls seem as if transported bodily from some manor of old England. Here Mrs. Knox entertained constantly and lavishly; and here trustworthy tradition asserts Washington opened a grand ball, having for partner, Miss Maria, daughter of Governor Cadwallader Colden, whose former home is yet standing six miles or so to the westward of Newburgh.

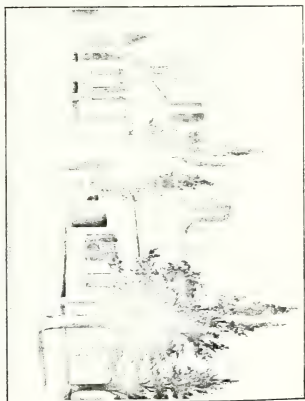
One interesting relic of this old mansion has unfortunately been removed;—one of the tiny panes of glass on which (it is believed at the time of the ball) three belles of the neighborhood inscribed their names, or their swains did for them, with a diamond. One was Miss Maria Colden; the others “Sally Jansen” and “Gitty Wynkoop.” This pane is cherished with extraordinary care by its present owner, Mr. Henry Morton of Brooklyn.

Romantic stories are not lacking in this neighborhood of the Colonial and Revolutionary times. Of one of these—one of all the best vouched for—a reminder exists today. Secluded, not as of old amid a forest of stately oaks and pines, but amid a tangled maze of extensive coal-pockets, about midway between Newburgh and the village of New Windsor, is a plain, unpretending wooden building where about the year 1781 (at the time that Washington occupied the Ellison House) dwelt a man who aspired to perform the role of conspirator. The story is rather worth telling, even though (as “history”) it is a trifle “shaky.” In those antique days of more or less “simple life” a miller was a great man in any community. This man, whose name was Ettrick, an Englishman by birth, lived here on the river bank, in what was then a charming solitude, and kept a mill to which the farmers for miles around brought their grist. Ettrick’s solitude was all the more charming that, while he was a widower, and well advanced in years, his only daughter, “Peggy,” lived with him. Miss Peggy was a lively maiden, accepted invitations everywhere, and was made much of by both those high-born dames, Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Knox. So it happened that this little beauty made many friends among the officers of the Continental army, among others of a certain captain. That he held the rank of commissary furnished excuses for frequent

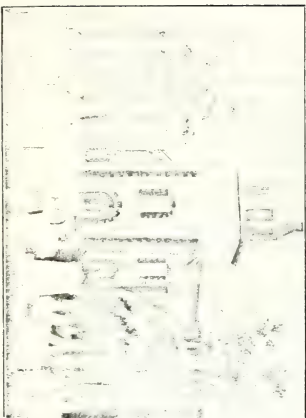




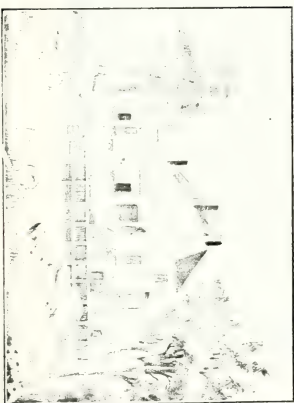
Verlauck House, Fishkill



Wharton House, Fishkill



Dutch Church, Fishkill



Knos's Quarters, New Windsor



visits to the Ettrick mill, and, as may be imagined, for he was soon hopelessly in love, Peggy herself furnished better reason for other visit to the house.

While the girl was as ardent a patriot as could be wished, her old father, being English born,—however, for the sake of trade, he might dissemble his loyalty,—was yet at heart a staunch tory. So the conspiracy was devised. To further his purpose—none other than to beguile Washington into a trap, wherein he might be seized and carried away down the river to Sir Henry Clinton,—Ettrick managed to introduce a certain young man, a loyalist, but well versed in the French language, the pretext being his daughter's education. To make the matter the more plausible the young man arranged to give lessons in French to several other damsels of the vicinity, among the rest to that Maria Colden with whom Washington is said to have opened the ball. The young French teacher was a presentable fellow, and as, of course, he was often at Ettrick's house, the American captain thought he discovered in him a rival. Thus far the elements are of no more thrilling character than belong to the real, old-fashioned love story; Peggy,—to surprise her American lover with her proficiency in French, withheld information as to her plan of study; jealousy grew into rage, pretty Peggy all unwittingly furthering continually the purpose of the conspiracy till at last all seemed ripe for action. The abduction had been most carefully planned; a barge manned by British sailors was to appear at the mouth of the Quassaick on a certain night; and on that night also Washington, invited to an entertainment at the Ettrick House, was to be seized. Unmindful of the mischief she was in the way of making, Peggy had herself borne the message to the general, and taken back his acceptance of the invitation to supper. Wholly confiding in her father, Peggy was, of course, unsuspecting; but to her great horror, by mere accident she discovered, just before the time appointed for Washington to arrive, the entire plot. Overwhelmed with the import of what she had overheard, and frantic that a peril confronted her beloved chief, then, as ever after, revered by old and young, she gave no thought to how her disclosure might affect her father's fate; but slipping out of the house and past the big mill, hurried



along the river bank to where, little more than a mile away, Washington lived.

To further the cause of true romance at the exactly proper moment, perhaps while Peggy was sobbing out her confession, the gallant captain appeared, radiant to find all his fears of rivalry groundless. The poor girl's despair may be imagined when she found that unwittingly she had betrayed her father. But as yet no overt act had occurred; her warning had come in ample time.

As to how it all ended tradition does not state with that quality of clearness desirable in a narrative claiming to be historical. As told,—coming from whispered confidence to be repeated with many cautions,—the entertainment was allowed to take place; Washington, attended by only the captain, appeared; and when towards the close of the banquet, even as the conspirators summoned him to surrender, a roll of drums was heard, the door was flung open, and a detachment of the faithful Life Guards entered.

Some say that it was only at this tragic moment that Peggy Ettrick realized the consequences to her father of her revelation. I am inclined to think, however, that if this incident happened as related (and there is not a particle of evidence to disprove it) that she must have made some sort of bargain before committing herself. This much at least is certain (all going to corroborate the main facts) that no records exist of any hangings; so probably Ettrick and the linguist got off scot-free. Tradition insists that Peggy married the captain, which, of course, is more than plausible.

Before the time of the coming of the coal company to the locality, it was known sometimes as "Ettrick's Grove," but even more commonly as the "Vale of Avoca." It was a rarely beautiful spot; the house set in the midst of an ancient forest; the Quassaick Creek, a broad, brawling stream, tumbling or gliding swiftly between verdant, shadowed banks. Nearly, or perhaps, more than sixty years ago the old mill was burned. Happily, however, not before a local artist, enamoured with its picturesqueness, put its features upon canvass; and it is from this painting that the drawing has been made.





## HISTORY OF SLAVERY

BY SALLIE R. MC LEAN

**S**AMARIA and Palestine. However, at various periods, under different conquerors, these countries were completely subdued, and hosts of their inhabitants were carried away captives. One Lydian king, Croeses, whose alliance was sought by the reigning monarch of Assyria, possessed so great treasures that his name has come down to this day as a synonyme of wealth. Syria by reason of its great natural fertility was always a coveted province. Phoenicia, the first maritime power of the ancient world, whose cities Tyre and Sidon were as renowned as Babylon and Nineveh, possessed a commerce that reached even to the Island of Britain. To the war-like kings its vassalage or alliance was ever of the utmost importance. Without its contingent of ships and fighting men of the sea no Asiatic conqueror would venture in subjugation of Egypt or the Greek Isles of the Mediterranean. It was the refusal of Phoenicia to make war on the colony of Carthage which saved that city from attack by the Persian kings, and delayed its destruction till the supremacy of Rome. The alliance of even the Greek islands of the Mediterranean by reason of their maritime fighting strength at times was sufficient to turn the scale in favor of one or the other combatants in a great war.

The history of Palestine is given in the Bible, and it is only in place here to add that the deciphering of all the cunieform inscriptions about the conquerors of Asia tend continuously to verify and elucidate the Biblical accounts of the relation of the Jewish people with the idolatrous nations of Asia.

The cunieform monuments discovered at Babylon relate the history of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who warred with



Jehoakim, king of Jerusalem. The Babylonian records not only tell that the king of Babylon slew the Jewish king and treated his body with indignity, but there is an interim in those records corresponding to the period when Nebuchadnezzar no longer reigned, owing to the wonderful malady he suffered which had been predicted by the prophet Daniel. The Jews were constantly in revolt against the idolatrous nation that held them in bondage, especially when they were aided by other rebellious provinces of the imperial power.

Also deciphered and correlated with the Biblical account are the record of the invasion of Egypt by the army of that earlier great monarchy, Assyria. Hezekiah, king of the Jews, took into the temple the letter of Sennacherib, requiring him to submit and give tribute. There Isaiah prophesied that "God would put his hook in Sennacherib's nose, and His bridle in his mouth, and turn him back by the way whence he came. "We know that when 'The Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold.' "

"And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold," the Isrealites then learned that the promise of the Lord had been miraculously fulfilled.

In the wars of conquests were included the struggle for the supremacy of the religion of the conquerors. Not only the greatest insult that could be offered the defeated, but also one of the most effective means of securing submission was the destruction of the temples and the carrying hence their idols or the symbols of the gods they worshipped. The priests not only accompanied an invading army but carried with them sacred arks or altars, which permitted the sacrifices and ceremonies of religion when distant from the temples.

"It was not until the final conquest of Babylon by Cyrus the Persian that the sensuous idol worship, which for more than twenty centuries had been the universal religion between the Mediterranean and the Zagros Mountain range, received, if not its death blow at least an almost fatal wound."

The conquests of Cyrus released the Jews from their captivity in Babylon and permitted them to return and build their temple of Jerusalem. Although during the reign of the usurper and impersonator, the Pseudo-Smerdes, that rebuilding was for



a time prohibited, and the idolatrous Samaritans had orders to prevent it, still the struggles of the Jews to maintain their separate existence and their religion were then practically at an end. Of idolatry at this period it has been written:

"The religion never recovered itself, was never reinstated. It survived for a longer or shorter time in places: to a slight extent it corrupted Zoroastranism (kept pure for centuries by the Persians) but on the whole from the date of the fall of Babylon, it declined. As said Isaiah: 'Bel bowed down; Nebo stooped; Merodach was broken in pieces; judgment was done on the Babylonian graven images.'"

On the other hand, "Purified and refined by the precious discipline of adversity, the Jewish system, which Cyrus, feeling toward it a natural sympathy, protected and upheld and replaced in Palestine, advanced from this time in influence and importance, and leavened little by little the foul mass of superstition and impurity which came in contact with it." This resulted in a gradual enlightenment of the heathen world by Jewish beliefs and practices. The regard which Cyrus had for the Jewish religion and the favor therefrom shown it by the civil authorities with one exception referred to, continued while the Persian empire lasted and during the period when imperial power passed to the Macedonians. The Jews, ever impatient and rebellious under the domination of other nations, were always loyal to the Persians.

Cambyzes of Persia, in his invasion and conquest of Egypt showed his contempt of Egyptian idolatry, but without very good or lasting results.

When we recall that through the almost inconceivable changes, the different peoples of Asia were in turn conquerors and conquered, of dominant powers or subjugated provinces, we realize that with every few exceptions, a summary of the characteristics of the inhabitants of different Asiatic nations will include a description of the slaves of those countries and of those centuries. The exceptions are furnished by certain monarchs, who, it is recorded made war on the borders of Africa to secure the Ethiopians for their slaves, and the others, who at different



periods, stretched their conquests to the deserts of Arabia, and brought hence a comparatively few of the nomadic tribes of those regions to add to their thousands of other enslaved captives. In Asia, as in Egypt the defeated in battle were enslaved, and not only those in the opposing armies but frequently all the people in the conquered countries became slaves. That was the rule for the treatment of the vanquished, better terms were the exception, and if we may trust the pictorial representations and written records they themselves have left of their wars and their subsequent achievements, these Asiatic conquerors were more cruel in war, more savage in the treatment of the vanquished than was any Egyptian Pharaoh. In their warfare, in their manners and occupations in war and in times of peace they differ not essentially, only in degree. Never in the world's history has it been proved that absolute power has produced anything admirable in personal character. Good may have been present, but it existed in spite of the effects of untrammelled passions and ambition.

Like the sun which is the center of our universe, the king was the one source of power, the one object of all endeavor, the absolute ruler over the lives and possessions of his subjects. The Asiatic kings who went to war to extend their dominion over the countries were also great builders. In fact very many of these have themselves written that in order to have an adequate supply of labor for the great works they had projected, they went to war to secure that supply, in other words, to have more slaves at their command. This warring king is represented as placing his foot on the neck of every captive brought to him after a battle to indicate the utter subjection of the defeated. Then follow the illustrations of the procession of captives in the wake of the victorious army. This invariably includes in separate divisions the long line of women and children. Historians insist that the treatment accorded these was not only mild, but even generous. The women and children are not separated, and the mothers are seen lavishing maternal care on their offspring, and carrying with them many household effects. Occasionally the pictorial history following a battle shows the women and children transported in carts or on the backs of mules.





Under the greatest of the kings of the Assyrian dynasties, the wholesale deportation of captives to distant regions was introduced, a method of dealing with the defeated, afterward called Assyrian. It was followed by their successors in imperial power, the Medes, but particularly by the succeeding dominant race, the Babylonians. This forced emigration of the defeated included whole tribes and even all the inhabitants of large cities and provinces of a conquered kingdom. When these captives were transported to distant regions and settled there under restrictions that made a form of slavery, to people the land thus denuded of its former inhabitants, colonies from the victorious nation were in turn transported to the conquered country and there established. Under such conditions a reconquest of independence by the subjected people became well-nigh impossible. Some of these warlike kings have recorded that the women taken captive in war were given as wives to their victorious soldiers, presumably without any consideration of the previous relations of either the captive or the captor.

A good idea of the immensity of this method of transportation may be gained by the statements on the subject of Esarhaddon, one of the greatest of the conquerors and builders of Assyria. He himself records that he "planted Babylonians, Susanchites, (residents of Susa) Dehavites Elamites, and others in Samaria, while Sargon, his successor, settled his Samaritan captives in Ganzanitis and the "cities of the Medes." Among the captives named as brought back from war by Sennacherib and Esarhaddon are: Chaldeans, Araemaens, Armenians, and probably also Egyptians. It is added that "Ethiopians, Elamites and Jews were already employed by the thousands."

The captives were engaged in forced labor for the king. On the vast plains stretching away from the rivers, in order that the king might have better air and enjoy a more extended view, in all these Asiatic capitals great mounds as high hills, were built up from the river bank, and thereon were erected the palaces of the king. Near the palace rose the principal temple of the gods worshipped there, more or less imposing according to the religion preferred. On these structures was lavished all the scientific knowledge then acquired in order to make them more



habitable and more imposing than any others then known. On the walls of the lofty stairways of these palaces and temples, and at the gateway of their corridors, and at entrances were lavished those triumphs of the sculptor and the limner, whose remains startle us by their colossal proportions and astonish by their magnificence. For decorating the walls of the apartments of these palaces were required the richest products of the looms, for their furnishing the triumphs of every handicraft, the best and the richest, the most costly and most beautiful that any subject province could offer in tribute or any independent country could furnish in trade or commerce.

The construction of wide canals many hundreds of miles in length, of retaining walls on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates and smaller streams, the excavation and enclosing in stone or brick of great reservoirs to supply cities with water, were the more useful and even more lasting monuments which were conceived and completed by those despots of Asia. Some of their irrigating canals still fertilize the fields today, and many others could be restored at little labor and cost compared to their original expenditure. For these truly great works, the kings to whose reigns they added imperishable glory might justly receive greater praise from posterity if it were not to be suspected that the inspiring motives of such achievements were selfish ambition and personal aggrandizement. To enrich their provinces through a wonderful system of irrigation was to insure the feeding of large armies as well as to increase the tribute in produce and animals, which tribute, it is shown in illustrations was delivered at the palace entrance for the maintenance of the king and his army of retainers.

The canals and reservoirs were also necessary to complete the plans for the defence of the cities, when in turn war would be brought to their own domains.

To carry on all these labors for the king from the erection of the mounds to the ornamentation of the watch towers in the city walls, and the last lock on the canals was the work of slaves of the king, acquired by him in successful predatory warfare. Many of the Assyrian representations of the labor of these cap-



tives disclose them in groups differently dressed according to the country whence they came, but over all these are Assyrian overseers, urging them on with the whip, and issuing their signals by the voice alone or through a long horn. These forced laborers often worked in fetters which were some times supported by a bar fastened to the waist, while at other times they consisted merely of shackles round the ankles.

Seated in his chariot, on such occasions, drawn by his attendants and not by horses, often the king is seen inspecting the progress of these labors, and judging of the fidelity and efficiency of his overseers. Probably before the ascendancy of the Assyrians, but certainly dating from that period, the Asiatics possessed a knowledge of mechanical contrivances ahead of that of the Egyptians. The illustrations prove that they knew the use of the pulley and the chain. The chain was used to draw water, and the pulley in the transportation of blocks of stones and colossal statues. However, it is claimed that no evidence has been found proving their use in combination, which is the great labor saving device of modern times.

Like the Egyptians, the Asiatics made use of the inclined run to transport material to the mounds, on which the massive structures were taking shape. When bricks were the principal building material they were baked or dried near the mounds, but when the various kinds of stone were required, the huge blocks were dressed where quarried, the colossal statues were completed where their material was hewn. All these were then transported to the mounds on carts drawn by beasts of burden—in the earliest ages, oxen,—and when on these carts they were held in place and protected from injury with effective skill and care by the slaves directed by the king's overseers. It is seen, therefore, that although as regards some of the strenuous exertions in the labor building, there were some ameliorations and advantages on the side of the Asiatic captives as compared with those held in captivity in Egypt, the evidence that more was required in the construction of great works in Asia than in Egypt overbalances any apparent advantage of superior mechanical skill. It may therefore be accepted as an indisputable fact that the



forced labor of Asiatic captives, though differing somewhat in kind, was equally heavy and burdensome in degree.

That ever a captive was elevated above his fellows to direct their labor is hardly probable. However, that the special aptitude and greater talents of their captives were fully recognized and made abundant use of, is fully established. The skilled workmen were in request to assist in the ornamentation of shrines and palaces, while the great mass were made use of to quarry and drag stone—or later to attend to its transportation—to make bricks or raise mounds, (because even with stones as the prime building material, bricks were always used in the construction of mounds), to cut down trees when they grew near, or to shape the lumber when brought from afar, and all other heavy work required in digging and building.

It thus came to pass that workmen of great knowledge, superior talent, special training, and peculiar skill, belonging to many alien races, and from distant countries, were brought together at the capitals of these Asiatic kings to carry to triumphant completion their ambitious undertakings and a diffusion of general knowledge and artistic acquirements were the beneficent results of the forced removal and enslavement of the conquered.

Nor was it only in connection with building temples and palaces, and the construction of public works that the superior ability of captives was recognized and made use of. In the representations of religious observances and banquets, the musicians, who invariably appear in these illustrations, it is plainly indicated, are usually of other races, captives in fact, but musicians superior to their captors. These were therefore obliged to assist in the strange religious observances of others, and to use their talents that strangers might more fittingly feast and make merry. The Jews were the foremost musicians of those ages, and wherever they were held in captivity their services were required. Nothing more touchingly pathetic has ever been written than the account of these strangers in a strange land, the Jewish captives to the idolatrous Babylonians, "who hanged their harps on the willow trees, and by the rivers of Babylon, sat down and wept."





As in the case of the Egyptian Pharaohs, the monarchs of Asia, especially those most renowned and whose deeds have been most fully recorded were mighty Nimrods. When the wild animals had been driven from the neighborhood of their capital, and when to reach the wild animals of other countries, required a long and tedious journey, these were brought from distant regions to the royal preserves. The dangerous occupation of capturing and transporting these animals alive was, of course, given to slaves under the direction of their task masters. It can also be more than suspected that in those illustrations where the king is valiently slaying with his own hand a lion rampant, or a wild ass in active defence with all his feet in motion, some poor slave was quite near and obliged to sacrifice his own life when the life of the monarch was in imminent danger. We find therefore that the captives of these Asiatic despots, no matter from what country they came, to what race they belonged, whether or not before their king had been the most powerful monarch, their race the dominant one during centuries, whether or not they had been more civilized than their conquerors, not even whether or not their skin was lighter or darker, by the fortunes of war alone were they slaves. Only because their king had suffered defeat in battle, their armies had surrendered, their cities had been captured either by siege or assault, and to the tribute exacted they had been added, to give unrequited toil to the victorious ruler as his slaves. It is clearly proved that the number of captives forcibly removed from their own country to serve in another was always greatly in excess of the number defeated in battle. It is conceded that even when the sort of submission which was exacted after defeat was one only of vassalage and tribute, at times reaching almost to the dignity of alliance, many captives were taken away to the country of the victorious monarch to enter his service.

Under such more favorable conditions it is probable that then the more skilled workmen and most renowned artists were demanded and perhaps were given up with pride by their own monarch, and no little satisfaction by the captives themselves. It was an opportunity to see distant countries, and there to add to the magnificence and artistic beauties of the monuments of the



victorious monarch, which were to remain the glories of his reign. However the captives thus favored were few in number compared with all others.

As it is written by many kings of Assyria and Babylonia that they gave their women captives as wives for their soldiers, the conclusion is inevitable that the men made captives were not only taken from their homes, but in many instances were torn from their families.

The opportunities for the amelioration in condition of the slaves, which the personal relation of master and slave might establish and foster, were not so possible as in Egypt, because it was not until the Persian domination, it can be proved, that the nobles surrounding the king possessed any power or permanent influence. Therefore these nobles did not have slaves bestowed on them by the monarch. Such gifts were restricted to the members of the royal family. Working in great numbers under overseers gave little chance of personal favors except in the case of the specially gifted, and therefore peculiarly valuable slaves.

When the women captives became the wives of the soldiers, such relationship would probably give them a life not less hard than in their own country.

Except in those illustrations of the women captives, and what the kings say about them, we have no foundation for a knowledge of their subsequent condition. It is only in connection with the records of the kings that we can deduce any information about the people. It is only in their relations with him that some glimpses of the life of his subjects and slaves come to us. Of women, either queens or slaves, this is particularly true. A spirit of jealous reserve common to Oriental nations, which makes them rarely to represent women in their art or to speak of them in their public documents, makes a consideration of the condition of women in Asiatic countries a subject of far greater difficulty and one of more restricted results than in ancient Egypt. After the conquests of Alexander and when the Grecian historian penetrated the ancient city of Asia, not only did they find many of these partially destroyed, but the history they could learn from their inhabitants was difficult to unravel from fables and distorted tradition.



It is claimed by Xenophon that the Median women were remarkable for their stature and their beauty. On this subject Rawlison says: "The Arian races in old times, it seems, treated their women with a certain chivalry which allowed the full development of their physical powers, and rendered them especially attractive to their own husbands and to the men of other nations." It is to be hoped not at the same time!

Under the fourth, the Babylonian monarchy, the seclusion of women was not pressed with as much strictness as in most Oriental countries. On their monuments, women are represented at the shrine of a goddess, bringing their children with them; they are also disclosed gathering dates in a garden, and they are even represented as engaged in various occupations. Of the Persian women it is said:

"Wives lived in strict seclusion within the walls of the Gynaecium, or went abroad in litters, seeing no men except their husbands, their sons and their husband's eunuchs."

The concubines appeared at banquets where they danced and played for the amusement of the guests of their master. Occasionally it is mentioned that these Asiatic despots were monogamists. That fact means only that the heirs to the throne were limited to the children of one wife, because in every case there is mention of the concubines of the king.

The predominating tone of Eastern manners throws a veil in general over all that concerns women, neither representing their forms in sculpture, nor so much as mentioning their existence in inscriptions. Very rarely is there an exception to this all but universal reticence. In a few instances is the silence usually kept, broken, and a native woman comes upon the scene to tantalize us by her momentary apparition. The most noted exception is Semiramis. She was a Babylonian princess married to Vul Lush III, an Assyrian conqueror, who, to persuade the Babylonians to accept his sovereignty acknowledged their princess as joint ruler with himself, and in Babylonia he permitted his own authority to be second to that of Semiramis. Subsequently tradition created a figure of more towering importance about the facts of this historic personage. Amytis, the wife of Nebuchad-



nezzar, was a Median princess, who longed for her native mountains, and to please her the king created the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, counted one of the Seven Wonders of the World. At the request of another wife of Nebuchadnezzar, or at least named in her honor, is ascribed one of the most stupendous works of ancient times, a work second in utility to none, and which required for its completion an enormous amount of labor. This is the canal called by the Arabs, the canal of Saideh, who was the second wife of the great king. This canal was over four hundred miles in length, reaching from the Euphrates to the sea.

To the Egyptian Queen, Haitasu is ascribed the construction of the first canal of Egypt, and therefore, considering these two names, Saideh and Hatasu, women today ought to take an absorbing interest in the construction of canals.

If it were true that the Babylonian women were less secluded than the other women of the Orient, it is, however, also certain that it was during the centuries of the Babylonian imperial power that the degradation of women reached the limit of such possibilities. It brought down on the Babylonians the denunciation of the Jewish prophets. Not only was there an open market for the sale of virgins to the highest bidders, but once in their life the married women were obliged to repair to the temple of Belus, and there wait until a stranger threw in their lap a silver coin. Then they were obliged to go with that stranger and remain with him at least one day.

To continue this so-called religious rite in honor of Belus, it was urged on the recitrant matrons that it brought strangers to Babylon, increased trade and commerce! What horrors have not been retained in the name of business!

Cyrus had but one wife, Cassandane, and there is no mention of his concubines. He had two sons, Cambyzes and Smerdes, and three daughters, one name unknown, and Atossa and Artystone. When Cambyzes came to the throne, he entrusted to conspirators the murder of his brother, and—horrible to relate,—he married his own sister Atossa! When the imposter Magus, who greatly resembled Smerdes—impersonated him and murdered all the princes who stood in the way, and finally advanced to the throne, he was obliged to marry all the widows of Cam-





byses. Fearing that Atossa would recognize his imposture, and to keep all his wives and concubines from sharing her knowledge, he made the existence of each one of solitary confinement, and thus kept them apart. Previous to that time it seems well established that all the wives and concubines of the king were on social, if not very affectionate terms, with each other, and disgraceful intrigues were not recorded. When in addition to the reinstatement of the Median priesthood and the persecution of the Jews, this usurper also separated the women of his Gynaecum, and left them to the full influence of the despicable class of eunuchs, and for whatever favors they received dependent on their personal influence, then natural fierce contests and jealousies ensued. We find the history of the royal family of Persia blackened by diabolical intrigues and wholesale assassinations. In a later age the terrible condition of the life of the king and his family resulted in a rebellion of the nobles and their admission to a share of power.

Frequently in the history of all these Asiatic countries do we find that the Queen Mother of the reigning monarch held a position of power and influence even greater than that of a favorite wife. It is easy to see, however that on the part of an unscrupulous mother, desirous of advancing her favorite son and thus secure her own better position,—that would lead to intrigues and assassinations. It was the Queen Mother, one of the daughters of Nebuchadnezzar, who at the banquet of her grandson, Belshazzar, feasting when his father was elsewhere, contending with the Persians, summoned to the banquet hall the prophet Daniel to read the handwriting on the wall.

Yet even a royal position, it seems, gave women little real influence and less respect in those days. When Alexander held in his power the wife and daughter of the last and defeated king of ancient Persia it is counted admirable on his part that he treated them kindly. Yet when this last Darius offered to Alexander as one of the terms of peace, his daughter in marriage, the latter replied that if he wanted to marry that princess he would do so without asking any one's consent.

The women of Israel, as their history is given in the Bible, stand far above all other women of Asia in the security of their



position, and in the respect and honor accorded them. Even when she stains her hands in the blood of the enemy of her people, it is written:

“Blessed above women shall Joel the wife of Heber the Kenite be,—blessed shall she be above all women in the tent.”

Of the women of the Bible there comes before us a long procession real, lifelike, honored by men and honoring womanhood: Rebecca, Ruth, Esther and Deborah, a judge in Israel and under whose judgeship it is written that “the land had rest forty years.”

Yet taking under consideration all we can learn about the condition of the other women of Asia, it seems certain that if the lot of the majority of the men held as slaves was one of unmitigated hardship, that of the women was little, if any, better.



## WHEN EUROPE'S KINGS WOODED CALIFORNIA

BY AL H. MARTIN

THE history of California has been as romantic as the poetic name bestowed by the grim conqueror Cortez, with many nations struggling to claim her for their own, and with her destiny eventually decided by the most successful war ever waged by the American nation. The marvellously fertile soil, splendid climatic advantages and the knowledge that gold, quicksilver and other precious metals were found within the confines of the province, early stimulated the active interest of Russia, France and England. As early as 1842 gold had been discovered by Francisco Lopez at a point 35 miles northwest of Los Angeles, and in 1845 the famous New Almaden quicksilver mines were discovered by Andres Castillero. These discoveries, together with other natural advantages, were not calculated to lessen the covetous desires of the grasping countries of Europe.

While California remained under the banner of Spain there was little danger of aggression, for few were the nations that cared to measure their might with the conquerors of the Moors, even for so rich a prize as California promised to be. But in 1821 Mexico declared its independence of the Spanish yoke, and when the news reached Governor Pablo Vicente de Sola of California, that executive promptly called a conference of ten delegates to consider the altered condition of affairs.

The convention assembled at the Presidio of Monterey on April 9th, 1822, and after due deliberation affirmed the independence of California from the Spanish flag and acknowledged the sovereignty of the Empire of Mexico. The frequent changes of government and ruinous revolutions prevailing in Mexico and California during the life of the Mexico Empire gave the



other nations the pretext for which they were searching and quiet, but determined measures began to be taken by Russia, France, England and the United States to secure control of the tempting Western country. As holder of Oregon and the Northwest territory our Government was in a particularly favorable position to keep in touch with conditions in the domains of our restless neighbor, an advantage that was duly appreciated by the other claimants of California.

From her position in Alaska, Russia had always kept a vigilant eye on California, and as early as 1812 the agents of the Czar had secured permission from Spain to establish a colony at the port of Bodega. The purpose stated was the maintaining of fisheries and fur hunting enterprises, but by 1815 the Russians had penetrated into the interior, had secured large tracts of land and were engaged in the rearing of cattle and raising of wheat. Russian towns were built at numerous points, and in an incredibly short time the advance posts of the Russian Empire were firmly intrenched in the heart of the Sacramento valley. Cattle and land were extensively purchased from the Spaniards and hundreds of Russians began to look upon California as their own promised land.

This state of affairs was far from pleasing to other nations, and fuel was added to the smouldering flames during the revolutionary troubles in Mexico when the Russian inhabitants boldly proclaimed their ownership of practically the entire section of territory lying north of San Francisco bay. In the centre of the great Sacramento valley the Russians built a fortress and named it Fort Stawianski, flew the flag of the Czar and had a military governor, appointed by the head of the Russias. After its long and patient vigil it seemed as if the Russian bear was about to reap the rewards of its enterprise. But by this time the country was becoming settled by Americans who wanted California for their own. The native Californians were bitterly hostile to the subjects of the Czar, while France and England were bent on securing the land for their own. Accordingly in the very moment of success the onward march of the Russians was checked. John A. Sutter and a strong colony of Americans had settled at Sacramento and speedily the determined





American began to assert himself. So successful was the American invasion that by 1840 the Russians had lost most of the holdings they had won, and in Dec. 13th of that year all their establishments passed into the hands of Sutter and his friends.

Meanwhile France and England had not been idle. In 1844 Louis Philippe, King of France, advocated the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico to prevent the acquisition of the country by England or America in case France would be unable to annex it. Papers were published by the Minister of War setting forth the charges made by France against Mexico, and the reasons why France should intervene. It was charged that Mexico under Spanish rule had been prosperous and at peace with the nations of the world, but that as a republic Mexico was the enemy of France, tyrannized over French residents and was doing its utmost to injure the trade of not only France, but all other nations as well; that Mexico was the haven of pirates and robbers, that she had become a disturber of the peace and prosperity of nations, and, that she had become an international nuisance. It was asserted that any nation having claims against her had the right to interfere in her domestic troubles and establish a firm and just government for the country in the interest of international policy. That this could be done only by the establishment of a monarchy, a change that would be welcomed by the best residents of Mexico. The reports further stated that the new monarch must be Catholic and have family ties connecting them with the dynasties formerly ruling Mexico. Only the infants of Spain, the princes of France and the archdukes of Austria possessed these imperative requirements, and any one of these would be unanimously welcomed by the residents of Mexico. The advantage to France and French commerce and prestige if such a change were instituted was dwelt upon, and it was further added "and this can be easily accomplished, for a column of three thousand infantry, and a few vessels of war distributed upon the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts are all that are required to subdue the empire of Montezuma, whose conquest would be easier to-day than it was in the time of Cortez."

Nothing was said in the report of what England and America would do in case such a high-handed proceeding was carried



out, but there is little doubt but that such a policy, if attempted, would have speedily resulted in serious complications, for the King of the French. It is certain that America would have never permitted France to gain such an empire without a struggle, and it was not altogether a coincidence that the Pacific fleets of America and England became materially augmented soon after the ambitious plans of Louis Phillippe become known.

France had endeavored to secure a prior claim to California in 1841 when the French Minister of War dispatched M. Duffot de Mofras, an attache of the French legation at Mexico, to make a thorough observation of California with respect to its military resources, agriculture, mines, population, geography, etc. M. de Mofras spent over two years on his mission, visited every point in the State and quietly ascertained the views of the people regarding France. In his report de Mofras stated that the inhabitants were decidedly friendly to France, that England and America were zealously attempting to gain possession of the territory, that the inhabitants hated the Americans and English because of racial and religious differences; that America had offered Mexico five million dollars for that portion of California lying north of a line of latitude drawn at equal distances from the bays of San Francisco and Monterey; and that the British ministry had offered to cancel the public debt of Mexico held by English subjects if Mexico would cede California to the British crown. This report was published at the time that Louis Phillippe made his plea for French intervention and attracted wide interest.

Meanwhile the agents of England were active in California whispering of the advantage and prestige that would result if the inhabitants would pledge themselves to the Union Jack. British organizers travelled through the province circulating petitions and endeavoring to hold a convention of the inhabitants that would ask England to take the territory under her protection. A large squadron of war vessels of the finest type were maintained on the California coast and at every opportunity the might of the English arms and the blessings of English government were proclaimed to the wondering inhabitants. Every opportunity was taken to encourage the settlement of British subjects in the new land of the West and but for the active hostility of the Amer-



icans and French, it is possible that England would have secured a firm foothold on the coast. But if the Californians had little love for the Americans, they loved the English less. Finally the men who were directing England's affairs in California decided on a bold move. In 1845 an Irish priest named MacNamara visited Mexico and requested permission of the Government of Mexico to settle ten thousand of his countrymen in the San Joaquin valley and for a grant of three thousand square leagues of land. In the grant prayed for were the bay of San Francisco and some of the richest sections in the coast counties. MacNamara warned the government that prompt measures must be adopted to prevent the acquisition of California by the Americans and represented that by granting his petition this danger would be eliminated. The grant was readily made and MacNamara embarked on a British sloop-of-war for California. He arrived at Santa Barbara in June 1846 and immediately set about for the bringing over of colonists. A powerful fleet of British warships under the command of Admiral George Seymour cruised up and down the coast of California, with a strong American squadron under Commodore John D. Sloat keeping a close watch upon them.

In the face of such alarming activities on the part of England and France it is not strange that Americans were stirred to action. Polk, Dallas and Texas swept the country at the presidential election of 1844 and steps were immediately taken to provoke a contest with Mexico. Daniel Webster in a series of impassioned speeches declared war with Mexico little less than murder, with no excuse and little profit. But the men guiding the Ship of State were not blind to the ominous signs on the Western horizon. To secure California and adjoining territory Mexico must be vanquished, and it was certain from the first that war between rich and warlike America and her feeble neighbor could have but one result. It was a case of crushing the weak in the westward march, the survival of the fittest. To have hesitated would have been to yield the splendid states of California, Nevada and Utah and the territories of Arizona and New Mexico to either the tricolor of France or the lions of England. For Mexico would never have been permitted to continue her ruinous reign over the fairest lands on earth.

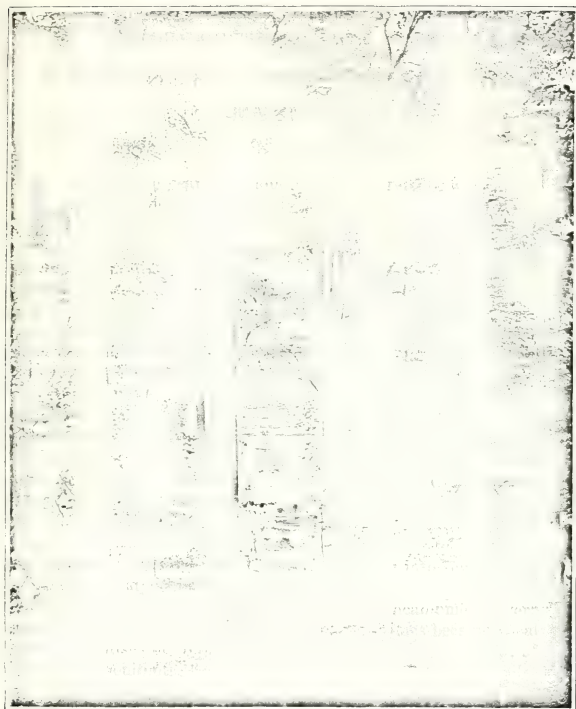


The Californians were not inclined to submit quietly to the blighting rule of the Mexicans and as early as 1836 a revolution broke out and the Mexican Governor was driven from the province. California was proclaimed a free State and a flag similar to the American emblem was raised, but it had only one star. The central government at once took up the grievances of the Californians and several concessions were granted. This appeased the State for the time and the Mexican rule was again acknowledged. But the spirit of unrest still lingered and had grown to such proportions that in 1846 a convention extraordinary was held on June 15th, at Santa Barbara to determine the destiny of California. Most of the prominent Californians were present and desperate efforts were made by the resident representatives of America, France and England to have the convention favor the annexation of the State to their respective nations. Only a preliminary gathering was held and the division of opinion was so strongly marked that it was evident that the convention would fail to arrive at conclusive decisions. The supporters of America, realizing that the war with Mexico would throw the territory into the hands of the United States, withdrew from the conference and thereby prevented the claims of France and England from consideration. Although considerable effort was made by the English and French consuls to have the remaining members of the convention declare in favor of their nations, nothing was ever accomplished.

Already the Bear Flag had been raised at Sonoma and the town and military post had passed into the hands of thirty-three Americans led by Captain Ezekial Meritt. Commodore Sloat waiting under instructions to seize California at the first intimation of actual war between America and Mexico, received word that hostilities had broken out and proceeding to Monterey raised the American flag on July 7, 1846. The American fleet was followed by the British man-of-war Collingwood, with deep disgust reigning on board the foreign vessel as they realized that the hopes of England were forever extinguished. With the unfurling of the Stars and Stripes perished forever the ambitions of England and France to win the Land of El Dorado for their own.







THE SACRED GROVE



## HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

By BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, Assistant Historian of the Church

### CHAPTER V

#### THE EARLY VISIONS OF JOSEPH SMITH

**F**OR some years previous to 1830 western New York and Pennsylvania, as well as the states of Ohio and Kentucky, were the scenes of a great religious agitation. It was during these years that the revival camp-meeting system of sectarian propaganda was inaugurated. Scenes of wildest religious fervor and excitement were common. According to one writer upon the subject, "the people were accustomed to assemble, sometimes to the number of ten or twelve thousand, and they often continued together, in devotional exercises, for several days and nights."<sup>1</sup> This was said of what was called the great revival in Kentucky in 1800. Later, as this method of reaching men with "religion" became more popular, the crowds were even larger and the encampments extended through many weeks. "Such was the eagerness of the people to attend," says Henry Howe, author of "Historical Collections of the Great West," that entire neighborhoods were forsaken, and the roads literally crowded by those pressing forward on their way to the grove."<sup>2</sup> The great assemblies being too large for one person to address them, they would divide into several congregations and be addressed by as many different speakers. "The whole grove," writes Mr. Howe—the encampments were usually held in groves—"the whole grove at times became vocal with the praises of God, and at others pierced with the cries of distressed penitents."<sup>3</sup>

1. Prof. J. B. Turner, Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill., in "Mormonism in all Ages", 1842, p. 272.

2. "Historical Collections of the Great West," p. 205.

3. Ibid.



Strange nervous contortions often attended upon manifestations of this religious fervor. Men and women acted as if they were beside themselves. There would be "shoutings," "fallings," "jerking," and all manner of emotional frenzy manifested. Sometimes large numbers in a congregation would be seized with a tremor. The pulse of one so attacked would grow weaker, his breathing become more difficult, and at intervals hands and feet would grow cold, and finally he would fall. "Both pulse and breath, and all symptoms of life," says Professor J. B. Turner of Illinois College, in describing the malady—I can think of it as nothing else—"forsook them for nearly an hour, during which time they suffered no pain, and were perfectly conscious of their condition, and knew what was passing around them." Continuing his description Professor Turner says:

"At one time, during service, several shrieks were uttered, and people fell in all directions. Not less than one thousand fell at one meeting. Their outward expressions of devotion consisted in alternate singing, crying, laughing, shouting, and every variety of violent motion, of which the muscular system is capable. These violent motions they soon became unable to resist. They were violently thrown upon the ground by the convulsions, where their motions resembled those of a fish upon land. This disease lasted through several years, in some cases, and propagated itself by sympathetic imitation, from one to another, with astonishing rapidity, in crowds, and often in small assemblies."

These emotional and nervous manifestations were regarded quite generally "as the moving of a divine power upon the bodies and minds of men."

Revival encampments as well as other revival services were often held as "union services." That is, the different sects would unite for the conversion of those who had made no profession of Christianity, and for the reclamation of backsliders; for with the passing away of the excitement under which they professed religion, the converts all too frequently experienced a reversion to the worldly life, and there were many backsliders. It frequently happened, however, that the good feelings engendered during the union revival services were dissipated by jeal-



ousies and wranglings when the converts came to elect the religious body in which they desired to hold their fellowship; for notwithstanding it was nominally held that membership in any one of the Christian sects styled "orthodox", was all-sufficient for proper church connection, it was, in those times, and especially in the states and parts of states herein designated, one of the inconsistencies of Protestant Christendom that there was sharp rivalry, and bitterness between the sects save only when hostilities were suspended on such occasions as those mentioned above. There were cries of "lo, here! here is Christ;" to which the response—"nay, but lo, here! here is Christ!" Fierce debates followed, and great divisions in judgment obtained as to what even constituted the essentials of Christianity. Grave doubts perplexed the minds of many people, and hindered the progress of religion.

Palmyra, New York, the home of the Smiths, was in the zone of this widespread religious agitation. In the spring of 1820 the ministers of the several churches in and about Palmyra decided upon a "union revival," in order to "convert the unconverted." The Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists were the sects represented, and the Reverend Mr. Stockton of the Presbyterian church was the leading spirit of the movement, and chairman of the meetings. It was during this revival that the Prophet's mother, her two sons, Hyrum and Samuel Harrison, and her daughter Sophronia became members of the Presbyterian church. Joseph Smith, Sen., was unmoved amid the universal excitement.

Joseph Smith, Jr., was much wrought up in his spirit, and became "somewhat partial" to the Methodist sect, and he "felt divisions that existed between these several churches perplexed him. Why the divisions? "Surely God cannot be the author of this confusion," he reasoned. "If God has a Church in the earth it will not be split up into factions. He will not teach one society to worship in one way and administer in one set of some desire to be united with them", he admits.<sup>5</sup> But the

5. Tucker claims that at one time Joseph Smith, Jr., joined the "probationary class" of the Methodist church in Palmyra, but that he was not carried to the point of conviction, and soon withdrew from the class. See Tucker's "Mormonism," p. 18. I find no other evidence that there was any such step taken by Joseph Smith.





ordinances teach other principles which are diametrically opposed." Unaided reason taught him that *unity* must be a characteristic of the Church of Christ. Paul's question thundered at the schismatically inclined Christians at Corinth, seemed to reach him—"Is Christ Divided?" And his reason answered, no. "Then what is to be done in the midst of all this confusion?" "Who of all these parties are right? If any one of them be right, which is it, and how shall I know it?" He felt inadequate of himself to answer these questions. "It was impossible for a person young as I was," he remarks, "and so unacquainted with men and things to come to any certain conclusion as to who was right and who was wrong."

Meantime the revival was nearing its close. These questions were evidently pressing. Ministers began to present their respective claims to the converts that had been made by their united efforts. The local agitation before the revival was organized was doubtless begun by the Methodist. The Reverend Mr. Stockton, however, insisted that the work done was largely Presbyterian work as he had been a dominating influence in the movement, and presided at the meetings.<sup>6</sup> The Reverend Mr. Lane of the Methodist Church preached a sermon on the subject, "What Church shall I join?" He quoted the golden text of James,

*"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and up-braideth not, and it shall be given him."*

The text made a deep impression on the mind of the Prophet. He read it on returning home, and pondered it deeply. Here was a message from the word of God. A message to all men; but to him especially, since he had been made to feel that of all men he lacked wisdom, in respect of a matter to him vital.

Some years later he made the comment:

"Never did any passage of scripture come with more power to the heart of man than this did at this time to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart. I reflected on it again and again, knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God I did, for how to act I did not know,

6. Narrative of William Smith (Brother of the Prophet), in *Zion's Ensign*; also in *Deseret News* of January 20, 1894.

7. James 1:5.



and unless I could get more wisdom than I then had, I would never know; for the teachers of religion of the different sects understood the same passages of scripture so differently as to destroy all confidence in settling the question by an appeal to the Bible."

After much reflection of this nature, he at last took his resolution. He would put the doctrine of James to the test. He would ask God for wisdom. Reasoning that if God gave wisdom to them that lacked it, and would give liberally and not upbraid, he might venture. Situated directly west of the Smith home, a few hundred yards distant, yet on their own farm, was a beautiful grove sufficiently dense and removed from the road to give the necessary seclusion the youth desired; and here on the morning of a beautiful, clear day in that early spring time, he knelt for the first time in all his life to make a personal, direct, verbal appeal to God in prayer.

And now something strange happened. The youth had just begun timidly to express the desires of his heart in words, when he was seized upon by an invisible power that overcame him; his tongue was bound so that he could not speak. Darkness gathered about him, and it seemed for a time that he was doomed to sudden destruction. He exerted all his powers to call upon God for deliverance from this enemy—not from a merely "imaginary ruin," as he assures us, "but from the power of some actual being from the unseen world," who possessed such strength as the youth had never before encountered. Despair seized upon him, and he felt that he must abandon himself to destruction. At this moment of dreadful alarm he saw a pillar of light exactly over his head which shone out above the brightness of the sun, and began gradually descending towards him, until he was enveloped within it. As soon as the light appeared, the youth found himself freed from the power of the enemy that had held him bound. As the light rested upon him, he beheld within it two personages, exactly resembling each other in form and features, standing above him in the air. One of these, calling Joseph by name, and pointing to the other, said: "*This is My Beloved Son, hear Him.*"

It gives evidence of the intellectual tenacity of Joseph Smith



that in the midst of all these bewildering occurrences he held clearly in his mind the purpose for which he had come to this secluded spot, the object he had in view in seeking the Lord. As soon, therefore, as he could get sufficient self-possession to speak, he asked the Personages in whose resplendent presence he stood, which of the sects was right, and which he should join. He was answered that he must join none of them; for they were all wrong. And the Personage who addressed him said, that all their creeds were an abomination in His sight; that those professors were all corrupt; that they drew near to Him with their lips, but their hearts were far from Him; they taught for doctrine the commandments of men: they had a form of godliness, but denied the power thereof. Joseph was again forbidden to join any of these sects, at the same time receiving a promise that the fullness of the gospel would at some future time be made known unto him.<sup>8</sup>

8. The above description of this vision is a blending of two narratives of the occurrence left by Joseph Smith. Not that there are any irreconcilable difference in the two statements, but one is given in greater detail than the other, and in each there are some details not mentioned in the other, hence the blending of the narratives. The principal account of this great vision of the Prophet's is found in his "Autobiographical Journal," the first publication of which was begun in Volume II of the *Times and Seasons*, and of which, at the time of the publication of said journal, (March 15, 1842) the Prophet himself was the editor. (See note 6, chapter iii of this History for further remarks on this work). The other account is found in what is called the "Wentworth Letter," which was written to Mr. John Wentworth, editor and proprietor of the *Chicago Democrat*, at the latter's solicitation, as he wished to present the Prophet's statement of the origin and progress of Mormonism to his friend, a Mr. Bastow, who was then writing a history of New Hampshire. The Letter is one of the choicest documents in our Church literature; as also it is the earliest published document by the Prophet personally, making any pretension to consecutive narrative of those events in which the great Latter-day work had its origin. It was published in number 9, of Volume III of the *"Times and Seasons,"* March 1, 1842; while the publication of that more pretentious "History of the Church" under the title "History of Joseph Smith," above referred to as the "Autobiographical Journal" of the Prophet, was not commenced until number 10, of volume III, of the *"Times and Seasons,"* March 15, 1842. Introducing this "History of Joseph Smith" in the *"Times and Seasons"* (Vol. III, p. 726) is the following note referring to the "Wentworth Letter" and the more pretentious "History." "In the last number I gave a brief history of the rise and progress of the Church, I now enter more particularly into that history, and extract from my journal." Referring again to this "Wentworth Letter," I may say that for combining conciseness of statement with comprehensiveness of treatment of the subject with which it deals, it has few equals among historical documents, and certainly none that excel it in our Church literature. In it one has in a few pages (less than six of these pages) a remarkably clear statement of the leading events in the Church history up to that time, and an epitome of her doctrines, from the beginning—the birth of the Prophet, in 1805—up to the date of publication, March, 1842, a period of thirty-six years. The epitome of the doctrines of the Church, since called "The Articles of Faith," have been published by millions, and carried to all the nations of the earth and tribes of men where the Latter-day gospel has been preached.



When he came entirely to himself he found that he was lying on his back, looking up into heaven. With the passing of the vision he was left without strength; but soon recovering from his weakness he returned home.<sup>9</sup>

A few days after the vision occurred, young Joseph was in conversation with one of the Methodist preachers who was very active in the before mentioned revival,<sup>10</sup> and gave him an account of the vision. The reception of the story by the minister was most surprising to the youth. Says the Prophet:

"He treated my communication not only lightly, but with great contempt, saying, it was all of the devil, that there were no such things as visions or revelations in these days; that all such things had ceased with the Apostles, and that there would never be any more of them."

In fact Joseph Smith soon found that by telling the story he had excited a great deal of prejudice against himself among many professors of religion. His experience indicated how far removed men were from a sincere belief in those scriptures so frequently found upon their lips. Here a text of scripture had been used as the foundation of a public discourse upon a most important subject. A subsequent reading of it had deepened the impression made upon the mind of a sincere believer in the scripture, until it became to him a veritable message from the word of God—the voice of God to his soul. He acted upon the message thus received. That act of faith brought forth its results, which were now ridiculed and denounced by the teachers of the word of God, and most probably by the very minister who had prompted him to seek wisdom from God. Though but an obscure boy, and in such circumstances of life as to render his existence of little consequence in the world,—

9. The effects of young Smith's remarkable experiences were doubtless still visible upon him after reaching home; for while he was leaning against the fire place his mother inquired what the matter was; to which he answered—"Never mind, all is well—I am well enough off. I have learned for myself that Presbyterianism is not true." Which remark, taking into account the fact that his mother had but recently joined the Presbyterian Church, and the discussion of the question "which Church shall I join" was still in the air—was a bit of sly humor decidedly rich.

10. Doubtless this was the Reverend Mr. Lane, since he was at least the most active minister of the Methodist persuasion in the revival, if not the only one; and, moreover, it was he who had preached the sermon on "What Church shall I join;" and had used James 1:5 as his text.





"Yet, men of high standing would take notice sufficient to excite the public mind against me, and create a bitter persecution. It caused me serious reflection then, and often has since, how very strange it was that an obscure boy, of a little over fourteen years of age, and one, too, who was doomed to the necessity of obtaining a scanty maintenance by his daily labor, should be thought a character of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the great ones of the most popular sects of the day, and in a manner to create in them a spirit of the most bitter persecution and reviling. But strange or not, so it was, and it was often the cause of great sorrow to myself. However, it was nevertheless a fact that I had beheld a vision. I have thought since, that I felt much like Paul, when he made his defense before King Agrippa, and related the account of the vision he had when he saw a light, and heard a voice; but still there were but few who believed him; some said he was dishonest, others said he was mad; and he was ridiculed and reviled. But all this did not destroy the reality of his vision. He had seen a vision, he knew he had, and all the persecution under heaven could not make it otherwise; and though they should persecute him unto death, yet he knew, and would know to his latest breath, that he had both seen a light, and heard a voice speaking unto him, and all the world could not make him think or believe otherwise. So it was with me. I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages and they did in reality speak to me; and though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true; and while they were persecuting me, reviling me, and speaking all manner of evil against me falsely for so saying, I was led to say in my heart, why persecute me for telling the truth? I have actually seen a vision, and who am I that I can withstand God? or who does the world think to make me deny what I have actually seen? For I had seen a vision; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it, neither dared I do it; at least I knew that by so doing I would offend God, and come under condemnation."

But come what might now, his mind was satisfied as to the sectarian world. He knew they were wrong; that he was to join none of them. He had proved the testimony of James to be true. One who lacked wisdom could ask it of God, receive it, and not be upbraided. He knew now that God lived, and that man could hold visible and personal communion with Him. With this knowledge he would rest until further directed.

What a change had come to this youth in one brief hour!



How little that fair-haired boy, standing there in the unpruned forest, with the sunlight stealing through the trees about him, realized the burden placed upon his shoulders that early spring morning, by reason of the visitation he received in answer to prayer!

He has found the source of spiritual knowledge, and his life and his life's work has been broadened; but his knowledge will not bring him peace in this world,—except that peace of the soul that rejoices even in the midst of conflict—the peace “that passeth understanding”: but outwardly his knowledge spells strife for him—conflict with a world. His testimony will arouse the wrath of men, and with unrelenting fury they will pursue him. Slander, outright falsehood and misrepresentation will play havoc with his reputation. Everywhere his name will be held up as evil. Derision will laugh at his message to the world. Ridicule will mock it. On every hand he will be met with the cry of “False prophet! false prophet!” Chains and the dungeon's gloom await him; mobs with murderous hate will assail him again and again; and at the last, while under the protection of the law, and the honor of a great commonwealth pledged for his safety, he will meet martyrdom in the shadow of prison walls!

#### NOTES ON THE FIRST VISION OF JOSEPH SMITH

*The Importance of Joseph Smith's Question:* Undoubtedly Joseph Smith sought wisdom on the question of questions of his day—viz., which of all these Churches is God's Church? Without controversy, if God still had a Church on the earth, one in which he had deposited the revealed truth respecting religion, making known what was necessary to believe and necessary to do to obtain salvation; and had given to that Church divine commission to teach that truth and administer the prescribed sacraments essential to salvation, then the chiefest quest of man should be to find that Church; and, finding it, yield obedience to her respecting those things whereof she is made administrator, as unto God. For if there is such a Church, and the inspiration of God dwell in her, then to obey that Church, is to obey God. And what she tells him to do, without doubt is the only thing to do—“the wisest, fittest thing to do—the thing which it will in all ways behoove man, with right royal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do.”



From of old, and by the Master himself, men were commanded to harken unto the Church; and if one neglected to hear the Church he was to become as "an heathen man and a publican,"<sup>11</sup> unto the Church. The Church which the Christ founded is declared to be the house of the living God—"the pillar and ground of the truth."<sup>12</sup> In her was lodged the power to bind on earth and in heaven; to loose on earth and in heaven.<sup>13</sup> There is but one inquiry to be made," says a Roman Catholic authority, "namely, which is the true Church? \* \* \* It is clear as the noon-day light, that by solving this one question, which is the true Church?—you will at once solve every question of religious controversy that ever has been, or that ever can be agitated."<sup>14</sup> Of course Dr. Milner invokes this doctrine in the interests of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church, which he insists is the true and only Church of God; which claims the Greek Catholic Church, and all Protestant churches refuse to allow. But while the Greek Church, and all Protestant Churches will not allow the special claims of Dr. Milner in behalf of the Roman Church, many of them, and especially the Greek and English churches and all churches of the same communion with them, are in accord with his principle as to the efficacy of the authority of the Church, if only that church can once be determined upon. Dr. John H. Hopkins, Bishop of Vermont, in his elaborate answer to Dr. Milner, specifically admits the above principle, but denies its exclusive application to the Roman Church.<sup>15</sup> It is a matter of interest, and also adds importance to this history to know that Joseph Smith began his prophetic career with a question so weighty, so universally recognized as important. His question, under all the circumstances, was worthy of the splendid answer it received.

2. *The Harshness with which Mormonism Opens its Message to the World:* The declaration with which Mormonism opens its message to the world will doubtless be regarded as a singularly harsh one: The churches are all wrong; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men; their creeds are an abomination unto God; their professors are all corrupt. Respecting the churches and the creeds, such a condition as is described through this first utterance of Joseph Smith, could alone justify such a work as Mormonism professes to be—*viz.*, a new dispen-

11. Matt. xviii:17.

12. I. Tim. iii:15.

13. Matt. xviii:18.

14. "End of Religious Controversy," Milner, Letter xiii.

15. "A Refutation of Milner's 'End of Controversy,' A Series of Letters to the most Reverend Francis Patrick Kendrick, Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore," Vol. I, Letter XIX.



sation of the gospel of Christ, a re-establishment of the Church of Christ in the earth. But respecting the last clause of the message—"Those professors are all corrupt," it should not be taken as referring to the whole body of Christians; but rather as referring to the teachers of their creeds—the "professors;" that term not being used in the sense of "confessors" of the creeds, who merely accept doctrine from the teachings of the "professors."

This distinction is justified from the immediate context of the passage: "they (the "professors") draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; *they* (the "professors") *teach for doctrine the commandments of men.*" This context clearly proves that the charge of "corruption" is limited at least to the "teachers," not to the whole body of Christians. Moreover, I am convinced myself that the declaration is still further limited to the "professors" who founded, and by that act taught to the world the creeds that are an abomination in the sight of God—a fact not at all difficult of belief, or of proof, upon an analysis of the creeds themselves. And those who originally could form such conceptions of God and man, and the purpose of human existence, as the creeds teach, were certainly men of warped understanding, men of perverted, or "corrupted" minds. But as to the whole body of Christians, we know that there were at the time of the opening of this new dispensation of the gospel, and now, many who were not only not corrupt, except for the ordinary weaknesses or "corruption" of our human nature—but virtuous, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, seeking after God, and hindered from finding Him only by the abominable creeds formulated by the "professors" of the passage here considered.

It should also be remarked that in Mormon thought it is not Joseph Smith, nor the Mormon Church that pronounces this judgment upon the Christian churches. Joseph Smith confessedly was incompetent to determine which was the true church of God. He of all persons both on account of his extreme youthfulness and his lack of general information, was among the least qualified to pronounce upon such a question. His seeking knowledge from God upon this very question—"which of all the sects is right?" is a confession of his own inability to determine the matter. No human wisdom was sufficient to answer that question. No man in all the world was so pre-eminent as to be justified in proclaiming out of his own wisdom the divine acceptance of one church in preference to another, or God's rejection of them all. Divine wisdom alone was sufficient to pass judgment upon such a question as that. And there is peculiar force in





the circumstance that the announcement which Joseph Smith makes with reference to this subject is not formulated by him nor by any other man, but is given to him of God. God has been the judge of the status of modern Christendom, Joseph Smith but His messenger, to herald that judgment to the world.

3. *Recent Confirmation of the Decree Promulgated by Joseph Smith Concerning the Status of Modern Churches:* It is somewhat remarkable that as these pages are going to press there comes from a most unexpected quarter, an emphatic confirmation of what Joseph Smith in substance promulgated nearly a century ago. There is going on at the present time throughout the world, a most interesting discussion as to the power and efficiency of Christianity as represented through the modern Christian Churches. First to be noted is the "Modernist movement" within the Roman Catholic Church. It is a movement which primarily demands a larger intellectual liberty within that Church for its adherents; but its effects, indirectly, are much broader than that, since it concerns itself with the whole question of readjusting the Christian attitude towards our modern knowledge. Primarily, however, it is described as "a clear call for the rejuvenation of Roman Catholicism. The Modernists

\* \* \* believe that the Church [Roman Catholic] can harmonize its teachings with the thought of this age. The most ancient Church can survive by becoming the most modern."<sup>16</sup> The ambitious designs of the Modernists may further be learned by the following questions and the answer they make to them:

"At this moment, (1908) pregnant with all sorts of moral revolution, when the intellectual world still alienated from Christ and his Church, progresses in a hundred ways towards some indefinable renewal of spirit, we ask ourselves frankly: Is there in the Catholic Church—in that great organism in which the religious spirit of the Gospel has come to embody itself—is there a power of conquest or simply a conservative instinct? Does she still hide in the secret complexities of her wonderful organization capacities for winning adherents, or is her vitality threatened by the germs of a speedy decay? Is her mission henceforth to be limited to a suspicious vigilance over the rule and simple faith of her rapidly dwindling followers, or will she rouse herself to the reacquisition of that social influence which she has lost through long years of listless self-isolation? For ourselves, we have long since answered this critical question. We have ever watched the aspirations of the contemporary mind with sympathetic interest; our hearts have beaten in unison

16. "Modernism," by Newman Smith, in *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1909.



with its glowing enthusiasm for the new ideals of universal brotherhood; and we have seen in all its movements the symptoms of a glorious revival of religion. \* \* \* Speaking the language of our age, and thinking its thought, we have tried to bring it into touch with the teachings of Catholicism, that through such contact their profound mutual affinities might be made evident. We cannot believe that the Church will ultimately reject our programme as mischievous."<sup>17</sup>

The office then of mediator between the old, mediaeval Roman Church and the modern intellectual world is the one the modernists would fill. But this call for rejuvenation of the Roman Church—this demand for reforms—these questions involving an alternative of rejuvenation or decay, presupposes a deadness; a need for reform; an out-of-harmony existence with modern truth, as developed by modern discovery and thought? What is it all but a partial discovery and admission of that truth announced by Joseph Smith well nigh a century ago, *viz.*, that all the Churches—including the Roman Catholic Church—are wrong, that their creeds are an abomination?

Let no one suppose it is a matter of small importance—this Modernist movement—a mere "crackling of thorns under the pot." One, somewhat in sympathy with the movement it must be admitted, declares it to be "in some respects the most important religious movement since the great Reformation of the sixteenth century; for it is not confined to the Roman Catholic Church, but is world-wide in its sweep, influencing more or less all Christian Churches, and in a measure all the great religions of the world. Modernism is, essentially, the spirit of the modern age, and especially the resultant of the many forces which have been working with extraordinary complexity and intricacy during the previous century, and which are rapidly approaching a climax that probably will produce one of the greatest revolutions and reformations of history."<sup>18</sup>

"The battle between Modernism and the Papacy," our author declares, "is raging all over the Christian world." The importance of the conflict may be estimated, in part, from the action of the Pope with reference to it. In September of 1908 there issued from St. Peter's at Rome, the Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius X. "on the doctrine of the Modernist;" a document that makes about one hundred pages of printed matter. Besides reviewing and denouncing the supposed errors of the Modernist, the most drastic ecclesiastic punishments were fulminated by the Vatican

17. "The Programme of Modernism" (A Reply to the Encyclical of Pius, X.), 1908, pp. 3, 4.

18. Professor Charles A. Briggs in *The North American Review*, June, 1909.



against them; and in every diocese a Council of Vigilance was ordered to be established to carry out the repressive measures decided upon. The result of these restrictive measures are enumerated by a writer in the *North American Review* in the following passage:

"The despotic attempts of the Curia to crush it have been vain. Some of the most eminent Catholic scholars have been put under the ban, others have been excommunicated; numbers have been suspended from their priestly functions. Many more have been removed from important positions of usefulness to other less important positions where it was supposed they could do little harm. Great numbers have been simply silenced. What does this all amount to, however, but attempts to smother a flame which still burns fiercely? The attempts to scatter it only increase the number of conflagrations. There are signs that a reaction has already begun. Some of the most distinguished prelates of Italy, France and Germany have rebuked the most offensive spies and detractors of their brethren, whom this sad controversy has brought to the front. Even the Pope is said to have uttered words of caution. The public press of the world is boiling with indignation because of the arrogant dictation, and impertinent interference with their affairs, of Monsignore Benigni, the protege of Cardinal Merry del Val, and his '*Corrispondenza Romana*.' There is profound dissatisfaction with the present situation of the Church all over the Christian world, and on the part of some of the most distinguished Cardinals and prelates."<sup>19</sup>

Even more emphatic than the Modernist movement within the Catholic Church is the voice from the American Colleges condemning all the Churches, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic. *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* within the present year has now published four articles by Harold Bolce on the present trend of University teaching in the United States, and "the revelation," as the author remarks, "has profoundly stirred America." Summed up in the editor's introductory note to Mr. Bolce's article in the July number, the attitude of many University teachers is this: That "while subscribing to doctrines akin to those of 'Christian Science,' 'New Thought,' and the 'Emmanuel Movement,' they are in favor of studying the forces of the spiritual world in a cold, scientific manner. Orthodox Chris-

19. See *The North American Review*, June, 1909; for a more elaborate description of results of the repressive policy of the Vatican, see article by Newman Smith, in *Scribner's*, February 1909. Also "Encyclical Letter" (Part III Remedies). The "Letter" is published in a work entitled "Programme of Modernism" published by the Modernists, G. P. Putman's Sons, 1908.



tian dogma is regarded as at variance with its own principles and is interpreted in a new and revolutionary light."<sup>20</sup>

In the Introductory note to Mr. Bolce's article in the August *Cosmopolitan*, the editor says:

"It has been shown in the series of articles beginning with 'Blasting at the Rock of Ages' that our great universities repudiate the dogma and orthodoxy of the established church, and proclaim a new religion divested of Biblical and church creed. Why do the most profound scholars in our institutions of learning undertake this revolutionary work? What do they hope to accomplish? The answer is here. The schoolmen have placed Christianity in a scholar's crucible. They are determined upon reducing sacred institutions to scientific tests. The college men approach the subject with the greatest reverence. It is false to characterize them as atheists or iconoclasts. They assert that what we need is not less of God but more of God. *They prophecy the introduction into the world of a system of belief superior to the Christianity of the ages.* Their whole attack is against what they define as dissipated mediaeval myths as embodied in the Holy Writ."<sup>21</sup>

"The colleges say that the Church, through its fear of new truth, has at all times been an obstacle to progress," says Mr. Bolce. "Dr. Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell University, says that the church, in its apprehension of the progress of learning, persecuted Roger Bacon, and by so doing, 'did more harm to Christianity and the world than has been done as a result of all the efforts of all the atheists who have ever lived.' Professor Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, Professor Frank Sargent Hoffman, of Union College, and scores of others say that the church is the last to come into the possession of truth; that it often lags behind even in the matter of the progressive conscience of the time; that it has had to recede from its position in every field of science; and that it is still receding and must continue to make way for the progress of truth in spiritual matters. For many professors assert that the church, as revealed by the outcry over the disclosures of what the universities teach, is still engaged in the effort to strangle thought. \* \* \* And as the opposition to truth, as it is claimed, is still the role of religious bodies, *the inescapable duty of unfettered institutions of learning is to give the world a new revelation.* The professors believe that civilization is under the domination of many false doctrines, and that the fact that these are held sacred is no reason why they should be preserved."<sup>22</sup>

20. *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, 1900.

21. *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, August, 1900.

22. *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, August, 1900.





Relative to the methods of the churches in propaganda by means of revival services—methods that have been much reformed since the boyhood days of Joseph Smith—the following passage occurs:

“Professor Boris Sidis, of the Pathological Institute of New York, who recently concluded a series of psychological experiments at Harvard, is ruthlessly arrayed against popular religion as expressed in revivals, and his findings have been endorsed by Professor William James in an introduction to the former’s published report. If there is in American university teachings a more fearless doctrine than the following as put forth by Professor Sidis and countenanced by Harvard’s leading philosopher, I have not yet encountered it: ‘Well may President Jordan of Stanford University exclaim: ‘Whiskey, cocaine and alcohol bring temporary insanity, and so does a revival of religion—one of those religious revivals in which men lose their reason and self-control. This is simply a form of drunkenness no more worthy of respect than the drunkenness that lies in the gutter!’ ‘Professor Jordan,’ comments the Harvard psychologist as a result of his investigations, ‘was too mild in his expression. Religious revivalism is a social bane; it is more dangerous to the life of society than drunkenness. As a sot, man falls below the brute; as a revivalist he sinks lower than the sot.’”<sup>23</sup>

These colleges not only believe the churches are wrong now, but that they have been wrong for centuries. On this point Mr. Bolce remarks: “The present crusade of the colleges is surcharged with the conviction that the churches and church thought are not only behind the times, but that they have throughout the centuries been an obstacle to human advance, and are even now the last barrier keeping man out of his true spiritual kingdom. They say that man has earned the right to know the truth, the truth that will make him free; and that man’s ignorance of his power in a world of spirit, where he could, if he would, be master, with all the harmony, health, happiness, and abundance that that mastery implies, is the secret of the centuries of travail, hatred, wars, and crimes that have cursed the world. This then, is the announced justification of the college arraignment of many cherished institutions. The old indictment, drawn up by irreverent critics against the church is repeated with a new force and a new meaning. It is pointed out that it was religious Jerusalem, not pagan Rome, that clamored for the crucifixion. Motley

23. *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, July, 1909. No arraignment of the methods of the churches proclaimed by Joseph Smith, ever equaled this in severity.



and Draper and other historians have been cited in support of the teachings that the church in many ages murdered more people than it saved. And these victims were burned alive, strangled, or beheaded, not for crimes committed, but in some cases for reading the Scriptures, or looking askance at a graven image, or smiling at an idolatrous procession as it passed. \* \* \*

But the college men are not blind to what the church has accomplished. In this phase of the subject they are peculiarly catholic. But it is taught now in practically all the departments of philosophy in the great universities *that a new revelation is quickening this age*, and that it is not only the right, but the duty of the colleges to stand, if they can, as interpreters of the acceptable year of the Lord. Professor R. M. Wendley, of the University of Michigan, teaches that we have every reason to anticipate great changes in Christianity. The world of thought is in progress of such profound alteration that orthodox belief can scarcely escape the transforming effects of the new idea of God. Hundreds of thousands of young men and young women in America are coming under the influence of the new university philosophy, and instead of being apologetic for the teaching that the God of the colleges is greater than the God of the church, the university philosophers look forward with composure and even elation to the ultimate surrender of what they regard as discredited beliefs.<sup>24</sup>

Joseph Smith's following may be pardoned if they find in this attitude of the Modernists and the American Colleges, confirmation of the truth of the great message with which the career of their Prophet began—The Churches all wrong—their creeds an abomination.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE VISITATION OF THE ANGEL MORONI TO JOSEPH SMITH

There was an interval of more than three years between the first vision of Joseph Smith and a second manifestation in the same kind. Three years! That is a long interval in such matters. Had Joseph Smith been a mere enthusiast, self-deceived, and his vision subjectively induced, would he have waited so long before another manifestation was secured? The length of time between his visions strongly argues for the reality of the first one. Had it not been real he would not have waited three

24. *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, August, 1909.



years for the fulfillment of the promise made by the Divine Personage of his vision, *viz.*, that the fullness of the gospel would at some future time be made known to him.<sup>25</sup>

Those three years were trying ones to the young Prophet. By telling his vision and speaking of the truth God had revealed to him he had thrown down a tremendous challenge to the sectarian world—they were all wrong—their creeds an abomination! Little peace after that for him. Yet what was he to do? He had learned a great truth. There must be a clearing away of creedal rubbish accumulated through mediaeval and modern ages before there could be place for a restoration of the Gospel of the Christ, a re-establishment of His Church. In the interim between this announcement of a world in error and the beginning of the restoration of the gospel, the Prophet must needs suffer. The natural forces involved in the situation made that inevitable. Local sectarian hatred was awakened. Anyone who knows how intensely bitter, bigotted and cruel sectarian hatred can be, will appreciate how unpleasant young Smith's life was made during the passing of those years. That interval of three years carried him from his fifteenth to his eighteenth year—the perilous period of youth. The period that should be guarded by sympathetic teachers, by helpful social environment. Of all this the young Prophet had but little or none save for the sympathetic interest and love of his own family. In a manner he stood isolated in the community. He was a marked youth—the Visionary! Small wonder if he fell into boyish errors, and formed somewhat undesirable associations. This he confesses:

“During this time, as is common to most, or all youths, I fell into many vices and follies; but as my accusers are, and have been forward to accuse me of being guilty of gross and outrageous violation of the peace and good order of the community, I take the occasion to remark that, though as I have said above, ‘as is common to most, or all youths, I fell into many vices and follies,’ I have not, neither can it be sustained, in truth, been guilty of wronging or injuring any man or society of men; and those imperfections to which I allude, and for which I have often had occasion to lament, were a light, and too often, vain mind, exhibiting a foolish and trifling conversation. \* \* \*

25. “Wentworth Letter,” in the “History of the Church,” vol. IV, p. 536 *et seq.*



I do not, nor never have, pretended to be any other than a man 'subject to passion,' and liable, without the assisting grace of the Savior, to deviate from that perfect path in which all men are commanded to walk.'<sup>26</sup>

On another occasion he adds to the foregoing acknowledgment of errors, the following:

"I was guilty of levity, and sometimes associated with jovial company, etc., not consistent with that character which ought to be maintained by one who was called of God as I had been. But this will not seem very strange to any one who recollects my youth, and is acquainted with my native, cheery temperament."<sup>27</sup>

These youthful errors were a source of frequent sorrow to the Prophet. "In consequence of these things," he writes, "I often felt condemned for my weakness and imperfections." In such a mood as this he retired to bed on the evening of the twenty-first of September, 1823. The family were still living in the log house they had first erected on their farm, as the larger frame house, afterwards occupied by them, was not built until 1824-5. This log house had a low garret divided into two apartments, and it was doubtless to one of these apartments that the Prophet retired. He betook himself to prayer and supplication to God for forgiveness of all his sins and follies; and also pleaded for a manifestation that would make known to him his standing before the Lord. There was a heart-yearning to know if the youthful follies had alienated God from him. He felt confident that he would receive a manifestation, but would it be one of reproof and rejection, or one of pardon and further instruction? He was not long left in doubt. For while yet in the act of praying the room gradually began to be filled with light—white, radiant light; in the midst of which appeared a most resplendent personage, whose "countenance was truly like lightning." Naturally emotions of awe and fear at first seized upon the Prophet, but these were soon dispelled. The personage called the young

26. This is from a letter to Oliver Cowdery on learning that Cowdery was about to publish an account of the Rise and Progress of the Church of the Latter-day Saints, and is published in the "*Latter-day Saint's Messenger and Advocate*," vol. I, No. 3, December, 1834. It will also be found in "*The History of the Church*," vol. I, p. 10, note.

27. "*The History of the Church*," vol. I, p. 10.





man before him by name and announced himself an angel, named Moroni, sent from the presence of God with a message to the Prophet; to the effect that God had a work for him to do; that his name would be had for good and evil among all nations, kindred and tongues; that it would be both good and evil spoken of among all people.

At this point in his message the angel told the Prophet that a book was deposited in a hill not far distant, written upon gold plates, giving an abridged history of the former inhabitants of the American continents, and an account of their origin. He also said that the fulness of the Gospel of Christ was contained in this book as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants of America; that with this record were two stones held in silver bows and fastened to a breast-plate, constituting a "Urim and Thummin," or "Interpreters." The possession and use of these stones constituted men "Seers" in ancient times, and God had prepared these for the purpose of translating the before mentioned book. After communicating this information Moroni commenced quoting prophecies from the Old Testament, beginning with the third chapter of Malachi, most likely the first part of the chapter, as that deals with the coming of the messenger to prepare the way for the glorious coming of the Messiah.<sup>28</sup>

He also quoted the fourth chapter of the same prophecy, varying a little, instead of quoting the first verse as it appears, King James' version, he quoted as follows:

*"For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall burn as stubble; for they that come shall burn them, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."*

And the fifth verse thus:

*"Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord."*

He also quoted the next verse differently:

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<sup>28.</sup> Malachi, 3:1-4.



*“And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers; if it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming.”<sup>29</sup>*

Moroni also quoted the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, which opens with the prophecy respecting the future coming of the Messiah to judgment, and follows with the prediction relating to the future gathering together of God's Israel accompanied by a mighty display of divine power. He also quoted the third chapter of Acts, twenty-second and twenty-third verses as they stand in the English New Testament. Moroni said the Prophet there alluded to, whom God would raise up unto Israel, who must be harkened to in all things, was the Christ; but the day had not yet come when they who would not hear his voice should be cut off from the midst of the people; but that day would soon come. He also quoted the second chapter of Joel from the twenty-eighth to the last verse, which deals with the promise of God that he would pour out his spirit upon all flesh, until old men would dream dreams, and young men would see visions; that predicts also the coming of the great and terrible day of the Lord, but promises that whosoever will call upon His name shall be delivered; for in Mount Zion and Jerusalem shall be deliverance. Other scriptures were quoted and many explanations given; but specifically the Prophet has not recorded anything beyond what is here set down. He was commanded that when the ancient American record, or Book of Mormon, would be given to him for translation, he must not show the plates, or the interpreters, or the breast-plate to any persons except those to whom he would be commanded to show them. This under penalty of his own destruction. While conversing upon these matters, the young Prophet's vision was quickened and he beheld the hill in which the Nephite record was deposited, and so distinct was the vision that he easily recognized the place the next day on visiting it.

After making these communications the light in the room seemed to concentrate about the personage of Moroni until the

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29. Compare with Malachi, ch. iv.



room was left dark except immediately around him; and then the Prophet saw what seemed to him a conduit open and the angel ascended from his presence.

While yet musing upon the strangeness of this vision, to Joseph's astonishment the room was again gradually filled with light and the whole vision from first to last, including message and conversation, was repeated; and again the angel withdrew. Withdrew, however, only to make a third visitation and to relate again the things he had formerly said; and to add this important precaution to the Prophet: Joseph would be tempted on account of the indigent circumstances of his father's family to obtain the plates for the purpose of acquiring riches. "This," said the Prophet, "he forbade me; saying that I must have no other object in view in getting the plates but to glorify God; and I must not be influenced by any other motive than that of building his (God's) kingdom. Otherwise I could not get them." At the third withdrawal of the angel, signs of approaching day appeared, so that these visions and interviews had occupied practically all the night.

The physical and mental strain upon the Prophet because of these experiences of that eventful night was doubtless great; and plainly manifested in his appearance the next day. On going to the field with his father and elder brother Alvin for the purpose of harvesting their grain, he found himself so far exhausted as to be unable to proceed with his part of the work. Observing which Alvin, the elder brother, gently spurred him on by saying, "we must not slacken our hands, or we will not be able to complete our task." The father, however, observing the weakness and occasional abstraction of Joseph, and discovering that he was very pale, thought him ill, and insisted upon his going to the house to receive attention from his mother. One thing which was the cause of the Prophet's abstraction was, beyond doubt, the struggle going on in his mind between fear and duty. Moroni in his communications of the night before had commanded him to relate his visions to his father; but the Prophet feared his father might doubt the truth of the story, and hence up to this time had refrained from making the communication. Still remaining silent with reference to his vision, Joseph started for





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home; but in attempting to get over a fence, on leaving the field, his strength entirely failed him, and he fell unconscious to the ground. The first thing of which he was conscious on coming to himself was that he was in the presence of the messenger of the night before, who was standing over him, surrounded with the same effulgent light, and calling him by name. The things of the previous night were repeated, and at their conclusion the angel demanded to know why the Prophet had not followed his instruction to tell his father the vision; and Joseph replied, "I was afraid my father would not believe me." On which Moroni said, "He will believe every word you say to him." Thus strengthened the Prophet sought his father and related his visions, whereupon Joseph Smith, Sen., assured his son that the visions were of God, and enjoined him to obey the messenger absolutely.

Encouraged by this repetition of the vision of the previous night, and strengthened by the assurances of his father that the visitation was of God, he repaired that same day to the hill he had seen in vision, the place where the sacred record was concealed, some two miles distant from the Smith home. The hill is about four miles south of the town of Palmyra, in Wayne county. It stands on the east side of the Canadaigua road, and is the most conspicuous land mark in all that section of New York. In the Book of Mormon the hill is known as Ramah, and Cumorah, referred to more frequently, however, by the latter name. Approaching Cumorah from the north, you are confronted by the bold face of the hill, which rises quite abruptly from the common level of the surrounding country; and as the east and west slopes of the hill, as viewed from the north, are about equal and regular, it looks from a distance as if it might be a huge conical shaped mound. Ascending its steep north side to the summit dispels the illusion, for one finds that he has but climbed the abrupt north end of a ridge of hill having its greatest extent from north to south, and which from its very narrow summit broadens and slopes gently to the southward until it sinks to the level of the common country. The east side of the hill is now ploughed, but the west side is untouched by the husbandman; and about two or three hundred yards from the north end there is on the west side a small, scattering grove of



young trees, with here and there a decaying stump of a large tree to bear witness that the hill was once covered with a heavy growth of timber. Unquestionably Cumorah is the most distinct land mark in all that section of country, the highest hill, and the most commanding in what I should describe as an extensive plain sloping northward, filled with numerous irregular hills, but which in the main have their greatest extent, like Cumorah, from north to south; and which, also like Cumorah, are generally highest at the north end.

Many and varied were the reflections of young Smith as he approached this hill on the occasion of his first visit. Ascending it, and going to the spot where in vision he had seen the ancient record was buried—"On the west side, not far from the top"—he saw the crowning surface of the stone box in which it was deposited. Removing the grass and soil which covered the edges of the stone, and securing a lever and placing it under the edge, with a little exertion he raised it up—there before him was the gold plates, bound together by three rings passing through the back of them, the breastplate, the two transparent stones set in silver bows and fastened to the breast-plate—all as stated by the personage who had revealed their existence to him! The box in which the sacred things were deposited was formed by laying stones together in some kind of cement. In the bottom were laid two stones crosswise of the box, and on these lay the plates and the other things.<sup>30</sup>

Naturally Joseph stretched forth his hands to take out the treasure, when to his surprise he experienced a shock which seemed to paralyze his strength. A second and a third attempt resulted in the same way, save that the repeated shocks, whatever their nature might be, increased in severity, and rendered him hopelessly weak and unable to lay hold of the record. "Why can I not obtain this book," he exclaimed. "Because you have not kept the commandments of the Lord," said a voice near by, and looking up the youth beheld standing by him the messenger of the previous night and of that morning. On the instant the

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30. This statement respecting the two stones laying cross-wise in the bottom of the box is from the Prophet's personal narrative, "History of the Church," vol. 1. p. 16. In Cowdery's "Letters," No. VIII, it is said that the plates rested on "three small pillars composed of the same description of cement used on the edges." The Prophet's narrative is most likely to be accurate, hence is followed in the text.



mind of the young Prophet went back to the conversation of the night before, in which he had been told that he must "have no other object in view in getting the plates but to glorify God, and must not be influenced by any other motive than that of building up His Kingdom"—otherwise he could not get this record.

This instruction the Prophet had not followed. In that walk from his father's home to the hill Cumorah, he had indulged in all sorts of reveries as to the possible results of obtaining this record. A record on gold plates! Wealth beyond all his boyish dreams, sufficient for himself and his family! And with wealth, release from want, both of himself and friends, and in its place ease and comfort, and importance of station in the world! These had been his reflections while en route to Cumorah,<sup>31</sup> until on his arrival there he was obsessed by them so far that all thought of the glory of God, the restoration of a knowledge of the gospel to the world, the gathering of scattered Israel, of which the coming forth of this ancient record was to be the prelude and sign, the founding of the kingdom of God for the salvation of man—all this had been forgotten by the young and inexperienced Prophet, and the desire for a share in the kingdoms of this world—wealth, ease, influence, station, had for the moment possessed him—and there the possibility of it all lay within his reach in that rude stone box, and yet he had not the power to clutch it!

*"Why can I not obtain this book?"*

*"Because you have not kept the commandments of the Lord!"*

31. The warrant for these statements respecting Joseph Smith's first visit to Cumorah, the reflections he indulged while going there, and many of the details of the above narrative is from a published account of those matters by Oliver Cowdery, the Prophet's friend and associate in translating the Book of Mormon; also "the Second Elder" in the Church. Cowdery's account appears in a series of Eight Letters published first in the *Latter-day Saints Messenger and Advocate*, Kirtland, Ohio, 1834-5. Vols. I and II. In an introductory note to the series of letters the author of them says: "That our narrative may be correct, and particularly the introduction, it is proper to inform our patrons, that our brother Joseph Smith, Jun., has offered to assist us. Indeed, there are many items connected with the fore part of this subject that render his labor indispensable. With his labor and with authentic documents now in our possession, we hope to render this a pleasing and agreeable narrative." Joseph Smith's association with Cowdery in the production of these *Letters* make them, as to the facts involved, practically the personal narrative of Joseph Smith. The *Letters* have several times been reproduced in Mormon periodicals, the latest of which is the "Improvement Era." Vol. II, 1899.



That stern pronouncement had a sobering affect. The glory of the kingdoms of this world for Joseph Smith vanished. He stood humbled before his preceptor, for such, surely, Moroni had become. Swift repentance followed; his vision cleared; he was once more *en report* with the spiritual things of God's kingdom; once more the prophetic powers of his soul were awakened—he was again the Prophet! “The heavens were opened and the glory of the Lord shone round about, and rested upon him.” “While thus he stood gazing and admiring, the angel said, ‘Look’! and as he thus spake Joseph beheld the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable train of associates. All this passed before him, and the heavenly messenger said:

“All this is shown, the good and the evil, the holy and impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may know hereafter the two powers and never be influenced or overcome by that wicked one. Behold, whatever entices and leads to good and to do good, is of God, and whatever does not is of that wicked one: it is he that fills the hearts of men with evil, to walk in darkness and blaspheme God; and you may learn from henceforth, that his ways are to destruction, but the way of holiness is peace and rest. You now see why you could not obtain this record; that the commandment was strict, and that if ever these sacred things are obtained they must be [obtained] by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world; they were sealed by the prayer of faith, and because of the knowledge which they contain they are of no worth among the children of men, only for their knowledge. On them is contained the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to his people on this land [America], and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it, and afterwards will the seed of Israel be brought into the fold of their Redeemer by obeying it also.

“Those who kept the commandments of the Lord on this land, through the prayer of faith obtained the promise, that if their descendants should transgress and fall away, a record should be kept and in the last days come to their children. These things are sacred, and must be kept so, for the promise of the Lord concerning them must be fulfilled. No man can obtain them if his heart is impure, because they contain that which is sacred; and besides, should they be entrusted to unholy hands the knowl-





edge could not come to the world, because they cannot be interpreted by the learning of this generation: consequently they would be considered of no worth, only as precious metal. Therefore, remember, that they are to be translated by the gift and power of God. By them will the Lord work a great and a marvelous work: the wisdom of the wise shall become as naught, and the understanding of the prudent shall be hid, and because the power of God shall be displayed those who profess to know the truth but walk in deceit, shall tremble with anger; but with signs and with wonders, with gifts and with healings, with the manifestations of the power of God, and with the Holy Ghost, shall the hearts of the faithful be comforted. You have beheld the power of God manifested and the power of satan: and you see that there is nothing that is desirable in works of darkness; that they cannot bring happiness; that those who are overcome therewith are miserable, while on the other hand the righteous are blessed with a peace in the kingdom of God where joy unspeakable surrounds them. \* \* \*

"I give unto you another sign, and when it comes to pass then know that the Lord is God and that he will fulfill his purposes, and that the knowledge which this record contains will go to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people under the whole heaven. This is the sign: When these things begin to be known, that is, when it is known that the Lord has shown you these things, the workers of iniquity will seek your overthrow; they will circulate falsehoods to destroy your reputation, and also will seek to take your life; but remember this, if you are faithful, and shall hereafter continue to keep the commandments of the Lord, you shall be preserved to bring these things forth; for in due time he will again give you a commandment to come and take them. \* \* \* Your name shall be known among the nations, for the work which the Lord will perform by your hands shall cause the righteous to rejoice and the wicked to rage; with one it shall be had in honor, and with the other in reproach; yet, with these it shall be a terror because of the great and marvelous work which shall follow the coming forth of this fullness of the gospel."<sup>31</sup>

31. *A Remarkable Prophecy*: This prediction that Joseph Smith's name should be "known among the nations," and the effects that his work would produce among all people, together with the earlier prediction in the passage above, that the knowledge which the Book of Mormon contained should "go to every nation and kindred tongue and people under the whole heaven," are remarkable. It should be remembered that this prediction was made to and concerning an obscure farmer's boy, living in a frontier neighborhood, who, from every human view of the matter, stood the last possible chance in the world for having such a career as was here predicted for him; or that the book he was commissioned to translate would become so universally known. Both predictions, however, have been fulfilled. Joseph Smith's mission has been proclaimed in nearly all nations of the earth, and everywhere it has



Before departing from him the angel told Joseph Smith that the record would not then be given to him for translation, neither would it be given to him until four years from that time—until, in fact, the Prophet “had learned to keep the commandments of God—not only till he was willing, but able to do it.”<sup>32</sup> Joseph was also commanded to come to that same place, Cumorah, at the expiration of another year, and so each year following until the time had come for the plates to be delivered to him for translation, Moroni promising to meet him there on these occa-

been followed with both execration and acceptance. By some, both the Prophet and his work have been held in honor, by others held in reproach. On July 24, 1880, a special celebration of the Anniversary of the entrance of the Mormon pioneers into Salt Lake valley was held. It was an especially elaborate celebration that year, because it was the fiftieth year since the organization of the Church (1830-1880)—“the year of Jubilee.” One of the features of the programme carried out in the great tabernacle, was that the different nationalities represented in the Church membership were seated on a platform dressed in their national costumes and carrying their national banner; the venerable Apostle, Orson Pratt, read a brief statement of the time and circumstances under which the Gospel had been introduced into the nations represented. After which the representatives of the nationalities arose and faced the audience; whereupon John Taylor, then President of the Church—and who was with Joseph Smith at his martyrdom at Carthage Prison—arose and said:

“I wish to state to the congregation that the Lord commanded his servants to go forth to all the world to preach the Gospel to every creature. We have not yet been to all the world, but here are *twenty-five nations represented to-day*, and thus far we have fulfilled our mission; and it is for us to continue our labors until all the world shall hear us, that all who are desirous may obey.”

Since then, the Gospel has been introduced into several other countries including the empire of Japan and Finland, Russia. Of course in those nations where the latter-day dispensation of the Gospel has been preached, the name of Joseph Smith and his mission have been proclaimed, and his name and works become known. As for the prediction that the knowledge which the Book of Mormon contained would “go to every nation and kindred and tongue and people under the whole heaven—it would be enough to say that everywhere the latter-day gospel message has been preached the knowledge within the Book of Mormon has been proclaimed as part of that message. But in addition to that the Book itself has been translated into and published in the following languages in the order named: Danish, Welsh, French, German, Italian, Hawaiian, Swedish, Spanish, Maori, Dutch, Samoan, Tahitian and Armenian. It has also been translated, but not yet published, into Hebrew and Hindoostanee; also into Greek and Japanese, in the latter two languages it is expected to issue from the press within the present year. So that the prospect of having the knowledge which the Book of Mormon contains going “to every nation, and kindred and tongue, and people under the whole heaven,” is very promising.

It may be said by the skeptical, however, that no one knew of the existence of this prophecy in the boyhood days of Joseph Smith, except his immediate family and friends; and the predictions may have been put forth after Joseph Smith began to emerge from that obscurity which makes the prediction remarkable. A very natural and well taken objection. But the account of the predictions, with the predictions themselves, were published in the *Latter-day Saints' Messenger and Advocate* for October, 1835; at a time when Joseph Smith had but little notoriety even in his own country; when his message had not been heard of in other countries (save Canada, and even there to a very limited extent); and when the Book of Mormon was published only in the English language and quite generally ridiculed and rejected. Under these circumstances, and going no further back than the date of the predictions appearing in print—1835—they still constitute a remarkable prophecy.

32. “History of the Prophet Joseph,” by Lucy Smith, ch. XIX.



sions to give him further instructions. "Accordingly," says the Prophet, "as I had been commanded, I went at the end of each year, and at each time I found the same messenger there, and received instruction and intelligence from him at each of our interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner His kingdom was to be conducted in the last days."<sup>33</sup>

The Prophet has not given a more extended description of these annual interviews than is here set down; but undoubtedly the knowledge obtained in them was subsequently inter-woven in the development of the doctrine and organization of the Church.

On returning home from his first visit to Cumorah, the Prophet took his family into his confidence, and related the events that had there taken place; but enjoined secrecy upon them in relation to the subject, that they might not unnecessarily bring persecution upon themselves.

The four years that must intervene before the plates would be given into the hands of the young Prophet for translation was an eventful period for the Smith family. About a year after the first visit of Joseph to Cumorah Alvin, the eldest son died. A most estimable character he was; by his death the family lost one of its main supports, and the young Prophet a most constant friend; for of all the family no member of it had more faith in the mission to which Joseph had been called than he had, or more thoroughly believed the reality of those things the young Prophet had seen and heard."<sup>34</sup>

The male members of the Smith family were still under the necessity of occasionally obtaining work outside of cultivating their own farm, in order to sustain themselves and meet the payments on their land. Hence they were sometimes at home and sometimes abroad. About a year after the death of Alvin, in

33. "History of the Church," vol. I, p. 16.

35. "History of the Church," vol. I, p. 17.

34. "Alvin manifested, if such could be the case, greater zeal and anxiety in regard to the Record that had been shown to Joseph, than any of the rest of the regard to the Record [i. e. the Book of Mormon] that had been shown to Joseph, than any of the rest of the family; in consequence of which [after Alvin's death] we could not bear to hear anything said upon the subject. Whenever Joseph spoke of the Record, it would immediately bring Alvin to our minds, with all his zeal, and with all his kindness; and, when we looked to his place, and realized that he was gone from it, to return no more in this life, we all with one accord wept over our irretrievable loss, and we could not be comforted, because he was not." "History of the Prophet Joseph," by Lucy Smith, ch. XX.



October, 1825, to be exact, Joseph engaged to work for an elderly gentleman, Josiah Stoal, of Bainbridge, Chenango county, in the south part of New York state. Bainbridge is located on the west bank of the Susquehanna river, and some forty miles south, or down the river, in the township of Harmony, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, is an extensive cave, artificially formed some said, others that it was of a natural formation. In any event a local legend had it that it was an old mine formerly worked by the Spaniards; and that they had concealed within it much of the treasure they had discovered, and could not take away, and hence had concealed it within the cave.

Mr. Stoal believed this legend and had employed men to explore the cave for the treasure. Having heard of Joseph Smith's gift of seership, he came to the Smith residence to employ him in this undertaking. Joseph hired out to Mr. Stoal and went with him and the rest of his men to Harmony, Pennsylvania, where for something like a month they vainly sought to find the "hidden treasure." At the end of that time, and acting under the advice of Joseph Smith, Mr. Stoal gave up the quest. It is mainly from this circumstance that the reputation of "money digger" was fastened upon the Prophet. Although Mr. Stoal gave up the search for the "Spanish treasure" Joseph continued for sometime in his employment.

While laboring for Mr. Stoal in Harmony, Joseph had been put to board in the family of a Mr. Isaac Hale, somewhat noted, locally, as a hunter; and here he met Emma Hale, daughter of Isaac. Mutual love was the result of their meeting, and finally they were married on the eighteenth of January, 1827, while Joseph was still in the employ of Mr. Stoal.<sup>35</sup>

The report that Joseph Smith had received a revelation had followed him into Pennsylvania, and as he steadfastly adhered to the reality of that revelation, prejudice and persecution followed him more or less into every neighborhood. Owing to these circumstances the Hale family was considerably prejudiced against him and opposed to his marriage with Emma. He was, therefore, under the necessity of taking her elsewhere for the ceremony, and was married at the home of Squire Tarbil, in South Bainbridge, Chenango county, New York. It is usually

35. History of the Church, vol. 1, p. 17.





charged by anti-Mormon writers that Joseph Smith stole his wife, but since she was born on July 10, 1804, and therefore at the time of her marriage was in her twenty-third year, and under the law mistress of her own actions, it is a little difficult to see where the charge of "stealing" or "abduction" can be made to hold good.

Immediately after his marriage, Joseph quit the employ of Mr. Staal and went to his father's home and farmed with him the following season, the summer of 1827. Another consideration which doubtless governed his action in removing to Palmyra was the fact that the time was approaching—the twenty-second of September, 1827—when the plates of the Book of Mormon were to be given into his hands for translation, and he, doubtless, desired to be in the vicinity of Cumorah.

#### NOTE: THE OBJECTIVE REALITY OF JOSEPH SMITH'S VISIONS

Did the visions of Joseph Smith have objective reality, or were they purely subjective, mere creations of the mind? This question has been extensively debated. Of course, from the Mormon point of view, the visions had objective reality. That is to say, the Divine Personages of the first vision were tangible, bodily Persons. One of them, in fact, was the risen Christ, who, when he arose from the dead left a tomb empty; who, to some of his doubting disciples, on appearing to a number of them after his resurrection, said: "handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bone as ye see me have."<sup>36</sup> And who in further attestation of the reality of his bodily existence ate of a fish and honey-comb in the presence of these same disciples.<sup>37</sup> And we have warrant even of the Athenasian Creed that "such as the Father is, such is the Son"; and conversely it follows of necessity that as the Son is, so is the Father! Hence the Father a tangible reality, a personage of flesh and bone as indeed was and is the Christ.

Of Moroni, the angel of the second and subsequent visions, treated in the foregoing chapters, the Prophet himself, in answering the question "how and where did you obtain the Book of Mormon," said: "Moroni \* \* \* being dead and raised again therefrom, appeared unto me and told me where they [the plates containing the record] were, and gave me direction how

36. Luke, xxiv: 39.

37. Ibid, verses 41-43.



to obtain them."<sup>38</sup> So that Moroni was a tangible personage, as much so as the risen Christ.

The gold plates of the Book of Mormon, were also a tangible reality, sensible to touch as to sight. They had length, breadth, thickness, and weight; as testified to by those who afterwards, as we shall see, both saw and handled, and "hefted" them.<sup>39</sup>

Of course holding to the objective reality of the personages of these visions, commits Mormonism to the objective reality of God; and to the belief in the existence of a plurality of divine Intelligences in the universe. This fact has, from the beginning laid the Church open to the charge of "materialism" and "pluralistic" conceptions of the universe. Obviously these questions are too large for discussion in a mere note, and especially at a time when Mormon doctrine, in these pages is, as yet, so inadequately developed. But here I may say, while halting merely to note the fact that these early visions of the Prophet commit the Church to the doctrine of the objective reality of Deity, and to the existence of a plurality of divine Intelligences, I disclaim that the Church believes in or accepts the doctrine of "materialism," as that doctrine is popularly conceived and expounded. And in the doctrine of the existence of a plurality of divine Intelligences in the universe, there is to be a modification also, namely, that while regarding such Intelligences as the grand creating and governing forces of the world, the "absolute" of other faiths and philosophies, so far as the "absolute" can be posited—while regarding such Intelligences as "self acting beings," they nevertheless form a "unity"; the "free harmony," of Professor William James, of Harvard, in contradistinction to the "solid Block" of other Philosophers.<sup>40</sup> The "Many, though indeed One," of Professor Howison (University of California), indeed One," of Professor Howison (University of California). —the "one Nature in manifold persons."<sup>41</sup> David's "Congregation of the Mighty," where God "Judgest Among the Gods."<sup>42</sup>

This much to forestall hasty judgment on the part of the readers of AMERICANA until a more systematic development of Mormon concepts can be unfolded in these chapters.

*(To be continued).*

38. *Elder's Journal*, vol. I, No. 2, Far West, Mo., 1838. Reproduced in "The History of the Church," Vol. III, p. 28.

39. See "Testimony of Eight Witnesses," fly leaf of all current editions of the Book of Mormon.

40. "Conceptions of God," Introduction, 1900, p. xv.

41. *Ibid.* p. 93.

42. Psalms 82.



## SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

BY LEONORA SILL ASHTON

**T**HE knowledge of the treatment which the North American Indians has received at the hands of our race is a burden heavy to be borne; but nowhere is this burden more relieved than in quaint Johnstown, Tyron county, New York, where first of all in the life story of the founder of the town, wake memories of his unfailing honorable dealings with the tribes of New York State.

In Fort Johnson, built by Sir William Johnson in 1743, most of the conferences with the Iroquois were held, when slowly but surely Sir William gained influence over them, quieting their suspicions toward the white man.

Here Sir William was appointed Superintendent of the Indians in that part of the State, and here in 1746 he was invested by the Mohawks with the rank of a chief among them; shortly after which he led them to a council at Albany, he himself dressed in Indian costume.

Here in 1755 the council with the Iroquois was held which resulted in as many as two hundred and fifty of their braves following him to battle with the French, and triumphing with him over that nation at the battle of Lake George.

While frauds were being practiced at Albany on the unfortunate tribes, Sir William, firmly determined, would not claim any authority nor land that was not justly granted to him by his warlike friends.

Among the chief of his kindly acts towards the Indians, must not be forgotten his interest in the savage Joseph Brant (afterwards missionary and interpreter to his people) whom he sent to school, giving him an excellent education for those days, and afterwards employing him as secretary and agent in public affairs.



But the life of this famous colonial character can best be judged as a whole.

Sir William Johnson was born in Ireland in 1715, and was sent to America at the age of twenty-three to take charge of the estates of his uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren.

Sir William's business brought him in contact with the Indians in the Mohawk Valley, whose languages he learned, thus taking the first step in his famed dealings with the race.

He received his baronetcy during the French and Indian war for having defeated Baron Dieskare at Lake George. He fought with Abercrombie at Ticonderoga, and succeeded General Prie-leaux who fell at Fort Niagara.

The King highly esteemed Johnson's services to the English cause, and presented him with a grant of 100,000 acres of land in the New York colony. Here Sir William settled and with his newly-built home "Johnson Hall" as a centre, the village of Johnstown soon formed.

Though most of the public buildings of the town were erected by Sir William, special mention must be made of this home, probably the oldest baronial mansion standing in the United States.

Johnson Hall of the present day is considerably changed from its former aspect by its modern improvements of bay windows, cupola and porch, but the building proper remains the same, haunted with the memories of other years.

I cannot better picture the house than by quoting W. Max Reid's admirable description of it, in his volume, "The Mohawk Valley."

"The present main entrance was formerly the rear of the house, and faces nearly southeast. Entering, I am ushered at once into a broad hall that extends the full depth of the house, at the end of which is a broad stairway with spacious landings that leads to a similar large hall above. To the left of the hall as you enter, is a large room, about eighteen by thirty-eight feet with an ornamental wood cornice extending around the room, the side walls having panelled wainscoting about four feet high. The hall is about fifteen feet wide and thirty-eight feet deep, and to the right are two rooms about eighteen feet





square, whose ceilings are also adorned with handsome wood cornice. Above the space is divided into four rooms and a wide hall to correspond to the hall below. All of these rooms are furnished with panelled wainscoting and shallow windows without weights. One of the rooms in the second story is pointed out as the council room of Sir William. The basement is said to have been used as a stable, but it is now fitted up with kitchen, dining room, etc.

The building is two stories high and built of wood, the clapboards being so arranged as to represent blocks of stone. At present the interior has the appearance of a home of the present day, with its panelled wood, grained to represent oak, and the handsome belongings of a well-to-do family of refined taste. It would take quite a stretch of the imagination to people it again with Mollie Brant and her half caste children, and her brother, Joseph Brant, in full war paint and feathers passing down from the council room above, were it not for defacement of the mahogany banister and rail at every step taken by the chief down the stairs. Whether it was done in anger or not we do not know, but the marks left by the hatchet seem to have been the work of a mischievous boy rather than a savage.

Within these walls made famous by him, and in Fort Johnson, of which we shall speak more later, Sir William lived until his death, a prosperous, powerful citizen of the new world.

We read of him during these years aiding largely in the development of the surrounding country, in fostering stock raising and agriculture. Born and trained in the Church of England, we hear of his "subscribing liberally to the erection of St. George's Episcopal Church at Schenectady," and "obtaining from the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel in the year 1770, the Rev. John Stuart as missionary for Queen Ann's Chapel and vicinity."

An anecdote worthy of notice is that which tells that Sir William Johnson was the first white man to visit Saratoga Springs, being carried there on a litter by the Mohawks in 1767.

Truly did he "fill a large place in the history of the colony of New York between 1740 and the time of his death in 1774."

There are those, however, who remember him only as a loyal-



ist and friend of the savages "who a little later spread terror throughout the Mohawk Valley," but there are those who confound him with Sir John Johnson who, with members of the Butler family were responsible for many of the savage acts of the Indians; and it was Colonel Guy Johnson who alienated the Six Nations from the colonists.

In Frothingham's History of Montgomery County it is set forth:

"Had Sir William lived it is confidently believed he would have espoused the cause of the colonies against the mother country in which event one of the most magnificent estates in the country would have been confirmed to him."

And Reid says again in his "Mohawk Valley":

"Becoming acquainted with his character as it shows forth in his letters, I do not hesitate to say that if he had lived and sided with the colonists his name would have been written on the pages of history side by side with that of George Washington and other heroes of the Revolution."

As it was, Sir William made his presence strongly felt ere yet the storm of Revolution broke over the land. Space will hardly allow for many stories concerning him, but the following from Francis W. Huleag's "Old New York Families," will show the shrewdness which won him success in his various walks of life—the "ingenius and industrious devices" in which his mind seemed to abound.

"Old King Hendrick of the Mohawks was at his home at the time Sir William received two or three rich suits of clothes. The old King a short time after came to Sir William and said 'I dream.' 'Well what did you dream?' 'I dream you gave me one suit of clothes.' 'Well, I suppose you must have it,' and accordingly he gave him one.

Some time after Sir William met Hendricks, who said, 'I dreamed last night.' 'Did you? What did you dream?' 'I dreamed you gave me a tract of land,' describing it. After a pause Hendricks said, 'I suppose you must have it,' and then raising his finger significantly added, 'You must not dream again.'

Last of all of the great acts of his life pertaining to the In-



dians was the negotiation of the treaty of Fort Stanwix, now Rome, Oneida, in 1768.

In preparation for this council twenty large batteaux filled with provisions were carried to the Fort. After Sir William had told the Indians, the King was resolved to terminate the grievances from which they suffered for want of a boundary and that he offered to pay them fairly for their land, they withdrew for several days which they spent in private council. Upon their return they announced they had assented to the plan. On that deed rests the title by purchase from the Indians not only to large parts of New York, but of Kentucky, West Virginia and Pennsylvania. The deed bears date November 5th, 1768, and the actual sum was \$50,600.

Twenty-four years of Sir William's manhood were passed in the Mohawk Valley and for twenty of these years he lived in Fort Johnson, some times called in those days Mount Johnson, about a mile from Amsterdam. It is possible that his wife Catharine Weisenberg whom he purchased for a housekeeper and afterwards married, died here; and over it Mollie Brant, the handsome squaw ruled as mistress, after Sir William in Indian fashion, took her for his wife.

As it now stands only twenty acres of land and the stone mansion are left of the Fort Johnson mile square.

It is said that when the Fort was built in 1743 a grist mill was also erected. A portion of the walls of this mill has of late years been incorporated in the Morris mills in the rear of the Fort.

The building is two-stories high with a lofty attic. A broad hall runs directly through the house with large rooms on either side, all of which as in Johnson Hall are inlaid with panelled wainscoting.

Wide and spacious were the dwelling places of Sir William Johnson, typical of the mind that planned them; and strongly does his personality permeate the town to which he gave birth; not only in the quiet churchyard where one may stand beside the simple white slab bearing his name and before the tablets telling of the honors of his name, but in the whole country side, where once the bright blush of war paint gleamed; where once dusky forms stole forth to hold counsel with their friend.



## OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

IN THE DAY OF BEGINNINGS

BY MAY C. RINGWALT

**I**N this year of centennials when our minds have fallen into the hundred-years-old habit, there are no more delightful old-time days to ramble among than the to-begin-at-the-beginning ones of Washington, our National Capital. True, our imagination has to go a little farther back than the one-hundred-year mile post, but only to start out hand in hand with the century that has brought us so many names of honorable mention.

Intense excitement in the warm, balmy air. The hurrying pattering of feet,—aristocratic white feet in fashionable shoon; happy-go-lucky, piccaninny feet with ten little unhampered toes. A babel of voices. A flutter of handkerchiefs. Cheers. A welcoming outburst of ringing bells. The whole population of a little village town on the streets, swarming the docks, peering down the river at the approaching packet sloops with the stars and stripes afloat at the mast head. It was moving day. The moving day of the young nation of the year 1800.

A tremendous undertaking. All the family archives and all the family officials—swearing under their breath—to be brought from the cozy comfort of Philadelphia and settled in the topsyturvy, unfinished new capital, Washington, D. C.

President Adams had reached Washington several days before and put up at the Union Tavern in Georgetown. But only to inspect the arrival of these picturesque furniture vans. As soon as possible he made eager tracks for his Massachusetts home and was not seen again in that confusion worst confounded until official business necessitated his return in November.

With him, in true helpmately fashion, came his faithful Abigail. Not an altogether comfortable journey for feminine nerves,





for the coach of the President and his wife missed the road after it left Baltimore and got well lost in the woods with none to pilot them out until they fell upon a chance black. Nor was the home coming even to the "President's Palace" particularly cheerful. With forests everywhere, there was great difficulty in getting any one to cut and cart wood, and an insufficiency of fuel prevented them having as many fires as were needed in the big, barny house with not a single apartment finished and the principal stairs not yet up. "To assist us in this great castle and render less attendance necessary bells are wholly wanting," sighed poor Mrs. Adams in the first letter written by the first mistress of the White House. Nor was that the only thorn in the flesh of this thorough-going New England housekeeper. Absolutely no enclosed yard to hang clothes in! Whatever would have happened we leave all Presidents' wives to guess if there had not flashed in Mrs. Abigail's bright mind the inspiration of drying them in the great unfinished audience chamber.

As for the town itself, avenues were chiefly laid out on paper. Houses hastily and poorly built, widely scattered, the spaces between overgrown with scrub oak on high ground and alder trees and shrubbery on low. All roads were unpaved and one night coming home from a party on the outskirts of town a coach wandered, lost among bogs until day light, again and again narrowly escaping a fatal plunge down a ravine. "The Wilderness City," "City of Streets without Houses," were some of the derisive nicknames, "City of Magnificent Distances."

One magnificent distance was the mile stretch from the White House to the Capitol, only one wing of which was then finished, the Pennsylvania Avenue bog. Along this, five days after the opening of Congress on November 17, floundered a coach of state bearing the President to deliver his annual address to the two houses in joint session, many members of which had driven over in hackney coaches from their lodgings in Georgetown, three miles away.

On New Year's day came the first public reception at the White House, held in that second story apartment that afterward became the library. A brilliant affair. Full dress de rigueur of course. The President quite irresistible in his black velvet suit



with knee-breeches and silk stockings, a festive white vest, silver shoe buckles, yellow gloves and beautiful powdered wig. The guests formed a circle,—within stepped the President; conversed with each—there was conversation in those days; then the circle bowed, gracefully retired and gave place to a second, a third, of new arrivals.

Not only at the President's reception were gentlemen bewigged. The mighty heads of Senator and Representative were thus decorously adorned during all sessions at the Capitol. Pennsylvania avenue began to blossom with barber shops, "each a rendezvous for those holding congenial political views,"—excited discussions in the fore part of the shop; in the background, behind the glass doors of the cupboards men waited the wigs freshly dressed and curled to be exchanged for those that had borne the heat and burden of some epoch-making argument. Yet why should the members of the House take such infinite pains? Until 1828, they always sat with their hats on.

Another Congressional custom of the age. In each House, an urn kept filled with snuff by an official especially appointed for that brave purpose. Until steel pens came into general use there was also an official pen-maker to "mend" the goosequills of the members. Lastly, an official sealer to put the red wax badge of authority upon all letters and packages.

On March 4, 1801, Washington saw its first inauguration, but there wasn't enough glitter about it for even the toddling little city to blink its eyes from the shine. Thomas Jefferson being in a Democratic frame of mind, and wishing the world and its grandfather to take notice of the fact.

While Vice President, Jefferson had lived at Conrad's, a boarding-house near the Capitol. On the eventful morning of honor he took his usual place at the long boarding-house table and later, without ado of manner or toilet, walked to the Capitol with a few official friends, and an escort of infantry, his tall, impressive figure, six feet two and a half, making the more conspicuous the simplicity, not to say slovenliness of his attire,—a blue coat, gray waistcoat, green velveteen breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings and the notorious run-down-in-the-heel slippers.

At the portico he was met by Burr, already sworn in as the new



Vice President, while down the steps of the Capitol to meet him came Chief Justice Marshall wearing for the first time his robes of office. An amusing little prank of fate that, for Marshall's appointment was one of President Adams's last-chance swings of authority and looked upon as a special affront to Jefferson. But why jerk smiles from underground wires when the two gentlemen confronting each other were so solemnly dignified!

The oath administered before the crowd without, Jefferson passed into the room which was later occupied by the Supreme Court and delivered his inaugural address;—an honest, earnest effort no doubt, only the eager audience could not hear a word read. President of the United States of America, he walked back to the boarding-house and received the nation's congratulations in an informal-reception way.

It was not until May, on the return from his beautiful country seat, Monticello, that the President took up his residence at the White House and began to put some of his pet democratic theories into practice—often to the consternation of his friends and the amusement of his enemies for the “Jeffersonian simplicity,” not only went to the usual extremes of a reactionary movement, but also exhibited all the delightful inconsistencies of a reformer too honest in his intention to trouble himself about little belying details of action that a mere poser would take careful pains to cut according to pattern. A man of strong convictions, of iron-clad will, nothing daunted his purpose. Indifferent alike to the devil's laughter and the muttering swish of the deep sea, he calmly continued along his self-appointed path between.

A case in point. He had made up his mind that the gold lace etiquette and ceremonial of the Washington and Adams regime must be done away with, and that the homespun I'm-as-good-as-my-neighbor manner was to prevail in the drawing-room of the White House, as well as in the Capitol lobby. So the decree went forth that there would be no more formal levees. But Washington society liked levees, and with mischievous audacity determined to go to the White House on the usual day in the usual best-bib-and-tucker glad rags. Just how much of the conspiracy the President overhead from the excited twitter of little birds cannot be said, but that afternoon he *happened*



to go out earlier than was his custom for his daily recreation of a long canter on his favorite horse, Wild Air. The smile of his uninvited guests had time to become decidedly shopworn before he returned—bespattered with mud, much the worse for wear and tear of his ride. He expressed no surprise at the pleasant “chance” that had brought so many of his friends to the White House on the same afternoon, for had he not announced that he was “accessible to all at any hour?” Affably, graciously, he greeted every one, then apologizing for his appearance and the necessity of being excused on its account, solemnly withdrew to his private apartment. The “levee” was not repeated.

Jefferson was a *bon vivant* in the best sense of that much abused term. He loved good eating and good company gathered round the festive board. He had a French chef in his kitchen, a French steward to buy his provisions, although he often went to market himself, and every day eleven or more guests joined him in that delightful circle of the round table in the White House dining-room at the four o’clock dinner, the feast of reason and flow of soul often lasting late into the night.

Late that is for a gentleman who always retired to his room at nine, and to bed by ten or eleven, for it was still the early-to-bed and early-to-rise age, the President getting up at dawn and reading and writing before even his early breakfast.

In the still rather dreary Executive Mansion, the pride of Jefferson’s heart was his Cabinet, a long room with a long centre table, its many drawers—like a boy’s pockets—filled with all sorts of personal treasures; its walls crowded with maps, charts, globes, books; its window recesses bright with growing flowers and the gilt cage, generally empty, of the tame mocking bird that perched on his shoulder, ate out of his mouth and sang to him by the yard the latest aria of mocking bird operas.

A lover of nature, no mean botanist, the President longed to beautify the White House grounds, but the powers that were failed to make a proper appropriation and he had to content himself by enclosing the open lot by a stone wall and sowing a little grass seed,—the President’s Bear Garden it was laughingly called a little later when Lewis brought back some grizzlies as trophies of western exploration.





President Adams has done his duty by the city of Washington, because he felt it was his duty, but he was a northern man quite out of sympathy with the southern site selected for the National Capital. With Jefferson the case was very different. Hadn't he hobnobbed with President Washington concerning it from the first? True, that ridiculous Frenchman L'Enfant, the architect, who planned the whole, had insisted in cutting into his neat checkerboard desires by running in long avenues at sharp angles and arranging for a lot of nonsensical squares, but the city was a pet hobby still and now he could ride it at a gallop. He threw himself heart and soul into all proposed improvement; hurried the completion of the White House; furthered the work on the Capitol; bettered the condition of Pennsylvania avenue and had it planted with shade trees, dreaming dreams of an American "Unter den Linden."

The street improvements on this notable avenue was at least one Jeffersonian policy approved by everybody, for not only was it a thoroughfare during the six working days of Congress, but now on the Sabbath of rest all the youth and beauty of Washington—not to mention the belles and the gallants from Georgetown—flocked to the Capitol to attend the service given in the House of Representatives, a chaplain of one of the Houses or some distinguished visitor the preacher, the Marine band in the gallery leading, or drowning, the singing.

On March 4, 1809, Jefferson went out of office and James Madison became the new President. This time the inauguration was attended by all the pomp and circumstance befitting so august an occasion. For days before, coaches and four had dashed into town bringing visitors from far and nigh until the gala city was crowded with double its population. At dawn cannon were fired and in the early morning hours crowds began to gather until there were ten thousand people to watch and hurrah as Madison and his military escort made their triumphant way to the Capitol.

After receiving the oath of office, and reading his inaugural address in the Hall of Representatives, the new President reviewed the infantry drawn up to receive him, and was then escorted home by the cavalry. In the afternoon, the President



and his wife kept open house, Mrs. Madison receiving in a simple cambric dress with a long train, and a purple velvet and white satin bonnet with white plumes. Ex-President Jefferson was among the early guests, but a hint having been given him that the people wished to honor him with a farewell call at the White House he retired, and became host at a second impromptu reception at the Executive Mansion.

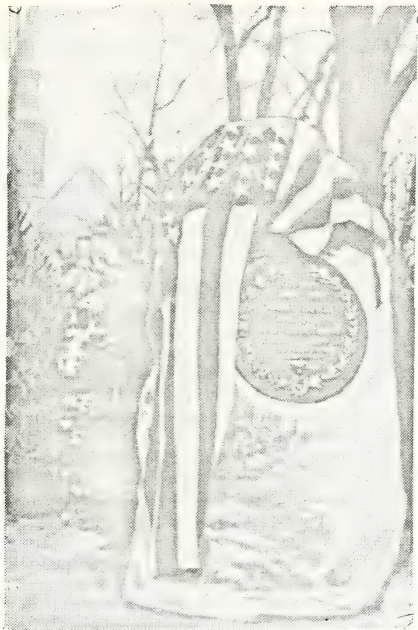
Four hundred were the lucky mortals privileged to take part at the first Inaugural Ball ever given at Washington. Long's Hotel was the place chosen, and so great was the crush that being unable to lower the windows some of the upper panes were broken for necessary ventilation. There, with bated breath and speechless admiration, the elite of Washington society gazed upon sweet Dolly Madison in "a gorgeous robe of buff velvet, in which she looked and moved like a queen, full strings of pearls upon neck and arms, while her head nodded beneath a Paris turban set with bird-of-paradise plumes, a bandana in her pocket and a lace handkerchief for plaything."

But while we may smile at the eccentricity of a past fashion, Mrs. Madison's personality was wholly delightful. With a rare charm and tact, for eight years she acceptably filled the trying position of the first lady of the land,—queen of hearts even when her throne crumbled at her feet. For shortly after Madison's second term of office began, a little accident of State forced the President and his wife to take unceremonious leave of the White House, and when they found it convenient to return to Washington, the Executive Mansion was an ash heap.

"The British had pressed on to the White House, in the hope of capturing the President and his wife, whom, they declared they wished to exhibit in England. Its doors were locked, but they forced them in, and searched the house from attic to cellar. Finding no one, the torch was applied, and the mansion, with its library, furniture, and family stores, was consumed. Only the bare walls were left standing."

The day of beginnings was over—ended in ashes and failure. The day of accomplishment was to follow. A new Washington, beautiful, more and more worthy of the growing nation that it represents, was to spring into noble being from the ruins.





BOULDER ON THE MORRISTOWN GREEN  
Erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution.



## THE "OLD MORRIS" COURT HOUSE AND JAIL

Morristown, New Jersey

BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN

**S**TANDING at the northeasterly corner of the Green, or "Park", as it is most commonly called, in Morristown, New Jersey, is a large, upright, unhewn stone, on the front face of which is fastened a round, artistically ornamented bronze tablet, bearing the inscription:

"1770-1827.  
Here Stood The  
Court House  
And Jail  
In The Time Of The Revolution.  
Marked 1904 By The  
Morristown Chapter D. A. R."

REMOVED.

IN

The exercises in connection with the dedication of the above mentioned marker, which occurred on the 10th of November, 1904, were of a most interesting character, consisting of an address of welcome to visitors and guests by Mrs. F. W. Merrell, Regent of the Morristown Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Lafayette Hall, adjacent to the Washington Headquarters; an address in the First Presbyterian Church by Emory McClintock, LL.D.; an address in the same place by the Honorable John Whitehead, and the unveiling of the stone by Miss Elizabeth Little, a great-great-granddaughter of the Reverend Timothy Johnes, D. D., the first installed pastor of the above mentioned church, whose pastorate extended from the year 1742 to the year of his decease, 1794, a period of 52 years.

As the above mentioned inscription suggests, this boulder,





for such is the geological term for it, marks, approximately, at least, the site of the southwesterly corner of the Morris County, New Jersey, court-house, erected in the year 1770, and used for county purposes until the year 1827, when it was torn down, and the present (1909) brick court-house standing in another part of the town, erected.

Had the building erected in the year 1770, about which there clustered so many rare historic associations of the colonial and revolutionary periods of Morris County, been preserved to the succeeding generations, it would now prove a most vivid and gratifying reminder of those thrillingly eventful epochs; but, alas! it is only a memory, which it is the distinctive object of this article to keep alive in the hearts of all who may read it.

The court-house erected in the year 1770 is now almost invariably spoken of, by natives of Morris County, as The "Old Morris" Court House; hence the peculiar form of the title at the head of this article.

Morris County, New Jersey, as it seems desirable in this connection to say, was formed in the year 1739, with Morristown, previously known as West Hanover and New Hanover, interchangeably, as the county seat.

The county court was soon afterward established; the first session of which there is any extant record having been held on the 25th of March, 1740. The sessions of this early court were, for the most part, as it appears, held in the village tavern of which Jacob Ford, Esq., one of the county judges, was the proprietor. This arrangement seems to have been continued until the erection of a court-house.

It is a circumstance which will doubtless prove of no little interest to readers of this article, that while the Morris County court held its sessions in the village tavern above mentioned, the tavern-license of Judge Jacob Ford was renewed; from which it may be reasonably inferred that if he did not, as a member of that judicial body, personally vote for said renewal, he was almost certainly a deeply interested spectator of the rare proceeding.

According to reliable tradition it was in 1755 that the first Morris County court-house was erected at the county seat. It



is said to have been a small, rude, one-story building, constructed of logs. This primitive "hall of justice" is supposed to have stood near the center of what is now (1909) the Morristown Green, which land then belonged to the Presbyterian church, whose plain original house of worship (meeting-house, it was called) stood a little to the southward of the present fine stone edifice of the same religious organization. The land above mentioned was known as "the meeting-house land", and is so designated in the extant records of the church, and of its board of trustees.

Among the prisoners confined in the primitive Morris County jail (a portion of the court-house being used as a jail), as is gleaned from the New York Mercury of December 20, 1762, was one John Smith; the following excerpt from this newspaper will inform us what became of the prisoner:

"On the 25th of November last broke out of Morris County goal, in New Jersey, a prisoner named John Smith, an Irishman, tall, slender, and thin visaged, much pock marked, about 35 years of age, with brown hair; Had on, a brown jacket, a check shirt, and linen trowsers. Whoever shall take up the said Smith, and bring him to me, or my goaler, in Morris Town, shall have five pounds reward, and all reasonable charges, paid by

Samuel Tuthill, Sheriff."

This rude court-house and jail answered the county's purposes until the year 1770, when a new building, the one constituting the subject of this article, was erected.

The "Old Morris" Court House, the one erected in 1770, was a one-story frame structure, whose length and depth were about 45 and 35 feet, respectively. The roof and four sides were shingled. A portion of the building was used as a jail.

The land on which this second court-house was erected was purchased of the Presbyterian church, of West Hanover, now Morristown. The following citations from the records of the board of trustees of the above mentioned church, will be found to be of rare interest; they are given verbatim:

"May 17, 1770, the trustees being Duely Called and met at the county hous (the log structure erected in the year 1755) and agreed to Convey a Part of the meating hous Land to the



freeholders of the County of Morris for the Benefit of the Court hous."

"June 7, 1770, the trustees met & Gave a Deed for one acre of Land on which the Court hous (the structure erected in 1755) standeth to three majestrets and the Freeholders of the County of morris."

The price paid by the county of Morris for the acre of land, "strict measure", on which the court-house was erected, as is learned from the same records, was "five pounds"; and it was stipulated that if the court-house and jail should be removed to another place the land should revert to the trustees of the Presbyterian church.

Among the apartments in The "Old Morris" Court House was one known as the debtors' room, where persons unable for any reason to meet their pecuniary obligations were confined, with a view, of course, to assisting the delinquents to pay their debts. In the debtors' room was a large, old-fashioned open fire-place. Across the spacious opening of the chimney, and about half way up its sooty sides, iron bars had been placed, as a means of preventing the escape of prisoners.

One Uriah Brown was among the debtors confined in this room during the first years of its history. In some way, one or more of the iron bars in the huge chimney had become loosened. Whether Brown had a hand in the work of loosening them it is impossible now to speak with certainty; but that he availed himself of the insecure condition of his compulsory quarters is a matter of reliable tradition, as the following episode will show:

Brown, having one night effected his escape, returned early next morning to the court-house, evidently preferring his comfortable quarters in the debtors' room to being arrested for jail-breaking, and being subjected to additional punishment. Awakened by Brown's lusty rapping on the door of his sleeping room, situated in the county building, the deputy sheriff hastily jumped from his bed and ran to the door, only to find one of his prisoners seeking admission to the debtors' room; to which he was promptly taken.

Night after night Brown made his escape, and morning after morning returned and delivered himself up to the deputy. It



was at first thought by the county officials that it was by the use of the deputy's keys, in some unknown way procured, that Brown had effected his nightly escapes; but this theory was soon abandoned. Brown's nocturnal escapes continuing, the officials at length concluded that their prisoner was devil-possessed; and they resolved to chain him. The fear of this humiliating punishment forced from Brown a confession of the mode of his mysterious escapes, which was by way of the chimney and low roof of the one-story court-house. The loosened bars, it may be needless to say, were securely fastened, and Brown served out his term of confinement in the debtors' room.

It was during the year 1770 that the Baptists held services in the court-room of the "Old Morris" Court House, while their church edifice was being built nearby.

On the 19th of August, 1773, one of the most remarkable legal trials in the annals of Morris county was begun in the one-story court-house on the Morristown Green. The facts, briefly stated, are as follows: In the early part of 1773, large quantities of counterfeit money, in the form of well-executed bills of credit and coin, were discovered to be in circulation in the New Jersey Province. Suspicion was at length fastened upon one Samuel Ford, Jr., residing a few miles outside of Morristown, on the road leading toward what is now Florham Park, as the one chiefly responsible for the appearance of this counterfeit money. He was arrested and confined in the county jail. On the night of his arrest, or early on the morning of the following day, Ford made his escape from the jail. It was the common opinion at the time that he was assisted in his escape by not only the under-sheriff (as the deputy-sheriff was then called) but by the sheriff himself. Certain it is, that one of these officials, the under-sheriff, was subsequently brought to an account for the slick escape of the prisoner under his charge; but the matter seems to have been hushed up, for the sake, presumptively, of those higher up in county affairs.

With the connivance, almost certainly, of the sheriff of Morris county, Ford soon left the state, and was never brought to justice.

In July, 1773, several others were arrested as supposed accom-





plices of Ford in the counterfeiting operations; their names were: Benjamin Cooper, of Hibernia, Dr. Bern Budd, of Morristown, Samuel Haynes, and one Ayers, the latter of Sussex County, and David Reynolds. They were also placed in the county jail at Morristown.

Before the preliminary trial of these suspects two of them, (Budd and Cooper), made a written confession of their complicity with Ford in the counterfeiting operations. Budd's confession seems, however, to have been suppressed, evidently for the purpose of shielding prominent county officials; and it was not used in the trial.

At the trial of Budd, Cooper, Haynes and Reynolds, begun on the 19th of August, 1773, the court room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many of the spectators of this extraordinary trial were in some way related to the prisoners whose lives were in the balances. Each prisoner, in turn, by the advice of his counsel, pleaded "guilty" to the indictment which had been found against him; and the entire quartette were promptly sentenced to be hung on the 17th of the following month.

It is a most singular fact, that the father of Cooper was one of the judges of the court that passed sentence upon this quartette of counterfeiters. There were few dry eyes, so it is said, when these convicted prisoners received their sentence, which seems to have been read to them in the "meeting house," or Presbyterian church, a few rods to the eastward of the court-house.

Before the day set for the executions, an order was received from Governor Franklin to remand Budd and Cooper and Haynes to the Morris County jail.

They were allowed, after a time to go free.

Reynolds, who seems to have been the least guilty of the four, if, indeed, he was at all implicated in the counterfeiting operations, was executed on the day fixed by the court. The scaffold on which the execution took place was erected in the rear of the court-house, near the present Soldiers' Monument. To the last moment, Reynolds protested his innocence of complicity with Ford. He seems to have been made the scapegoat of the really guilty quartette, and was evidently selected because he had "no friends at court."



A fellow-Irishman, upon whose testimony (purchased, for a price?) Reynolds was convicted, is said to have shed bitter tears of regret over the fact that he had sent a fellow-countryman to the gallows.

Commencing with the 27th of June, 1774, a series of meetings of the freeholders and inhabitants of Morris County was held in the one-story court-house on the Green at the county seat. The general objects of these meetings were to enter an earnest protest against the tyrannous policy of the mother country toward her American colonies, and to devise ways and means for the prosecution of the anticipated struggle with Great Britain for the maintenance of their chartered rights and liberties.

Of the initial meeting of the awakened patriots of Morris County, Judge Jacob Ford (then a colonel of the state militia), was the chairman. Able resolutions, breathing the spirit of freedom, and of determination to achieve independence for the oppressed colonists, at any cost, were unanimously adopted. A committee, to meet in the proposed Provincial Congress, was also appointed; this committee was composed of Judge Jacob Ford, William Winds, Esq., Abraham Ogden, William DeHart, Esq., Samuel Tuthill, Jonathan Stiles, John Carle and Samuel Ogden. Ford, DeHart, Tuthill and Stiles were residents of the county seat; the other members of the committee represented different portions of the county.

The personnel of this committee deserves at least a passing notice.

Judge Jacob Ford, at the period under consideration, was the leading citizen of the county seat, and perhaps of the county. He was extensively engaged in the manufacture of iron; and was, for the times, a man of large means. Although well advanced in years, he had thrown himself into the cause of freedom with the ardor of young manhood, and was doubtless one of the chief factors in crystalizing the public sentiment of the county which resulted in the resolutions adopted at the initial meeting in the county court-house on the 27th of June, 1774.

William DeHart was a rising Morristown lawyer, but recently admitted as a counsellor-at-law.



Samuel Tuthill had been educated for the medical profession, and had, for a time, practiced in Morristown; he had been sheriff of the county, and one of the judges of its court.

Jonathan Stiles had also been sheriff of Morris County, and one of the judges of its court.

William Winds, Esq., was a resident of Rockaway township, and had for many years been a Justice of the Peace, and a very prominent citizen. In his point-blank refusal to make use of the stamped paper for legal documents, furnished by the mother country, a few years previously, he had given an exhibition of the great strength of character for which he was noted. In the place of the stamped legal paper Squire Winds made use of pieces of white birch bark, for legal documents issued by him as a Justice of the Peace; and such was his commanding influence throughout the county, that no officer of the law ever declined to serve them.

Samuel Ogden was also a colonel in the state militia, and a man of prominence in county affairs; and Abraham Ogden was no less prominent.

On the 9th of January, 1775, a second meeting of the freeholders and inhabitants of Morris County was held in Morristown. Of this meeting William Winds, Esq., was appointed chairman. Included in the important business transacted at this meeting was the voluntary dissolution of the county Committee of Correspondence, chosen at the initial meeting, and the reappointment, with two exceptions, of the same men on the new committee. The two new names added were those of Jacob Drake and Peter Dickerson.

Dickerson, at the breaking out of the Revolution, was the owner and proprietor of one of the village taverns, the one subsequently kept for a time by Robert Norris; upon his return from the war, Dickerson resumed the proprietorship of the tavern. Peter Dickerson was one of the most ardent patriots of Morris County, and was, therefore, one of the bold spirits around whom the residents of the county rallied at the opening and during the progress of the Revolution.

It was at the meeting of January 9, 1775, that James Livingston, a printer and publisher of New York, was declared to be



an enemy of his country, because of the issue by him of certain pamphlets which encouraged submission to the tyranny of the mother country. It was, therefore, resolved that the inhabitants of the county discontinue their patronage of Rivington's publications, and that others be discouraged by them from bestowing such patronage. Indignation against Rivington ran so high that, at a subsequent meeting in the old court-house, some of his pamphlets were summarily consigned to the flames before its door, while the assembled throng gave their unstinted approval to the proceeding.

In connection with a later meeting, one of Rivington's obnoxious pamphlets was publicly given a coat of tar and feathers, and afterward nailed to the pillory on the Green. One of the bolder spectators openly expressed the wish that the author himself be treated to a similar coating.

At a meeting held on the 1st of May, 1775, in Morristown, Colonel Jacob Ford, Sr. (he had a son, Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr.) was the chairman, and William DeHart, Esq., the secretary. In consequence of the process of sifting which for some months had been going on, this meeting may be said to have been composed of the cream of the county. The business transacted was of the most important character. For example:

Nine county delegates were chosen, with power to devise ways and means of preparation for the struggle already begun with the mother country. William Winds, Esq., William DeHart, Esq., Silas Condict, Peter Dickerson, Jacob Drake, Ellis Cooke, Jonathan Stiles, David Thompson and Abraham Kitchell were the delegates chosen.

Silas Condict was a civil engineer and surveyor, and was also engaged in agricultural pursuits at the outbreak of the Revolution. At one time, in compliance with the wishes of several young men, he taught an evening school, and in dealing with a few of the pupils who were disposed to be disorderly, he gave a fine exhibition of the sturdiness of character which in the pending struggle served the state so effectively. He was a member of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian church, of Morristown, of which he was president and secretary at different periods. He also served on several important parish committees.





Twice he had been appointed judge of the county court; he was, therefore, one of the indispensable patriots of the county of Morris.

Of other members of this committee only words of commendation can be spoken; and Morris County has abundant reason to congratulate itself that in the great struggle which culminated in national independence it had so many men of marked ability and ardent patriotism to guide it successfully through the seven years war.

The delegates chosen at the meeting of May 1st, 1775, were to meet with the Provincial Congress to be held at Trenton on the 23rd of the same month. They were vested with power to legislate in said congress for the county of Morris. They were also authorized to recruit men, to raise money and furnish arms for the defense of the county and state.

The thorough manner in which they performed their duties prove them to have been worthy contemporaries of Adams and Hancock and Warren, of Boston, where the revolt against British tyranny originated.

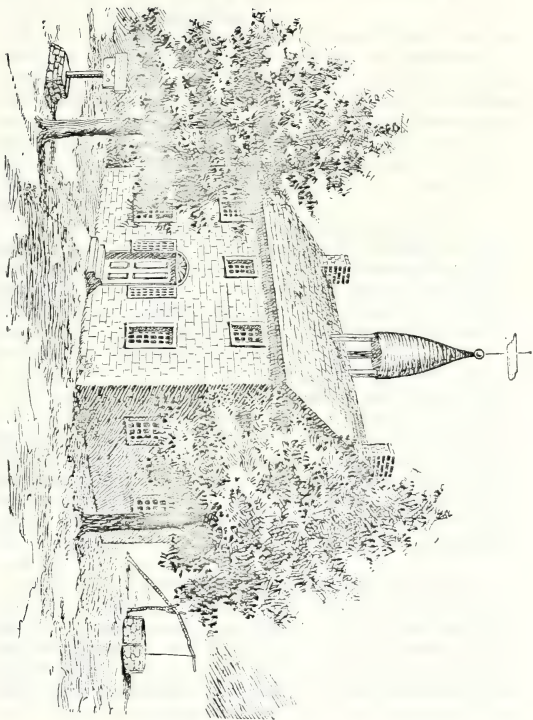
In the year 1776, the needs of the county had so far increased, owing, chiefly, to the Revolution then in progress, as to require the enlargement of the court-house; hence the one-story structure was raised, and a second floor thus added to it. A rude cupola was constructed on its roof, and in a small tower of the same a bell was hung, to be used for court purposes. This bell is now in use on the school building at New Vernon, some four miles to the southwestward of Morristown.

As is learned from an extant letter of Honorable Silas Condict, of the year 1777, the jail in the old court-house at Morristown, was well filled with prisoners of various kinds—Tories, British spies, captured British soldiers, and persons awaiting civil and criminal trial.

Among the Tories of Morris County was "The Honorable Peter Kemble, Esq." Since his removal to the county in 1760, he had been a man of great prominence in the New Jersey Province. He lived on the road leading from Morristown toward Basking Ridge, and about four miles to the southward of the Green. His landed property, of which he was the owner of



THE "OLD MORRIS" COURTHOUSE





several hundred acres, extended, on the northward, to within about a mile of the county seat. Mr. Kemble's residence occupied a portion of the present extensive lawn of the McAlpin estate; the house standing a little farther back from the main road than the McAlpin house.

In 1777, while Washington was in Morris County with his decimated army, Mr. Kemble, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, was arrested, and brought before the Council of Safety, then sitting at the county seat. He was charged with aiding the enemy by the circulation of General Howe's Proclamation, which offered free pardon to all "rebels" who should lay down their arms; and complete protection of person and property to those who should take the oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain.

For some reason Mr. Kemble was soon discharged from custody by the Council of Safety; presumably because his eldest son, Richard, became responsible for his good conduct in the future. Richard Kemble was technically, at least, an adherent of the cause of freedom, having taken the oath of allegiance; this enabled him to hold the great family estate, and made of him an acceptable bondsman for his aged father.

The Reverend Isaac Brown was among the prisoners confined in the Morris County jail during the period now passing under review. Since 1747 he had been the rector of the Trinity Protestant Episcopal church, of Newark. Upon the breaking out of the Revolution Mr. Brown continued his allegiance to the king, and publicly declared his allegiance. This led to his arrest and confinement in the old jail on the Morristown Green. Upon his release from his brief confinement, he removed to New York, and from thence to Nova Scotia, where a few years subsequently he died.

During the Revolution, a man, suspected of being a spy, was arrested in Rockaway. After a preliminary trial at that place, he was sent under a mounted guard (the guard was the son of the Justice before whom the suspected spy had been tried at Rockaway), to the county jail, where he was confined awaiting final trial. The account of the journey from Rockaway to the county seat is very interesting, and brings out, in a conspicuous



manner, the alertness and patriotism of the youthful guard, a lad of about sixteen years of age; who, despite the prisoner's repeated attempts to walk beside the lad, was peremptorily commanded to walk well in front, under the muzzle of the guard's loaded musket. Once in the old jail, the suspected spy was secure, and the lad returned in triumph to his father.

From an army map made under the supervision of Washington in 1777, there seems to have been a small building a few yards to the eastward of the court-house; the two buildings appear to have been connected in some way, perhaps by a covered passage. This small building may have been used as an additional jail, or as a guard-house for the jail-guard, composed of a detail of state militia.

In August, 1777, soon after the departure of Washington and his army, the Council of Safety held an important meeting in Morristown. Five members of the Council, including Governor Livingstone, were present. The doorkeeper was Colonel John Martin. Acting upon orders from this body, Colonel John Munson proceeded with a suitable detail of soldiers to the upper part of the state with instructions to arrest and bring to Morristown, three men who were suspected of being engaged in recruiting for the British army; these men were: John Troop, Peter Saunders and James Moody. Moody escaped to Nova Scotia, where he remained. He boasted, before his escape, that he had recruited 100 men for the King's army. Troop and Saunders were brought to Morristown and confined in the old jail on the Green. It was ascertained after trial that Troop was a lieutenant in the British army; and he was sent under guard to Washington in the lower part of the state, for further examination, and for sentence. Saunders was given the choice of enlisting in the American army or navy, or standing trial of the charge of having aided the enemy by recruiting men for the British army. Nine days' confinement in jail resulted in the decision on his part to enlist in the American navy, and he was, therefore, taken to Philadelphia under guard, where he entered the naval service.

The Tory recruits captured with Troop and Saunders, and who had also been brought to Morristown and confined in the old





jail there during the trials of their recruiting officers, were marched under a strong guard of state militia to Trenton, and thence to Burlington.

The condition of the Morris County jail during 1777, may be learned from the following petition, addressed "To His Excellency William Livingston, Esqr. and the Honbl the Council of Safety of the State of New Jersey":

" . . . And your Petitioners further humbly shew that their Sufferings in the Goal of Morris have been exceedingly grievous Sometimes upwards of 50 have been confined with them in one Room not exceeding 18 Feet Square frequently Water was not to be had from the Failure of the Public Pump often very often they have been obliged to fast 48 hours & not been able to procure for Money Provisions to subsist upon; & finally unless by the charity of some Familys in the Neighborhood they must have Starved to Death.

"And your Petitioners further shew unto your Excellency & the Honble Council of Safety that altho they now draw Provisions (and) and are for the present well supplied with Water & the Numbers confined in the same Goal Room with them is reduced to Eleven, yet from the Difficulty of getting their provisions dressed from the Stench & Filth of the Goal the unhealthy State of the Air of the Town of Morris, the Prevalence of the Bloody Flux and Camp Fever in & about the Court House your Petitioners are in great Danger of their Lives.

" . . . & until such Trial can be had that your Excellency & Honors in order to lessen their Sufferings & render their Imprisonment Supportable, would be pleased to remand them back to the Goal of Essex County, where their respective Families may extend to them such Relief as their long Confinement in this Goal has rendered absolutely necessary for their future existence.

"And your Petitioner George Watts particularly prays that his great Sufferings may be taken into Consideration his Irons to be removed from his Hands & his future Imprisonment be rendered tolerable."

It was probably after this petition of the prisoners confined in the Morris County jail that the sheriff received instructions



"to clean the jail without delay"; provision being made for the expense thereof.

It was probably during the same sitting of the Council of Safety at the county seat of Morris, that, learning of a case of small pox in the jail, they ordered his removal to the hospital, which was either the Presbyterian or Baptist church, a few rods distant.

One of the important cases tried in the Morris County court, in 1777, was that of Alexander Worth, who was charged with "coming out of and going into the enemy's lines without the license required by law." He was captured at Woodbridge, and was taken before the Council of Safety at Trenton. Careful examination of the prisoner disclosed the fact that he was a Tory soldier of the British army, found within the American lines. He was sent under guard to Morristown, where he was tried on suspicion of being a spy. He was found guilty, and was given the choice of being burnt in the hand, or enlisting in the Continental army to fight against the king.

"Death is preferable to fighting against the king", was Worth's truly heroic reply. He was, therefore, branded in the hand. The painful operation was performed by Sheriff Carmichael. The prisoner's hand was securely fastened to a block of wood expressly prepared for the purpose, and the hot iron was then applied by the county official. Worth soon afterward returned to Staten Island.

In the months of September and October, 1777, eleven prisoners were sent to Morristown from Trenton for confinement in the county jail. Among these were James Iliff and John Mee.

By order of the Council of Safety one hundred cases were tried by the Court of Oyer and Terminer for Morris County, for offences committed outside of the county. These trials lasted about three weeks; and as a result, 35 were sentenced to death, and thirty were offered pardon on condition that they would enlist in the American army.

During the confinement of the sentenced men, orders were given the officer in command of the jail guard that the wives who might so desire, be admitted to the jail to take farewell of their husbands. One devoted wife who visited the jail, polished her



husband's knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, and shined his shoes; she also washed his linen and his white trousers and brushed his coat and hat, that he might present a good appearance on the scaffold.

On the morning fixed for the execution of the sentenced men, the officer in charge of the jail-guard came to the jail and offered pardon to all who would agree to enlist in the Continental army; following is the language of the officer:

"With two exceptions (those of Iliff and Mee) I offer you all a reprieve from the gallows if you will enlist in the American army for the remainder of the war. As fast as you say you will enlist you will be conducted under guard to the upper room of the jail, to remain there until your proper officer comes to enroll you and have you sworn".

One by one, after a little hesitation, the entire batch of condemned prisoners said:

"I will enlist"; and they were all placed under guard in the upper room of the jail.

The father of one of the reprieved men—he was a Tory Dutchman from Bergen County—came up to the jail, and the son, catching sight of him, put his head out of the window, and said:

"How you do, fader?"

"What you doing up dere, my poy?" was the father's interrogative.

"I'm reprieved", replied the son.

"How's dat?" asked the surprised father.

"I had the offer if I would 'list for the war I would be reprieved, and I 'listed", promptly replied the son.

"What! 'listed with the rebels! I would rather haf followed you to the grafe, my poy", was the old Dutchman's sturdy response.

"Take care, you old rebel", sang out one of the jail guard, as he levelled his musket at the father, "or we will hang you up where your son was to go".

Upon this the Dutchman beat a hasty retreat from the Green, much to the amusement of those who had witnessed the scene.

On the 2nd of December, 1777, Iliff and Mee were hung on the



Morristown Green, on a scaffold erected not far from the site of the present Soldiers' Monument.

Before their execution the sentenced men were visited by Sheriff Carmichael, who exhorted them to make a confession of their crime; to which they replied:

"We are guilty of no crime, save loyalty to the King of Great Britain; hence we have no confession to make".

During 1778, between the months of May and August, several meetings of the Council of Safety were held at Morristown. From the minutes of this body the following citation is given:

"Agreed that the Gaol Guard at Morristown be increased with 12 additional men & that Col Hathaway be ordered to detach so many men from his Regt for that purpose".

Some of the more responsible Tories confined in the Morris County jail at the period under consideration, were released from custody on condition that they would remain within a mile of the court-house, and return to jail when wanted by the authorities. Other prisoners from Bergen County were permitted, in compliance with their petition to the county court, to reside in Morristown on parole; not, however, until they had given bonds that they would remain within one mile from the county jail.

In response to their petition to the court, three prisoners from Essex County were permitted to go to their own county jail, on condition that they should bear the expense.

Several prisoners escaped from the old jail on the Morristown Green; three in the month of December, 1778, who were advertised by the sheriff.

That large sums of money, and other valuables, were buried in Morris County, New Jersey, by Tories and others, preceding and during the Revolution, was once the common belief among the people of that county, is matter of reliable tradition. Schooley's Mountain, situated about 20 miles to the westward of the county seat, was the locality where these treasures were supposed, for the most part, to be buried. It was also the prevailing belief of the people of the county that these buried treasures were zealously guarded by spirits. How to avail themselves of communication with these guardian spirits, and persuade them to yield up their possession of the buried treasures,





was the absorbing thought of those interested in their recovery.

Two residents of Morris County, while visiting Smith's Cove, in New York state, in 1788, formed the acquaintance of one Ransford Rogers, a school teacher from Connecticut. These men were in search of a man who could locate and recover the buried treasures in their home county; and as Rogers claimed, by reason of his knowledge of chemistry and kindred sciences, to be able to render this valuable service, he was engaged to accompany the two Jerseymen to Morris County, where Rogers was to be installed as teacher of one of the district schools. The school over which this expert "chymist" was duly installed was on the road leading from Morristown to Mendham, about three miles to the westward of the former place.

In compliance with the importunities of the increasing number of treasure seekers, for a "circle" of these persons had been formed, Rogers, with the aid of an accomplice imported for the purpose from New England, began a series of exhibitions of his occult skill. It should be mentioned that each member of the "circle" was required to pay into the treasury, of which Rogers was the sole guardian, a stipulated sum of money, in coin, as a pretended contribution to the spirits. After a series of exhibitions of his occult skill, accompanied by explosions, hideous noises, etc., and after about \$1,500 had been paid into the "circle" treasury, it began to dawn upon the minds of some of the less credulous of the treasure seekers that they were being duped; and as a result, Rogers was soon afterward arrested and placed in the old jail on the Morristown Green. Rogers' earnest protestations of innocence seem to have procured his release from confinement, on bail. Once free, he attempted to surreptitiously leave the state, but was re-arrested, and again placed in the county jail.

While in jail the second time, Rogers made a confession, which is supposed to have implicated, by name, some of the leading residents of the county seat, including members of the First Presbyterian church, of Morristown.

Soon after making his confession, Rogers effected his escape from jail, and was never afterward seen by the members of the "circle".



## THE GENESIS OF THE FOURTH ESTATE IN PHILADELPHIA

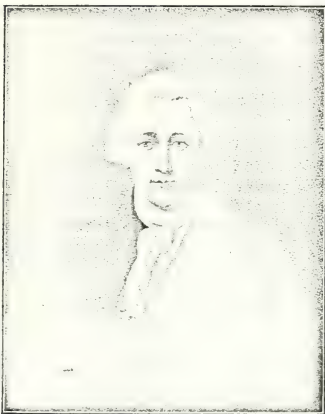
BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE

“IT’S more or less a newspaper tradition to make fun of old Philadelphia,” once remarked the late Charles Emory Smith, “but it takes no deep research in the realm of simple fact to discover that she has usually played a first-rate part in everything which interested her,—from human liberty to scrapple.”

The observant journalist spoke truly, nor could he have pointed his words in any way more keenly than by reference to the splendid pioneer labors of the city of his adoption in that especial field of man’s endeavors in which he himself worked so capably. Today’s members of “The Fourth Estate” well may realize that the Quaker City, (for all the constant jokes now passed at her expense) played a very considerable part in the genesis of newspaper making. Boston, which even in the early eighteenth century days was beginning to stand forth as the Athens of America, did indeed, on this side of the Atlantic, begin the work on the journalistic idea, but her “Publick Occurrences, Foreign and Domestic,” first issued by Benjamin Harris on September 25th, 1690, was smothered by the courts the very day of its initial issue, so that her only real competition with Philadelphia for fame in this regard rests with her “Newsletter,” which first appeared in the April of 1704, printed and edited by that canny Scot, John Campbell, publisher, postmaster and Justice of the Peace. Its single foolscap sheet, seven scant inches by ten and a half, and printed on both sides, led the way to all others here, continuing to offer its weekly budget of news even down to the year of the Declaration of Independence.

So far as Philadelphia is concerned (and the paper in question, following these two of Boston’s, was the third to appear





ANDREW BRADFORD

He was the son of the more famous William Bradford who played a prominent part in the earlier days of journalism in Philadelphia and whose *Mercury* was the third paper in the country, the first south of the New England colonies.



in the British provinces as well as the first in the Middle Colonies) the count begins with Andrew Bradford's "American Weekly Mercury," which, in 1719, began to issue from the old London Coffee House, on Second street near Market. That was three days before Christmas, and the date is fitly held important in the long and brilliant history of American journalism.

Between 1704 and 1775, that is, during the life of "The Newsletter," the infant colonies saw seventy-eight journals of one kind or the other issued,—not a few of them destined to careers which make those of Keats and Shelley and Byron seem long-lived, but not a few others ably laying the foundations for the newspaperdom of today. The same year that saw the birth of Bradford's "Mercury" (1719) saw the first issue of the Boston "Gazette," and two years later, from the same city, came "The New England Courant." Its first publisher, James Franklin, was forced to suppress the sheet in 1723, but the part which it played in the journalism of those early days was almost at once to be filled by a second "Gazette," which, in 1725, began its appearance in New York, put out by William Bradford, first and greatest of the name, then just driven from Philadelphia by the short-sighted persecutions of his quondam Quaker patrons. Boston, Philadelphia and New York were now in line with papers, which, if not daily issue, yet fulfilled, for all practical purposes, quite the same ends which their successors were so broadly to multiply. The other colonies promptly followed their lead. In 1728 Annapolis, Maryland, issued its first paper. Four years later South Carolina and Rhode Island followed suit. Another four years and Williamsburg, Virginia, took up the work; in '55 came North Carolina, and in '64 the yet flourishing "Courant" from Connecticut's Hartford.

The same twelvemonth which now saw the journalistic beginning in Maryland witnessed, in Philadelphia, Keimer's adventure with his "Universale Instructor in All the Arts and Sciences and The Philadelphia Gazette," mainly notable to the student of today in that it played forefather to Franklin's far more famous "Pennsylvania Gazette." The last named, which bought out the "Instructor" in 1729, springing up into a vigorous (if not to be long-continued) life under the hand of the





still young man who, only a few years before, had marched up Market street munching his loaf of bread, a printer's apprentice run away from Boston, did a mighty work for America's Fourth Estate. It came down in its original quaint form to 1821 when it was merged, on the fourth of August, with "The Bee," the combined sheets then taking on the name of "The Saturday Evening Post," which from that day to this has lived a life of much influence and more entertainment. Rufus Griswold was but one of its well-known editors; G. P. R. James but one of the many all-but-immortal men who have contributed to its pages.

Ben Franklin is again to be recalled with honor when one considers the chronicles here of papers printed in foreign tongues, for in 1832 he inaugurated his "Die Philadelphische Zeitung," practically a rewriting of his "Gazette" by Louis Timothee, afterwards the first librarian of Philadelphia's first library. This paper was never a success, albeit a forerunner of the thousands which are now published for the benefit of the foreigner within our gates, but it was soon followed (August 20, 1739) by a weekly sheet which was as prosperous as its title was unpronounceable to the average colonist: "Der Hoch Deutch Pennsylvanisch Geshichtschreiber."

Pennsylvania in general and Philadelphia in particular may also recall three other papers which, at about that same time came into the field. In 1742 Andrew Bradford, son of The Father-of-American-Printing William, began his "Pennsylvania Journal," which was to continue to appear under that name for three generations, and then, as the "True American", to come down into the nineteenth century itself. Between 1767 and '73 was issued William Goddard's "Pennsylvania Chronicle," and from '75 to '82 Benjamin Towne sold on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings his "Pennsylvania Evening Post."

The genuine honor of publishing the first daily paper to appear in the Colonies also belongs to Philadelphia, when, in 1771, John Dunlap instituted "The Pennsylvania Packet or General Advertiser." For thirteen years this sheet enjoyed a prosperous career, and then (1784) became "The American Daily Advertiser," edited and published by D. C. Claypoole, still later



being taken over by one Poulson, the word "American" being dropped, and finally being merged into "The North American," which still plays so prominent a part in Pennsylvania newspaperdom. When the nineteenth century came in it shared with half a dozen others, practically the entirety of journalistic influence in the new country. In its own home city there stood shoulder to shoulder with it that somewhat spiteful but unquestionably clever little "Aurora," and the "National Gazette," then edited by Philip Freneau. Over in New York were "The Evening Post," and "The Minerva" of Noah Webster, the lexicographer. Boston had its "Columbian Sentinel," and Washington was putting out "The National Intelligencer." Perhaps one should rank with these two other papers which appeared in the earliest years of the eighteenth century: the Boston "Recorder" and "The National Gazette and Literary Register," which Robert Walsh issued from Philadelphia for fifteen years following the first day of November, 1820. The latter, when its founder left it, was taken over by the great daily which today is known as Philadelphia's "Inquirer."

A century has seen the Fourth Estate safely founded on this side of the Atlantic, nor had those same years witnessed, across in the mother country, a like work any more thoroughly accomplished. "Lloyd's List" had arrived in 1726, having the field to itself for thirty-three years before the appearance of "The Public Ledger." Then had come, one close following the other, London's "Chronicle," her "Herald," and her "Post," with, on the first day of 1788, the initial issue of that mighty "Thunderer,"—"The Times."

That the growth in America should have been as rapid as it was, is the more to be wondered at in view of a statement made from the bench in 1797 by Chief Justice McKean of Pennsylvania, then sitting in a libel case brought against one of Philadelphia's papers. Journalistic manners must have been pretty bad in those days, judging from his words, for he said: "Every one who has in him the sentiments either of a Christian or a gentleman cannot but be highly offended at the envenomed scurrility that has raged in the pamphlets and newspapers printed in Philadelphia for several years past." Billingsgate had be-



come the synonym for satire; the principal contest was who could call the other the worst names and "most excel in lies."

The Colonial journalists however, learned their lesson, and the growth of their prosperity kept step with the growth of their influence. The year before the immortal Continental Congress, assembled in the old State House in Philadelphia, gave birth to the country's declaration of its rights, there were thirty-nine papers published in the United States, with a weekly circulation of about five thousand copies. A century later, when Philadelphia was preparing to celebrate the Centennial of the nation's liberties, there were published here 6,793 papers of all sorts, 924 being of daily issue, the total annual circulation approximating 2,000,000,000. When the last century opened fifteen dailies and 190 weeklies were being printed in "The States." Ten years later Pennsylvania alone could make boast of seventy-three papers, the nine which came out morning by morning showing a combined daily circulation of something more than 15,000 copies; this was exactly a third of the total number of daily sheets then printed in the country. In 1830, with a population of 23,500,000 the American dailies had grown to fifty, printing 64,000,000 impressions a year. Another half century (1880) and the fifty had grown to 968, while, in 1890, dailies and weeklies taken together, the count had mounted to 16,948. Today this same joint total is nearly 19,000, the daily papers of themselves climbing close to 2,800,—which means, each week-day morning an issue of well over 19,500,000 copies; a paper for every five people—men, women and children—within our far-reaching borders.

In considering the progress of American newspaper publishing, there is tendency to lay stress only on the wonderful improvements in mechanical facilities. There is a proper ground for more than mere interest in this, and yet it was but natural that the great demand for papers should bring about the perfecting of the machinery for producing them. The really important thing suggested by any such look backwards is the development among the people themselves of the desire for reading,—a desire which the press has admirably succeeded in making commensurate with the enormous growth of the population.



## AMERICAN FREEDOM'S FIRST TEST

BY L. E. SWARTZ

"Huzza, my Jo Bunkers! No taxes we'll pay!  
Here's a pardon for Wheeler, Shays, Parsons and Day;  
Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old cause,  
Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws,  
Constitutions and oaths, Sir, we mind not a rush,  
Such trifles must yield to us lads of the bush."

To the student of the evolution of the American form of republican government, there is vital interest in the consideration of that bitter class struggle which is lightly treated by most historians of its period under the title of "Shays' Rebellion."

This vital interest is due not to any of the military features of that unfortunate insurrection; but rather to the wild play of human passions involved, passions which are very much in evidence today, and which will continue to be in evidence just as long as society is fundamentally divided into those who have and would keep, and those who have not, and would take.

The American patriots' long struggle against British dominion had been terminated by the treaty of 1783, which merely proclaimed the fact that by force of arms and by dint of indomitable perseverance the colonists had achieved a governmental freedom in accord with the mental independence they had long asserted.

The war with England past, it devolved upon the people of the new-born states to demonstrate their ability for self-government. It has been carefully elaborated by many historians that the chief bond hitherto uniting the colonies, that of common opposition to a common oppressor, was withdrawn with the signing of the treaty of peace; and that the former jealous bickerings of the rival colonies were resumed with increased rancor by the fledgeling states.

While a knowledge of this unfriendly rivalry among the states





is doubtless necessary to a correct comprehension of the beginnings of our nation, still more necessary is a knowledge of the dissensions among the various classes of society, for in these class dissensions lay far greater menace to the perpetuity of the new form of government.

Though there was little reason in this class war, there was much cause for it. The condition of the common people was most deplorable at the close of the Revolutionary war. Freedom had indeed been purchased at a great price, and not all of this price had been paid in conflict, suffering and bloodshed. The eight-years' war had been terribly expensive in a financial way, and much of this expense had been deferred, and must now be met, which meant tax, tax, and still more tax.

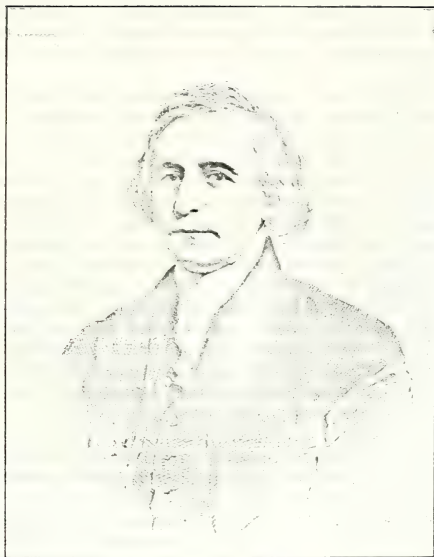
In addition to this crushing public burden, there was the greater one of private indebtedness. Burdensome though this became during the war, in connection with the crippling of productive industry, it was greatly augmented in the years immediately following. America was free, the political equal of any country on earth, and as merchants of an independent nation our importers were allowed much more liberal lines of credit in Europe than they had formerly enjoyed.

The immediate effect of this undue expansion of credit was manifest in extraordinary heavy importations of manufactured articles of use and luxury, largely the latter. But paying-time came, as it always does, and these bills must perforce be paid in specie, which therefore constantly became scarcer. The farmers, in debt to the merchants, found the debt-paying value of their produce ever diminishing.

If exports had equalled imports, all might have been well. But while imports had so largely increased, exports had fallen off, hence the balance of trade was hopelessly against us. New England's whale fisheries produced but a small fraction of their former output of oil and whale-bone; the frontier fur-trade was seriously crippled; and Virginia's tobacco plantations would require years of tillage to restore their full productiveness.

Kind Mother Nature still bountifully furnished the creature comforts to the tiller of the soil; but alas, for the would-be tiller whose farm was sold for delinquent taxes, and who must himself





PHILIP FRENEAU

His virulent articles directed against the first administration of Washington, in the *National Gazette* of Philadelphia, eventually landed him in jail.



languish in jail for the non-payment of other debts! Even the most fortunate of the farmers, with their granaries filled to overflowing with ripened grain, had little or no money wherewith to pay that eternal tax. Local trade was carried on by barter. Great loss was caused by the rapid depreciation of paper money, issued to relieve a situation which it only served to render more desperate.

The feeling became general that commerce was chiefly, if not wholly to blame for this intolerable condition of affairs, since, as we have seen, it was plainly the means of draining the country of its specie. The people therefore demanded that commerce be made to bear the entire burden of taxation if possible. If it could carry the load, well and good; if crushed beneath it, also well and good; the country would then be well rid of its greatest danger.

The general government, under the Articles of Confederation a sickly thing of which a feeble Congress was well-nigh the only manifestation of life, could pay its debts only by apportioning them among the various states, subject to their willingness to pay! But the states had troubles of their own: heavy debts, slowly-collected taxes, and internal disorders of the wildest kind.

In the state of Massachusetts these internal disorders reached their climax in the armed insurrection known as Shays' Rebellion. It was directed specifically against the courts, which had come to be regarded by the common people as engines of oppression, rather than as dispensers of justice. These courts ordered the tax-sales which rendered homeless thousands of industrious families, and then sent the unfortunate heads of these evicted families to jail for non-payment of debt. In short, if a man was in trouble of any kind, some court was always in readiness to put the finishing touch to his calamities. But their wickedness being so clear, the logical remedy for all the ills of society was equally clear—suppress these meddlesome courts, and with them the whole pestilent brood of lawyers.

In nascent revolutions there are often many words before there is any action. As though enough could not be said in private, a great mass-meeting gathered at Hatfield, Mass., on August 22, 1786, to talk about the troubles of the people. As indicative of the extent of the feeling of discontent among the people of the



different portions of the state, it is interesting to note in passing that this mass-meeting was attended by citizens from more than fifty towns. Among the diversity of opinions thus seethingly collected there was unanimity on only one point, viz., the imperative necessity for an immediate change of some kind. As one participant tersely expressed the common mind: "You ask our principal grievances? In the name of God, sir, there are grievances enough, *and they are all principal ones!*"

The mass-meeting, or convention, finally drew up a list of seventeen of these principal grievances, not omitting to mention the burdensome taxes of various kinds, the high salaries paid to public officials, the cost and frequent injustice of the courts, and the recent assumption by the state of Massachusetts of the enormous burden of £1,500,000 of the national debt. Special mention was made of the wealth and insolence of the lawyers, whose prosperity was but the measure of public adversity, their riches blood-money, the price of others' woes!

Talk is cheap, but such talk is sometimes the near preliminary to desperate action. One week later, August 29, 1786, the Court of Common Pleas at Northampton was closed by an armed mob. This was speedily followed by similar action at Worcester, Concord, and Great Barrington. In none of these instances were there any serious encounters, there being but feeble and half-hearted opposition to the mobs; in some cases the judges not waiting for more than the gentle hint that it would be well to adjourn, and that at once!

So far only the lower courts had been attacked. In September the Supreme Court would sit in Springfield, and would beyond a doubt bring indictments against the chief offenders in the recent disorders: the Supreme Court being the indicting body according to Massachusetts practice at that time. How prevent these threatened indictments? Easily answered. Suppress the Supreme Court. But that intrepid Governor, James Bowdoin, sent word to all and sundry that the Supreme Court would not be suppressed, and as evidence of good faith ordered all the available militia to Springfield. Unawed by this display of force, the hitherto scattered bands of insurgents quickly concentrated, greatly outnumbering the militia.





At this stage of the insurrection its leadership fell by natural selection upon Daniel Shays, a former captain in the Revolutionary war. The record of his services in that war is not very satisfactory either to his detractors or to his apologists, but each find in it some incidents they deem worthy of mention.

Daniel Shays entered the patriot army as an ensign, or sub-lieutenant, at the age of twenty-eight; after a year's service he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and in 1779 was granted a captain's commission, dated back to 1777. It is asserted by his critics that this commission was not granted him in recognition of any soldierly merit, but that Shays having been detailed on recruiting service while a lieutenant, raised a full company which would be sworn into the service only on condition that Shays should be captain. Rather than lose the prospective company, the superior officers reluctantly promised Shays the coveted promotion, and when the recruits were safely mustered in, kept the promise at their leisure.

It is also recounted of Shays that when General LaFayette presented a beautiful and expensive sword to each American officer with whom he had been associated, Shays' sense of manly honor and soldierly pride was so small that he sold the priceless trophy for a few paltry dollars. Even if this story be true, there may yet have been extenuating circumstances. It would, indeed, be possible to conceive conditions which would make the sacrifice of the souvenir highly creditable to him. But, however, these things may be, the common people knew that Shays was one of them, and his military experience made him their logical leader.

That there was no shock of conflict at Springfield in September of 1786, was doubtless due to the fact that Governor Bowdoin had called a special session of the General Court, or State Legislature, to meet in Boston, September 27, to consider means of conciliation; pending the outcome of this session there was a mutual desire to avoid bloodshed if possible. The Supreme Court adjourned after two or three sittings, without bringing any indictments against the rioters.

All eyes were now upon the Legislatures, which of a certainty had no lack of business. Bills of Grievances, some of them longer and more specific than that adopted by the now-cele-



brated Hatfield Convention, were showered upon it from all sides, to say nothing of the open flood-gates of oratory within the Legislature itself. Viewed in perspective, the wonder is not that this special session accomplished so little, but the rather that it was able to do anything at all amid all this din and clamor.

Three ameliorative laws were passed: one authorized the payment of arrear taxes in specific articles in lieu of specie; another declared real or personal property to be legal tender in settlement of all actions at law, establishing equitable provisions for appraisal; the third reduced the cost of court processes by a strict limitation of fees. Besides this definite action, the Legislature issued an address to the people, urging obedience to the law, and cheerily predicting the coming of better times. Having thus gone to the very limit of concession, as many of its members thought, the Legislature adjourned on November 18.

Five days later a huge popular convention met at Worcester, and indignantly spurned the proffered olive branch. The Legislature was bitterly denounced as being composed chiefly of men of wealth, who had no knowledge of the sufferings of the poor, nor sympathy with their sorrows. It had met in Boston, under the baleful influence of the wicked lawyers and grasping merchants of that haughty city, and how could it have been expected to give relief to the people? Having again recited their miseries, the people concluded their resolutions with a paragraph deprecating an appeal to arms, and then rushed with hastily-gathered weapons to prevent the sitting of the Worcester court, about to be re-attempted.

The court-house was soon in possession of the mob, and when the judge, escorted by the sheriff, approached the steps, he found his further progress barred by a triple row of bayonets. Upon the order of the judge to clear a way for his passage, the sheriff, Colonel Greenleaf, attempted a display of his eloquence, of which he was not a little proud, exhorting the menacing mob to disperse, and no longer continue the vain attempt to impede the progress of justice.

A waggish insurgent rudely interrupted this flow of oratory by informing the speaker that one of the chief causes of their



discontent was the sheriff himself, and that next to his obnoxious person they objected to his exorbitant fees.

"In that case," retorted the Colonel, "you can all have your wrongs redressed without delay, for I will gladly hang you all, with no fees whatever."

Despite this brilliant sally the triple line of bayonets held firm, and the court was not opened. In the hurly-burly one of the mob slyly decorated the sheriff's hat with a pine sprig, "the ever-green badge of rebellion," and it nodded gaily as the sheriff pompously escorted the judge back to his lodgings, amid the taunting cheers and derisive jeers of the multitude.

About this time the insurgently-inclined of Middlesex County began congregating in anticipation of the opening of the Cambridge court. But the Middlesex sheriff was no orator. With the aid of a *posse comitatus* he rudely arrested three of the leaders of the mob, Page, Parker and Shattuck, the last-named only after fierce personal resistance, and haled all three to Boston jail. The Cambridge court opened on schedule time.

At Worcester, Daniel Shays, with a thousand followers, was still master of the local situation. Though his army was a motley aggregation of malcontents, it was not lacking in soldiers of Revolutionary training. Some of these had served under Baron Steuben, and these gave their comrades instruction in the tactics of war.

A feeling of good-cheer pervaded the camp, but the ardor was cooled by the rigors of an unprecedentedly severe winter, which set in very early. Many of the insurgents could not find shelter in houses or barns, hence rude huts of fence-rails were thrown together to afford some protection from the biting cold.

Early in December came the sad news of the arrest of their co-agitators of Middlesex County, and many of Shays' followers wished to rush to their relief. A great cry of "On to Boston" was raised, met quickly by the counter-cry of "On to Springfield" from those who wished to accomplish the double purpose of preventing the sitting of the Supreme Court at that place, and of seizing the arsenal for their more complete equipment. Besides these proposals, there were many more of varying degrees of unreason, voicing forth the mental condition of the individuals



composing the mob, impatient for action, befogged as to purpose.

These dissensions among his followers, and his knowledge of the hardships they were enduring, seem to have disheartened Shays, for at this time he expressed his regret that the insurrection had ever been started, and his willingness to give up the struggle, upon assurances of general amnesty. As no such assurances were forthcoming, he gave ear to the general clamor, out of which "On to Springfield" finally sounded most clearly. So to Springfield they went, arriving in time to prevent the sitting of the court, which would otherwise have occurred the last week of December.

In the meantime, the state authorities were far from idle. Having at last become convinced that the legislative concessions would not avail for conciliation, the Governor issued a call for 4,400 volunteer militia to rendezvous at Boston, Worcester, and Springfield. Equipment funds the state had none, but sufficient was quickly raised by private contributions from wealthy Bostonians.

At the head of the hastily-recruited army the Governor placed the well-known veteran, General Benjamin Lincoln. Under his leadership the Boston contingent started for Worcester January 17, and after having effected a junction with the militia which had gathered there, the combined forces took up the march to Springfield over the same roads traversed a month before by the rebel rabble.

Lincoln's immediate purpose was to join his forces with those of the state at Springfield, which were under the command of General William Shepard, a veteran of twenty-two battles of the Revolution, and who had in his youth served in the war against the French. This doughty warrior, with a thousand men, had no thought of surrendering the arsenal, even if attacked before the coming of reinforcements.

The insurgents, receiving notice of the coming of Lincoln, well knew that further delay would surely render hopeless their already desperate cause; so just before dusk of January 25 they approached the arsenal in battle array, halted at a distance of 350 yards, and sent in a peremptory demand for its surrender. General Shepard refused even to consider such a proposal, and re-





turned a defiant message to the effect that approach nearer than a certain prescribed distance would surely result in bloodshed. This warning was treated as an idle threat, and with cries of derision the assailants rushed forward.

Despite his firmness the defending general was averse to the sacrifice of life, and as a more emphatic warning he fired two cannon balls overhead. Still the insurgents came on, and the next shot was aimed lower. As the smoke cleared away it was seen that four of the attacking force lay prone upon the frozen earth, three of them never more to rise. With wild cries of "Murder! Murder!" the rebels broke and fled, panic-stricken by the first carnage of a conflict they had themselves invoked. Shays was not so badly shocked at the repulse; he had been in the battle of Bunker Hill, the battles of Saratoga, and at the storming of stony Point, and the horrors of war were no novelty to him. Whatever his detractors have said as to certain alleged phases of his character, none have impugned his courage in battle. But though assisted by other veteran warriors in his efforts to rally his forces, those efforts were all in vain, the insurgents continued their precipitate flight, and the climax of the insurrection was past.

Had General Shepard chosen to order an immediate pursuit, it seems more than likely that Shays' army would have been captured or utterly destroyed: but he seems to have been restrained by feelings of humanity from pursuing and slaughtering a beaten and retreating foe. Doubtless, too, there was much sympathy felt by his soldiers for their opponents, and whether or not he shared this sympathy, he realized the impolicy of ordering his men to chase and capture or kill their fleeing neighbors.

The shattered insurgent army stopped for a breathing-spell at Ludlow, after a ten-mile rout. The next day, at Chicopee, it was discovered that two hundred had deserted, and yet there was talk of a return to Springfield and another attack on the arsenal!

But on January 27, General Lincoln drew near, with four regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery, and a troop of cavalry. It would have been sheer madness for Shays to have joined issue of battle against such overwhelming odds. So through South Hadley and Amherst he led the remnant of his army, followed closely by Lincoln. The insurgents at last found temporary rest



in Shays' home town of Pelham, where they occupied an impregnable position on two hills, whose bases were so surrounded with great snowdrifts that the progress of an attacking army would be greatly impeded, giving every advantage to the defenders.

Between Shays and Lincoln letters passed and repassed for several days, the former offering to disband his army on terms of amnesty which the latter had no authority to grant. Shays also sent a petition to the Governor praying a cessation of hostilities while the grievances of the people could be investigated, and such changes made in the laws as would ensure justice to all. He evidently had small hope of leniency, for while conferring with Lincoln, and awaiting the Governor's reply, he was planning to abandon his strong post on Pelham hills, and to attempt to place himself and followers beyond the authority of Massachusetts by passing its northern borders.

On February 3 some envoys from the insurgents were in conferring with Lincoln, when at 2 P. M. the latter was informed that Shays was leaving Pelham. For some time but scant attention was paid to this report, as the movement was supposed to be merely a massing of his forces on one of the hills. But at 6 P. M. it was ascertained that Shays' army had actually left, and at 8 P. M. Lincoln took up the chase. The weather was exceptionally mild, the men were fresh after several days' rest, and everything augured a speedy and successful pursuit.

But at two o'clock in the morning, as Lincoln's troops were passing through New Salem, a fierce storm broke with icy blast from the north. Still the pursuers pressed on, though their road lay through a bleak and desolate country, affording no protection from the piercing gale. Daybreak found them still on the way, many with frozen extremities, and all on the verge of utter exhaustion.

It was nine o'clock, Sunday morning, February 4, 1787, when the vanguard of the militia overtook Shays' army at Petersham, after a thirteen-hours' march over thirty miles of snowy and wind-swept roads. The insurgents' march had been much less difficult, because accomplished before the change of weather. They rested several hours, and were busy at breakfast, with no thoughts of immediate danger, as the terrible storm seemed to preclude pursuit.



As the state troops came into sight, the surprise of the insurgents was so complete, and their consternation so overwhelming, that they thought of nothing but immediate flight. Had they taken advantage of the exhausted condition of their pursuers, and of the fact that the latter were strung out along five miles of road, they might easily have beaten the militia in detail; the fact remains that they made no such attempt, but fled in wild precipitation. At South Athol, two miles from Petersham, one hundred and fifty of them were captured, and the insurrection was practically at an end, as the remnants of Shays' army were never able to effect a formidable organization thereafter, though desultory warfare continued for many months.

After the restoration of peace, many of the leading participants in the uprising were brought to trial, and several were sentenced to death. None, however, were executed: and to appease the popular clamor, all were eventually pardoned; Shays himself on June 13, 1788. This unsuccessful leader of the trouble-crazed people did not choose to spend his declining years in the state whose authority he had defied, but lived at Sparta, Livingston County, New York, until 1825, drawing a small pension from the United States for his services in the Revolutionary War.

However much to be regretted were the causes leading up to the miniature civil war whose course we have followed, and however deeply our sympathies may be stirred by a recital of the sorrows of the people, we must still rejoice in the triumph of the state over the faction. Had the insurrection become a revolution, and its leaders seated in places of power, there would in all likelihood have followed one counter-revolution after another, each succeeding war making things worse instead of better.

Though the insurrection must have seemed a complete and dismal failure to its participants, it was not without powerful and far-reaching influence upon the history of the entire United States. The wise statesmen of that period saw in Shays' Rebellion not a product of conditions peculiar to Massachusetts, but a climacteric outburst of feelings common to the people of all the states.



## AMERICANA.

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## EDITORIAL

As this, the third issue of AMERICANA, goes to press, breezes like those of autumn are stirring the trees and making one think of fire and furs. But with the capriciousness of our climate, we are quite likely to be waving fans again before settling down to a steady coolness, and the cer-

A WORD TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS. tainty of a capacity to labor with real American enthusiasm. We want to extend our thanks to those of our contributors who, even in the more southerly states where summer is almost trop-

ical, have not relaxed in their efforts to help us on the magazine, and have continued to turn out most excellent "copy", as this and succeeding numbers will demonstrate. Most of these are trained writers, who need no advice of any kind. It is to others, younger, or at least, younger in literature that we offer a few suggestions. The first is, that writing a letter asking if a certain story, not yet written, will suit our magazine, is generally, a waste of energy. We have several times replied, always saying that we cannot tell what may or may not be attractive, until we have it before us for examination. Who would make purchases of goods from any description of the merchant, unless the circumstances were exceptional, and there had been long previous dealing between him and the purchaser? An editor can never afford to decline the offer of a good article; but he cannot, on the other hand, afford to bargain for that which he has never seen. Also, he is inclined to be rather wary of enter-





ing upon unnecessary correspondence. It is generally the case that a contributor, however busy, is less occupied than the editor of any magazine. And although the said editor may be completely captivated by the style of his correspondent, and desirous to extend by all means the chance of intercourse, it must happen that personal letters lie in the background until an answer is no longer in order; they are almost sure to be crowded out if they happen to arrive at a strenuous hour. So, we must ask our good-natured contributors if they will spare us the ungracious task of brusque replies, or of neglect of their questions as to what may or may not suit AMERICANA. The general tone of the magazine can be now pretty accurately gauged, from the three past numbers. It is our intention, as we have declared, to make no great departure from the tone of the HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, which has preceded AMERICANA, except in broadening out and adding new features, entirely in harmony with the original views. We have received some very encouraging criticisms, and we hope that we may be enabled to go on making progress until the world in general which knows us will have no reason to regret the time spent in reading our magazine. We propose to furnish every month at least *one* and perhaps more of those things that the reading population cannot and dare not do without. Our contributors, new and old, are gratefully thanked, and we trust that the relations between AMERICANA and themselves may always be agreeable.

A phrase in our leading article of this month referring to the recognition of Congress to Washington, runs thus: "Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining." In

his day and generation Washington was the perfect model of a Man. Perplexed, baffled, mis-  
 OUR OBLIGATION TO OUR ANCESTORS. erable, nearly all the time of his public life; he was never defeated, and never without that deep conviction of the *worth while* of effort and self-sacrifice that put him continually above the weariness and discouragement of the day's work, and kept his mind fixed upon the great end to which his en-



tire energy was devoted. It is inconceivable that this end was the mere gaining of the War of Independence; the freeing of the American colonies from the oppression of British rule. It was something far deeper and broader; something that has inspired every great effort whether individual or national, since the beginning of human life, and the sole thing that can elevate any labor above a sordid character. The Father of his country must have looked forward to a happy, enlightened and high-minded posterity; a people who were to be worthy of the immense sacrifices made by that generation of men who fought that we might have peace, who starved that we might live in a land of plenty, and who traversed with bleeding feet, the snow covered paths along the old Indian trail, from northern New York, up to the battle field of Bennington, so that we, the favored descendants, might walk there freely and proudly, owners of the most beautiful spot of earth on our continent.

The men who builded the nation were not mechanical workers, battling for the sake of a stubborn pride, nor for greed nor selfishness; they were upheld through their hard trials by the one divine instinct in human nature—aspiration for their children. They believed profoundly in the eternal spiritual truths; in the immortality of the soul, that is, all that is fine and high in human nature, and that lifts us above the animal. Narrow and bigoted in many ways, oblivious to the purely intellectual though they were, they were permeated through and through with a conviction that life is worth the living because it is to go on, an endless progress, with its accumulation of good in one generation, as the basis of what may be added by those to come. Not for self, but for successors, was their creed. And they strove that they might transmit not merely a goodly heritage of material things, but one of moral things; high ideals, noble ambitions, capacity for spiritual culture and effort toward the realization of perfect manhood.



## LITERATURE

Robert L. Hayne and His Times. By Theodore D. Jervey. Illustrated. Price, net, \$3.00. New York, 1909: The Mac-Millan Company.

The biographer of the now half-forgotten Southern Senator, Robert Louis Hayne, begins with an explanation that is half an apology. He feels it necessary to vindicate the claim of his hero for that pre-eminence it is the object of this book to establish. But the subject of a volume is always of less importance to the world than the author's manner of presentation. Gargantua, Jack Horner or Washington may be rendered supremely important, or decidedly tiresome, as the biographer rises to eloquence or subsides into monotony. So, Mr. Jervey, who writes earnestly and tersely of that coterie of statesmen who made the early part of the last century lively, may be congratulated at least, on having made a very readable book. We find ourselves stirred from languor into serious consideration of the meaning of the dark and tangled web of South Carolina politics, and wake up suddenly when Webster, Calhoun and their contemporaries get to hard fighting. To the student of political history the volume will be a most useful one, both for consultation and general reading.

History of the State of Washington. By Edmond S. Meany, M. L. With maps and illustrations. New York: The Mac-Millan Company.

This compact little history is intended to be a substitute for the expensive subscription volumes now upon or about to be put upon the market. It is for the general reader, and for use in high schools, and is conveniently divided into parts, covering the different epochs of the history of the state; as, "1. Period



of Discovery. 2. Period of Exploration. 3. Period of Occupation," and so on. Closely interwoven with the history of the state is the biography of many famous American merchants and statesmen. The portraits deserve praise for their fidelity and artistic character; notably, those of John Ball, the first school-master in the Pacific Northwest; and of Captain John Mears. But all the others are excellent; a fine colored map is given, and a copious index renders the reader good service.

The little work is very effective, and sufficiently well performs its office of substitute for the bulky, expensive half dozen volumes that make much greater show, but do not give more information.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The leading article in our October number is a valuable paper, finely illustrated, by Millard F. Hudson, entitled "Genesis of Hudson's First Voyage." It describes the circumstances attending the early explorations of the Dutch settlers in that portion of the country which is now the state of New York, with a fidelity that brings conviction of the careful research and good faith of the author. Hudson's bold, determined character is graphically depicted, and the events of his three voyages set forth in detail. The illustrations have been gathered from various sources, at the cost of much pains, some of them being reproductions of sculpture and paintings in possession of the government.

"The Old Brown Tower" describes a notable historical building on the New England coast, now known as the Portland Observatory. It is from the pen of Miss Edith Burnham, and is illustrated by some reproductions of old prints.

Mr. Charles Oscar Paulin tells the story of "The First Naval Voyage to our West Coast." A sprightly paper is that from Mr. Morton Ellis on "The American Tramp;" and "Baltimore" is an article from the pen of a southern woman, Miss Bertha Louise Robinson.







• Illustrated •



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OCTOBER, 1909

# AMERICANA

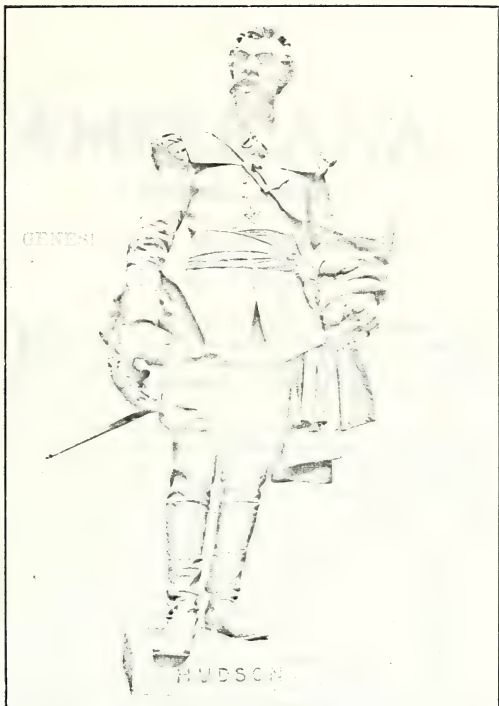
FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN, Editor

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IDEAL STATUE OF HENRY HUDSON, BY J. MASSEY RHIND

No authentic portrait of Hudson is known to exist. The best idealization is his spirited bronze statue, standing in the facade of Exchange Court Building, New York. The sculptor has admirably suggested the face of command and the far-seeing eye of the explorer, fixed on the mysterious distance. The costume is also historically correct.



# AMERICANA

October, 1909

## GENESIS OF HUDSON'S THIRD VOYAGE

BY MILLARD F. HUDSON

ONE day in April, 1609, Henry Hudson sailed from Amsterdam in the yacht *Half Moon*, with a crew of Dutch and English picaroons, "in order to search for a passage by the north, around by the north side of Nova Zembla."

Three centuries have passed and today, at the metropolis of a new continent, the Hudson Memorial Bridge spans a great river re-discovered and first explored by the gallant captain. But that river is far out of the course laid down for his voyage and its exploration was in no way intended or foreseen. That the unexpected difficulty in penetrating the ice led him to turn his course to the west is well known; but why the voyage was undertaken at all and how he came to be in the service of a foreign country are matters about which little was known for two centuries after his death. Later researches have brought to light much information upon the genesis of the voyage and shown who were its chief promoters and what their guiding motives.

At the middle of the sixteenth century the southern provinces of the Netherlands were the commercial center of Europe and Antwerp its metropolis. All this was changed, however, by the war with Spain and the persecution attending that long-drawn struggle. It is said that three hundred thousand families left their homes in these provinces, most of whom made their way for a time to adjacent parts of Germany and later into the northern provinces, particularly into Holland and Zealand, as soon as these were freed from the Spanish yoke. Among these refugees





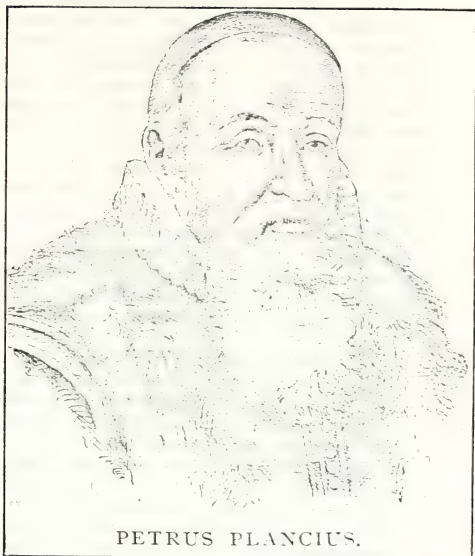
were many men of wealth, energy, and attainments, and these became the leaders in the sudden rise of the Dutch Republic as a commercial power and seat of learning, and in making Amsterdam the successor of Antwerp.

Among these men, Balthazar de Moucheron, of Zeeland, has been called the father of Dutch commerce. He sent ships on his own account to America, Russia, and the Indies, and was the originator and chief promoter of some of the most famous voyages of exploration. William Usselinex was associated with the drainage of the Beemster, one of the first undertakings for converting the lakes of Holland into arable land. He was also the founder of the Dutch West India Company, which colonized the banks of the Hudson river. Emanuel van Meteren, an Antwerp merchant, went to London where he served the Dutch as consul for many years. He is better known as the author of an authoritative history of the Netherlands. John De Laet, a celebrated geographer, wrote an early descriptive account of America.

Rev. Peter Plancius, an eminent geographical scholar of Amsterdam, took an important part in the voyages for northern exploration and also in the negotiations between Hudson and the Dutch East India Company. He founded at Amsterdam a school of navigation in which many Dutch navigators acquired their theoretical knowledge. Three other men of Batavian origin, also connected with Hudson's voyage, were Direk van Os, Pieter Dirkson Hasselaer, and Jan Jansson Carel, senior. Van Os was a man of industry and of enlarged views. He was the originator of the Beemster project and head of it until his death in 1615. He was also deeply interested in most of the important exploring voyages to the northwest. Hasselaer was from Haarlem and had distinguished himself during its memorable siege.

Most of these men were Belgians at heart, who looked back with the fond hope of one day returning to their old home and driving out the foe who had made them exiles. They cherished an undying hatred of Spain and the desire to strike at the power and purse of that nation was as strong a motive with them as was the desire to make profits for themselves. It would be an error, therefore, to suppose that the commercial activities attend-





REV. PETER PLANCIUS

The eminent Dutch cosmographer, who aided in the negotiations leading up to Hudson's third voyage, and whom Hudson consulted upon the details of the voyage.



ing the rise of the Dutch Republic were wholly due to the desire for the extension of trade. This warlike feeling was not universal, however. The merchants were divided into two parties, one a peace party under the leadership of John Olden Barneveldt, known as the Republican or Armenian party; the other composed of the advocates of aggressive and uncompromising warfare, called the Orange or Calvinistic party. Prominent among the latter were Moucheron, Plancius, and Usselinex. The latter was the first to perceive that Spain was in reality weak and open to attack upon her widespread and loosely-held West Indian possessions. It was due to him that the Dutch West India Company was formed, after thirty years of effort. The avowed purpose of that company were those of war: to attack the Spanish wherever found, to sink or take their ships, and to cut them off from connection with the new world. These objects were pursued for years, with amazing energy, and resulted in almost driving the Spanish from the high seas. The colonization of New Netherland was a part of the aggressive program of this company.

But however they might differ on questions of religion and of foreign policy, the Dutch merchants agreed in their hatred of Spain and in their desire to forestall and outrival her in every market of the world. For the prosecution of these designs an adequate knowledge of the configuration of the earth was essential; but such knowledge was at that time scanty and inaccurate, and thus the eagerness of the Dutch to participate in the work of exploration is accounted for. For these reasons, also, Amsterdam became a center of geographical study, where many important contributions were made to the world's knowledge.

The earliest voyages for the discovery of a short route to Cathay were made by the Spanish, French, and Portugese and were undertaken in ignorance of the existence of such an obstacle as the continent of America. The second phase of the search belongs to the English and the Dutch, who persevered long after other nations had abandoned the attempt. The explorers of the second epoch were better equipped than those of the first, having the experience and charts of their predecessors to guide them; and although these charts were very inaccurate, the



explorers had learned of the existence of America and were no longer rushing blindly upon an unforeseen obstacle.

Moucheron, who had long traded with Russia by way of the White Sea, was the chief promoter of the first Dutch voyage to the northeast which yielded substantial returns. In 1594 two ships were sent out which sailed through Pet Strait, between the mainland of Russia and the Vaigats, and crossed the sea of Kara in a northeasterly direction. William Barentson sailed with these ships as far as the coast of Lapland, in a third vessel sent out by van Os, Hasslaer, Carel, and others; but, acting under the instructions of Plancius, who wisely reasoned that the English explorations had already shown the route by the Vaigats to be impracticable, he parted company with them there, rounded the northern point of Nova Zembla, and found the Orange Islands. Upon the return of the three ships together, their account of the voyages produced a commotion. It was thought certain the passage was found, at last, and in the following year the provinces of Holland and Zealand fitted out seven ships and sent them out under Captain Cornelis Nai, who had commanded a vessel the preceding year. Under Nai was Barentson, in command of two ships contributed to the voyage by the city of Amsterdam. This fleet reached the Kara Sea, after a hard struggle with the ice at the Vaigats, but was at last obliged to return without accomplishing anything.

Moucheron and his friends now abandoned the northeast explorations in discouragement and turned their efforts to the south. Others continued to believe that the great discovery would yet be made in the northeast; Plancius, in particular, who thought a fair trial had not been given his plan of sailing around to the north of Nova Zembla and thence east; and Barentson was of the same opinion. But, except for the unsuccessful expedition sent out by van Os, Hasselaer, Carel, and others in 1596 under the command of Barentson and Heemskerk, in which the former lost his life, no further attempts at the discovery of the northeast passage were made before the year 1607.

In 1596 the *Compagnie van Verre*, or *Company of Foreign Parts*, was organized by van Os, Hasselaer, Carel, and six other merchants, for the purpose of trading with the East Indies by





way of the Cape of Good Hope. They sent out a fleet of four ships which made a highly successful voyage and this was the beginning of the immense Dutch trade with the East. In 1597 the French Ambassador wrote: "All these countries, which are full of ships and sailors, are running there like fire." The pent-up energy of the Dutch merchants poured itself, like a flood of water into the newly opened channel. They not only traded, with profit, in every quarter of Asia, but preyed upon the Spanish shipping wherever found.

In the year 1602 the Dutch East India Company was chartered. This was a triumph of the peace party, which put its own friends in control but gave a few positions to those who had opposed the organization. Moucheron, whose trade by way of the Cape of Good Hope was absorbed by the new corporation, was named a director for Zealand, but seems never to have acted in that capacity. Isaac Le Maire, a native of Tournay in Hainault, of noble descent, who had, with the help of his brothers, established commercial connections in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, was another of the merchants included in the new organization against his will. The purposes in forming the organization were to equalize the inequalities of private trading and to more effectively organize the maritime power afforded by the fleets for use as a weapon against the enemies of the Republic.

The government of the new company was vested in a general council of seventeen directors, of whom the Amsterdam chamber chose eight, the chamber of Zealand four, and the chambers of Delft, Rotterdam, Hoorn, and Enkhuysen one each; while the seventeenth director was chosen, by lot, from the chambers of Zealand, the Maas, and North Holland. Its charter authorized the company to trade with the East Indies by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan (the only routes then known) for a period of twenty-one years. The company considered its grant exclusive, but this was disputed by the merchants who had resisted the formation of the corporation, until settled by decrees of the States General which prohibited all others from navigating by the two routes named, for purposes of trade.

There was nothing in the charter, however, to prevent others



from trading by new routes which might be discovered. The company was well aware of this, and soon after its organization took under advisement the question of resuming the search for the short passage. While this was decided in the negative, a minute was made which clearly showed the existing fear that the discovery might be made, and the resulting profits reaped by others:

The contents hereof are rejected, as it is deemed not serviceable to the Company; and therefore, *if this navigation should be undertaken by any private person, it ought to be by all means prevented.*

Thus was the matter dismissed, for the time being, in August, 1603; but circumstances were soon to rise which would lead to a hasty re-consideration.

In his first and second voyages, made in 1607 and 1608, respectively, Hudson achieved results which produced a profound impression. Penetrating to about the eighty-first degree of north latitude, he made observations which convinced him of the existence of an open polar sea. He proved by trial that a body of water, called the Costin Shar, laid down on Hondius's chart as a partly explored strait which might lead through Nova Zembla, was in reality a bay and afforded no passage. By actual trial, also, he demonstrated that Robert Thorne's plan of sailing up between Greenland and Spitzbergen, and thence straight across the pole, was impracticable because of a permanent barrier of ice between those bodies of land. His report of the abundance of whales and "morses" (walrus) in that region led to the development of a great industry.

These determined efforts to penetrate the icy barrier and the changing knowledge of the north which they brought, greatly alarmed the directors of the Dutch company. It immediately became a pressing question whether, in order to protect their franchise, it were not necessary to act at once upon the resolution already taken and prevent the discovery being made by others. This view prevailed so far as to cause the directors to send an invitation to Hudson, probably through van Meteren, who



knew him well. Hudson was temporarily unemployed and therefore accepted the invitation and repaired to Amsterdam to consult with the directors upon the subject. This action was not unprecedented, and there are other instances of English navigators entering the service of the Dutch.

The early life of Henry Hudson is usually classed among historical mysteries, although recent publications of the records of the English East India Company have shed some light upon his immediate family. Several persons of that name were engaged in the early English voyages of trade and exploration, both as investors and as employees. Upon the question where Hudson acquired his experience and skill, however, there need be no doubt; they could only have been acquired in the service of the Merchant Adventurers and their successors in the English foreign trade. He was "a scientific and professed navigator," whose great reputation was well deserved.

Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, in December, 1608, Hudson presented himself before the chamber of the Dutch East India Company of that place, the general council not being then in session. The negotiations were conducted, on the part of the company, by van Os, Hasselaer, Carel, and others; while Hudson, who did not understand Dutch well, had in Jodocus Hondius an interpreter and in Plancius a warm advocate. His statement consisted chiefly of an argument for the existence of an open polar sea, a theory which originated with himself. He said that in his voyages he had found the sea, beyond a certain degree of latitude, comparatively clear of ice, and the farther he proceeded the less cold he had found; that the land in the highest latitudes he had reached showed growths of herbage and animals which live upon land productions; and he spoke of the changing color of the sea, near to and far from the land, and other phenomena, as tending to support his theory. The proper course for explorers was, in his opinion, to strike out boldly into the open sea, where the wind and waves retarded the formation of heavy ice, instead of keeping close to the shore as former navigators had done, where they had been caught by the ice. After reaching the thirty-third or even a higher degree of latitude, the ship should pass to the north of Nova Zembla and



seek the passage in that direction. This argument was sustained by Plancius in a line of reasoning which now seems curious but which helped to convince the directors. They declared themselves satisfied, but thought that the consent of the general council was necessary and proposed to defer the voyage till the following year; and they exacted a promise from Hudson to return at that time.

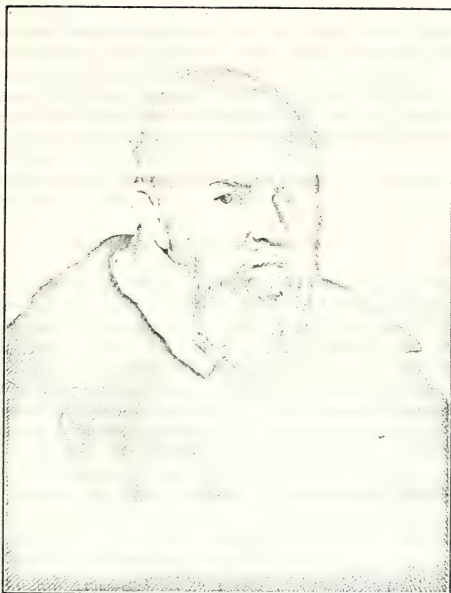
Thus, it seemed that the plans for the voyage had failed; but other forces, destined to change the aspect of the negotiations, were at work. The success of the Dutch and English East India Companies had roused in Henry IV, of France, a desire to establish a similar association and, as a preliminary, he determined to secure the services of an experienced trader and pilot from the Netherlands. With this in view he instructed one of his ambassadors at the Hague, M. Jeannin, to open negotiations with Isaac Le Maire, who had been recommended to him as an able and experienced merchant. It is to the memoirs of M. Jeannin and the minutes of the East India Company that our knowledge of these negotiations is due. Le Maire readily fell in with the plans of Henry, watched the negotiations between Hudson and the directors and, as soon as they were suspended, approached the explorer and proposed that he enter the service of the French for a similar voyage.

This proposal was agreeable to Hudson, whose whole life was devoted to the solution of the mystery of the northern passage. He met Le Maire in secret and gave him the same information and suggestions as he had already imparted to the directors. Upon Le Maire's report, and having himself discussed the subject with Plancius and heard his arguments without disclosing Henry's plans, Jeannin wrote the King, on the 25th of January, 1609, urging that a voyage in search of the northeast passage be undertaken without delay and that Hudson or, in case he could not be secured, some other competent pilot, be engaged. He estimated the cost of the expedition at four thousand crowns. This sum the King sent him, with authority to send out the expedition; but the reply came too late, so far as Hudson was concerned.

The Amsterdam directors, learning of the negotiations with







JEANIN, JEANIN, and M. PIERRE JEANNIN  
(Sometimes called President Jeanuin)

An eminent French statesman, 1540-1622. In 1603 he negotiated the alliance between France and Holland which forced Spain to acknowledge the Dutch independence. While in Amsterdam engaged with this work, he endeavored to enlist Hudson in the Service of the French King and almost succeeded. His *Negotiations*, posthumously published, are the source of much of the information given in this article.



Le Maire and becoming alarmed lest the great achievement should be snatched from them by him, hastily reopened the negotiations with Hudson and concluded a contract for the voyage several days before Jeannin's letter was sent. The plan of Jeannin and Le Maire was subsequently carried out, but the pilot whom they employed was not of the same metal as Hudson, and the voyage ended in failure.

The text of the contract between Hudson and the Chamber of Amsterdam is as follows:

REGULATIONS FOR CONTRACT WITH HENRY HUDSON

On this eighth of January in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and nine, the Directors of the East India Company of the Chamber of Amsterdam of the ten years reckoning of the one part, and Mr. Henry Hudson, Englishman, assisted by Jodocus Hondius, of the other part, have agreed in manner following, to wit: That the said directors shall in the first place equip a small vessel or yacht of about thirty lasts burden with which, well provided with men, provisions, and other necessities, the above named Hudson shall, about the first of April, sail in order to search for a passage by the north, around by the north side of Nova Zembla, and shall continue thus along that parallel until he shall be able to sail southward to the latitude of sixty degrees. He shall obtain as much knowledge of the lands as can be done without any considerable loss of time and, if it is possible, return immediately in order to make a faithful report and relation of his voyage to the Directors and to deliver over his journals, log-books, and charts together with an account of everything whatsoever which shall happen to him during the voyage, without keeping anything back; for which said voyage the Directors shall pay to the said Hudson, as well for his outfit for the said voyage as for the support of his wife and children, the sum of eight hundred guilders; and in case (which God prevent) he do not come back or arrive hereabouts within a year, the Directors shall further pay to his wife two hundred guilders in cash, and thereupon they shall not be further liable to him or his heirs, unless he shall either afterwards or within



the year arrive and have found the passage good and suitable for the Company to use in which case the Directors will reward the before-named Hudson for his dangers, trouble, and knowledge, in their discretion; with which the before-named Hudson is content. And in case the Directors think proper to prosecute and continue the same voyage, it is stipulated and agreed with the before-named Hudson that he shall make his residence in this country, with his wife and children, and shall enter into the employment of no one other than the Company; and this at the discretion of the Directors, who also promise to make him satisfied and content for such further service, in all justice and equity. All without fraud or evil intent.

In witness of the truth, two contracts are made hereof of the same tenor and are subscribed by both parties and also by Jodocus Hondius as interpreter and witness.

Dated as above.

DIRCK van OS

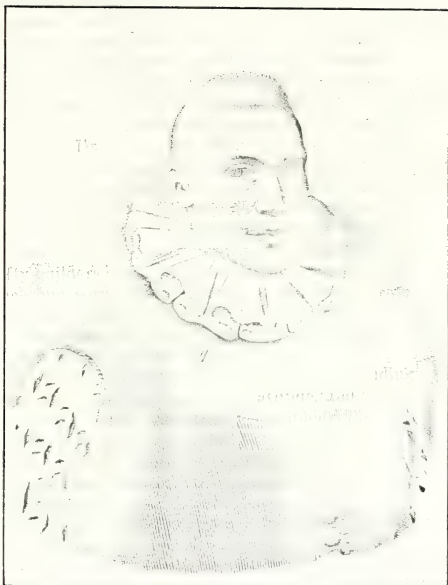
J. POPPE

HENRY HUDSON

Jodocus Hondius, Witness.

It will be noted that the only members of the Amsterdam chamber who signed this contract were Dirck van Os and J. Poppe, and we are at no loss to infer who was the leading spirit in the negotiations. M. Jeanning wrote Henry IV that the Amsterdam directors had written to the other chambers asking their approval of the expedition, in advance of the meeting of the general council, "with the declaration that if it be refused, they will undertake it themselves." Mr. Lambrechtson says, in his *History of New Netherland*, that the Zealand chamber objected; but no evidence of this has been found in the minutes of the meetings of that chamber; and, at any rate, a protest by a single chamber out of seventeen would have availed nothing. The general council met at Middelburg, in Zealand, before Hudson's departure and, by resolution, committed the preparation of his sailing instructions to the chamber of Amsterdam. It is therefore clear that, while the Amsterdam chamber was prepared to assume the entire responsibility, if necessary, yet that the responsibility was,





**DIRCK VAN OS,**

**Head of the Amsterdam Chamber of the Dutch East India Company, the principal negotiator with Hudson, who signed the contract for his third voyage. He was a Batavian by birth and one of the most energetic of the Dutch merchants, engaged in all the navigations and explorations of the day. He was the originator of the great Beemster reclamation project.**





in fact, assumed by the whole Company. This is further shown by the fact that, at a meeting on the first of September following the Amsterdam directors were directed to report what instructions had been given Hudson, which they did, sending a copy of the contract and of the instructions to each chamber.

Although Hudson's compensation, as well as the indemnity to be paid his wife in case he did not return within a year seem small, they were not, in fact, disproportionate to the wages of other employees of the Dutch and English East India Companies of the time. Eight hundred guilders are equal to about three hundred and twenty dollars; and since the purchasing power of money was then about five times as great as at present, the sum was then equivalent to about sixteen hundred dollars now. The Amsterdam chamber, on the 19th of January, directed that one hundred and fifty guilders be paid Hudson on his account. Their anxiety to attach him permanently to their service and to have him make his residence in the Netherlands, as well as their somewhat indefinite undertaking to reward him suitably in case of his success, are interesting features of the contract.

The reference to Hudson's sailing southward, after rounding Nova Zembla, to about sixty degrees north latitude, and thence eastward, was the outgrowth of one of the geographical illusions of the age (in which Hudson shared), that the continent of Asia did not extend farther north than about that degree of latitude; it was, therefore, believed that by sailing eastward on or near this parallel he would reach the "Strait of Anian," which was supposed to separate America from Asia, and thus open the way to the East Indies. This belief was based upon a misinterpretation of a passage in the writings of Marco Polo, by reason of which the mythical "Strait of Anian" was placed much farther south than the real situation of Behring Strait.

While long voyages with primitive equipment were not infrequent at that day, yet the provisions for Hudson's voyage were remarkable for their simplicity. The vessel furnished was a yacht of about eighty tons—scarcely enough tonnage to put her in the class with modern pleasure-yachts. The directors seem to have kept their agreement that she should be "well provided with men, provisions and other necessities," but it was difficult



to secure a good class of sailors for what was regarded as a desperate venture. The crew finally picked up were an unusually villainous lot, even for that time of rough adventure, composed in part of Dutch sailors in the employ of the directors and forced against their will to go, and in part of English adventurers temporarily out of employment. It was largely due to the mutinous conduct of this crew, at whose hands he had good reason to fear for his life, that Hudson changed his course and steered for the west, instead of the east.

There has been some discussion whether the name of Hudson's vessel was the *Half Moon* or the *Good Hope*. Some writers mention only the *Half Moon* and ignore the *Good Hope*; others speak of "the ship *Half Moon*, otherwise called the *Good Hope*," as though the two were different names for the same vessel; and yet others state that two vessels were sent out, bearing these names, respectively, and that the *Good Hope* soon turned back while the *Half Moon* kept on. The best opinion appears to be that the last theory is correct. In the "Sailing-book of the Ships from 1603 to 1700 inclusive," kept by the chamber of Amsterdam, the following entries appear:

Lasts.

Yacht Hope.....	40	1608, 15 April	1610, 15 July, taken by the Spainards.
Yacht Halve Maen..	40	Sailed to the North.	Has returned.

In the "Memorandum-book," another record kept by the same chamber, the following corresponding entries appear:

SHIPS SAILED IN THE YEAR 1608

Lasts burden.

Yacht de Hope.....	..	Schipper Pieter Heeres.
Yacht Halve Maen..	40	Schipper Heyndrick Hoitsen.

The coupling of the two ships on the record in this manner is at least suggestive; but the principal reason for believing that they sailed together is the language of the order of the general council, already mentioned, directing the Amsterdam chamber to report the sailing instructions given Hudson:



The deputies from the chamber of Amsterdam will be pleased to bring with them the orders and instructions which were given to the Yacht the *Goede Hope*, sailed to the Weygadts.

That Hudson's ship and none other was meant is shown by an entry in the margin of the minute book, which reads:

The deputies of the chamber of Amsterdam have produced at the assembly of the Seventeen the contents of this point. A copy is given, thereupon, to the respective chambers, both of the instructions and of the contract made with Mr. Henry Hudson, the pilot.

There is no possible doubt that it was the *Half Moon* in which Hudson sailed and continued the voyage; and, in view of these records, it seems reasonable to accept the theory that two vessels were at first sent out, one of which soon returned, probably at the time of the mutiny off Nova Zembla. Hudson's best biographer, Dr. Asher, gave his voice to this hypothesis, on less evidence than is now before us. The fact that the *Good Hope* is not mentioned in the best account of the voyage, Juet's journal, presents some difficulty; but if the *Good Hope* returned at the time of the mutiny, it might have been to Juet's interest to suppress all mention of her. Hudson's own journal, in which the second vessel would more probably have been mentioned, has unfortunately disappeared.

Having completed his preparations, Hudson sailed from Amsterdam on April fourth, 1609, doubled the North Cape on the fifth of May, and proceeded toward the coast of Nova Zembla. But he again found the ice very troublesome, and the sufferings of the crew, some of whom had been for years in the tropics, caused an outbreak of mutinous conduct which led Hudson to abandon the attempt to penetrate farther north. He did not, however, abandon the main purpose of the voyage; in the language of Van Meteren:

Master Hudson gave them (the crew) their choice between two things, the first was to go to the coast of America at the fortieth degree of latitude, mostly incited to this by letters and maps which a certain Captain Smith had sent him from Virginia, and on which he showed him a sea by which he might circumnavigate



their Southern Colony from the north and from thence pass into a western sea; the other proposition was, to seek the passage by Davis's Straits.

The crew consented to steering west, and the voyage to the Hudson River followed; but it is somewhat difficult to understand how, in view of the language of his contract with the Amsterdam chamber, Hudson could have construed it as giving him license thus radically to change the course of the voyage. It seems clear that the Dutch merchants contemplated nothing more, for the time being, than a trial of the route by the north above Nova Zembla. This difficulty is increased by the statement of Mr. P. van Dam, who was the Dutch Company's counsel for the extraordinary period of fifty-four years, from 1652 to 1706, and who is thus, in this particular matter, an even better authority than van Meteren. He says, in a manuscript history of the Company:

This Company in the year 1609 fitted out a yacht of about 30 lasts burden and engaged a Mr. Henry Hudson, an Englishman and a skillful pilot, as master thereof, with orders to search for the aforesaid passage by the north and northeast, above Nova Zembla, towards the lands or straits of Anian, and then to sail at least as far as the sixtieth degree of north latitude, when, if the time permitted, he was to return from the straits of Anian again to this country. *And he was further ordered by his instructions to think of discovering no other routes or passages except the route around by the north and northeast, above Nova Zembla; with this additional provision, that if it could not be accomplished at that time, another route would be the subject of consideration for another voyage.*

The possibility of being stopped by the ice before reaching Nova Zembla seems not to have occurred to the minds of the directors and was not provided for in the contract. This being so, it was highly proper for Hudson to consult the officers and crew regarding the course to be pursued. No one but Mr. van Dam, who seems to have relied entirely upon the strict letter of the contract and instructions, has ever accused Hudson of disobedience of orders. The real answer to the question must, however, be sought in the determined character of Hudson himself





as shown by his previous voyages, and by his conduct before and after the negotiations with the directors. *He carefully prepared himself, before leaving Amsterdam, for trying the western and northwestern routes in case that by the northeast should fail, and set out with the full determination of making the voyage to the coast of America at the fortieth degree of latitude.* This conduct may have been a technical violation of orders, but it illustrates the difference between a mere pilot and a man fully imbued, as Hudson was, with the spirit of discovery.

Before sailing, Hudson spent some time in consultation with Plancius, the cosmographer, and with Hondius, the engraver of maps, over the details not merely of the voyage then in contemplation, but also the whole range of possible discovery of a passage. At Hudson's express request, Hondius lent him two important documents relating to northern navigations. The first contained memoranda made by Barentson in his voyage of 1595, at the top of which Hudson wrote with his own hand:

This was written by William Barentson in a loose paper which was lent me, by the Rev. Peter Plancius, in Amsterdam, March the seven and twentieth, 1609.

The other document was a treatise by Iver Boty which had belonged to Barentson, and which Hudson prefaced thus:

A Treatise of Iver Boty, a Gronlander, translated out of the Norsh language into High Dutch, in the year 1560, and after, out of High Dutch into Low Dutch, by William Barentson, of Amsterdam, who was chiefe pilot aforesaid. The same copie in High Dutch is in the hands of Jodueus Hondius, which I have seene. And this was translated out of Low Dutch by Master William Stere, merchant, in the yeere 1608, for the vse of me, Henrie Hudson. William Barentson's Booke is in the hands of Master Plantivs, who lent the same vnto me.

He also had the log-books of the English Captain, George Weymouth, which had come into Plancius's possession and which Hudson begged of him. Weymouth had explored the coast of America down to 40 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, and the navigators to the southern colony of Virginia had not sailed farther north than about 38 degrees, so that there was left a strip



of some two hundred miles of *terra incognita*. Smith, in his explorations of Chesapeake Bay, had heard from the Indians of a great sea lying to the northwest (doubtless the Great Lakes), which he naturally interpreted to mean the Pacific Ocean; and also that there was an outlet from it into the Atlantic (the St. Lawrence River), which he thought must be the long-sought passage. This sea and outlet Smith undertook to delineate on a map which he sent Hudson, as stated in the passage from van Meteren already quoted. Hessel Gerritz also refers in this connection to—

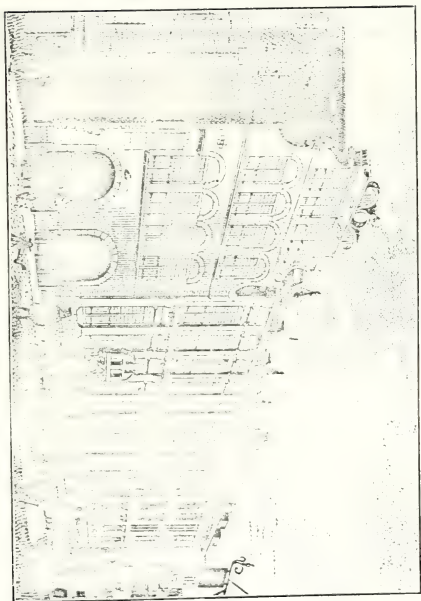
Some letters and maps which his friend Captain Smith had sent him from Virginia, and by which he informed him that there was a sea leading into the Western Ocean by the north of the southern English colony.

Another document which Hudson took with him and which strongly influenced his course was the planisphere of Michael Lok, on which the continent of America in the vicinity of the Hudson River was represented as a mere strip of land with the Pacific beyond it. This idea is supposed to have been derived from Verrazano, who visited the Hudson River in 1624. After collating these various sources of information and probably, also, Gosnold's voyages, it is no wonder that Plancius and Hondius agreed with Hudson that there was a strong probability of the passage lying in that quarter.

The three routes which Hudson set out determined to try were, first, the one for which the voyage was set on foot; second, the route through what is now called Hudson's Strait and Bay, which Weymouth claimed he had partly explored; and third, the one to the coast of America in the latitude of about forty degrees. The practicability of the second of these routes was strongly combated by Plancius, on the authority of a man who had told him that he had explored that passage and the sea beyond it, and that there was no passage through by that way to Asia. That Hudson remained unconvinced is shown by the fact that he afterward made the attempt and lost his life in doing so.

It was, then, with the full and definite intention of trying one or both of the western routes, if that by the east should fail, that





DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY'S BUILDINGS, AMSTERDAM



Hudson sailed from Amsterdam on the fourth day of April, 1609. He had himself by actual trial shown the impracticability of almost all the other routes which had been proposed. Nothing could more clearly show the resolute character of the man than his course in this instance. The events of the voyage are well known. The Dutch soon found it to their advantage to follow up his explorations by colonizing the banks of the great river; and it is due to this chain of circumstances that they were the first white settlers on the spot where the city of New York now stands.





## EARLY EDUCATION IN OHIO

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BY JESSIE COHEN

THE origin of the common school system of Ohio may be traced to the ordinance passed by congress in 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory, which declared that "religion, morality and knowledge being essential to the good government and happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education should be forever encouraged." Two years before this enlightened sentiment was promulgated, congress had provided for the division of the Northwest Territory into ranges and townships, to facilitate the sale of public lands. Each township was divided into thirty-six sections, the sixteenth section being reserved for the support of public schools within the township. The grant of land for school purposes was designed to encourage emigration to the unsettled regions of the then far west. The reservation of land for the maintenance of public schools and other provisions of kindred character, provided in the early ordinances, indicate the sound judgment of those who were instrumental in framing them.

It is difficult to determine to what extent emigration was increased by the grant of land and other inducements held out to pioneers. History states that many of the early settlers were indifferent to the educational privileges which a little zeal and energy on their part would have placed within their reach. It is not probable that such would be led to encounter the hardships of pioneer life for the free education of their children. The true pioneer, who formed the vanguard of the army of emigrants, and who sought permanent homes in the west, entertained liberal views on the subject of education. The early settlers of Ohio brought to their new homes ideas prevailing in the old state from which they came. If religion and education were considered of primary importance by the people of any one state,



the sons and daughters were sure to carry these ideas with them, and swift to prove their early teachings by their acts. The reverse was equally true. From states in which a low standard of education and morals prevailed, came emigrants who were indifferent to their children's education. Under such circumstances, in the various settlements established before Ohio came into the Union, the educational aspect is widely different. In the parts settled by the former class, intelligence became universal, while in those parts settled by the latter class the evil results of the settlers' indifference remained discernable for years.

The earliest settlement in Ohio was at Marietta. In April, 1788, a little band of emigrants, under the direction of the Ohio company, landed near the mouth of the Muskingum river, and proceeded at once to lay out a town and erect rude dwellings. These pioneers were descendants of the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, and possessed many of the traits which distinguished their forefathers. Very soon the settlers of Marietta were enjoying the benefits of church and school. As soon as the infant settlement was fairly under way, the labors of Daniel Story, as minister and teacher, began. Before 1800 there were eight settlements in eastern Ohio, and in all education had received such consideration as the nature of the times would permit. A school for boys and girls, taught in the nunnery by Bethesba Rouse, was established at Belpre in 1790, and is mentioned by some authorities as the first school in Ohio for white children. It is a well authorized statement that the Moravians established schools for the Indians in different parts of Ohio several years before the settlement at Belpre and Marietta was begun.

While these events were in progress in eastern Ohio, within the land purchased by the Ohio company, a small settlement, called Columbia, was begun on the Ohio river, a short distance from Cincinnati. Near the close of 1792 Francis Dunlevy, distinguished in Indian campaigns, opened a school at Columbia. The first permanent settlement in that part of Ohio known as the Western Reserve was not till 1796, and two years later only two settlements were found in the whole Reserve. In 1802 a



school was established at Harpersfield, which soon obtained reputation. This is supposed to be the first school of the Western Reserve. The first teacher was Abraham Tappan. About this time a school was taught in Cleveland, Ohio, by Annie Spafford, in one of the log cabins. We see that the pioneer settlers of northeastern, southwestern and southeastern part of Ohio built and maintained schools amid all the perils and hardships that surrounded them.

In regard to the settlements in the interior of the state less definite information can be obtained. With few exceptions, schools were opened as soon as the settlement was begun. Education was made a frequent topic of discussion in territorial legislation. Although nothing was done for the support of schools, the utterances of the members of the legislature were such as to leave no doubt that they estimated education as the stepping-stone to all greatness. The convention which met at Chillicothe, in 1802, for the formation of the state constitution, was composed of men who recognized the necessity and expediency of legislative action regarding education as the means of securing the welfare of the new state. By the terms of the first state constitution, it was made an imperative duty that schools and the means of education be secured by such provisions as would not be antagonistic to our conscience. Another section of the instrument prohibited any legislative action tending to prevent the poor from enjoying equally all the benefits arising from the donations made by congress for the support of schools and colleges. The ordinance of 1787 required that schools and the means of education be forever encouraged, but the first constitution of Ohio pointed out the means in which the encouragement should be extended mainly by legislative provision.

From 1802 to 1821 the acts of the legislature regarding education, under the power conferred by the constitution, were confined to the passage of bills authorizing the incorporation of seminaries, religious and educational societies, and providing for the lease of school land. Nothing was done toward the establishment of schools by means of general or local taxation. The tardiness of the legislature in carrying out the constitu-



tional requirements of state or local taxation may be due to the confident expectation that the revenues arising from the lands donated by congress might be enough for the support of the schools. Yet it must not be understood that there were none to lift up a voice to advocate a system of common schools. During the first twenty years of Ohio's existence, the men holding office were earnest in their endeavor to obtain a wise legislation on the part of the general assembly. Private citizens were not lacking who tried to show the legislature the importance of the trust confided to their keeping, and who were swift to denounce the power of abuse over the common school lands, by which the children of the next generation would be deprived of their just rights.

While these agencies of public character were at work for good or evil, private enterprise and means were engaged in giving to the youth of Ohio the simple rudiments of an education. This was no small undertaking, as the conditions of pioneer life were such as to render anything near an adequate provision for schools almost impossible. The pioneer must provide for the physical wants of himself and household before he could give attention to the higher demands of life. In a new settlement a certain amount of material property is required before the inhabitants are prepared to introduce any of the enlightened features of civilized life, necessary in ministering to the mental and moral culture of the people in the older localities. As a rule the early settlers of Ohio were too busy in erecting rude habitations, felling trees, hewing timber, fencing clearings, guiding plows through rocky grounds, and making passages to the mills and market, to allow them to give their attention to any other interest that could be deferred till a more convenient time. Hence it is not strange that school interests were neglected, as muscular power was indispensable in improving a new country and in making money to pay for the homestead and to the tax-gatherer. So it happened that muscular power was at a premium, while intellect without bodily vigor was at a discount.

The pioneer school houses in northern and eastern Ohio differed in many respects from those of the southern and western parts of the State. The settlers of the latter parts, coming from





Georgia, Virginia and Kentucky, did not appreciate the benefits of an education as did those of the former, who came from New England, where common schools were far in advance of those of any other part of the Union. The teachers of the southwestern Ohio pioneer schools were chosen more because they were unfit for manual labor than by reason of their intellectual worth. The few schools in that section were taught by crippled men and women, physically or constitutionally unable to pull hemp or spin flax. Before school laws effected a change in the school administrations of this locality, schools of worth were only found in large and populous cities. The estimation in which a teacher was held was not such as would induce a spirited young man or woman to enter upon the vocation. The teacher was regarded as a mere pensioner on the bounty of the community. The capacity of a teacher to teach was no reason for employing him, but the fact that he could do nothing else. Under such conditions we might know what kind of instruction the children received. The people only demanded that their children could write a tolerably legible hand, read the Bible or almanac, and determine the value of farm produce, as it was thought education made boys lazy and tricky, while girls who were apt with their pencil were likely to be led astray by corresponding with a knave.

A brighter picture presents itself in northern Ohio. At an early period schools were in a thriving condition in the Western Reserve. Among the pioneers were many who received a college education second to none in America. There were very few holding narrow and restricted views on education but saw its value in a utilitarian sense and their notion of utility was broader than that of their southern neighbors. They would not confine their instructions simply to the wants of their physical nature, but would make it a strengthening agency to moral and mental attainments.

Instruction which the children received bore early fruit. The social condition of the teacher was on an equal footing with the ministers and physicians. Society honored him, his periodic visits to the pupils' houses were quite an event, and great preparations were made when he came. The teacher's qualifications



were generally such that he commanded respect, many of them magnifying their office by contributing not a little to that public sentiment which demanded a recognition of school interests in the general assembly. The teacher found board and lodging in the house of his patrons. His evenings were spent with the family. If this did not give him opportunity for self-culture, it was not without its advantages. Many an aspiring youth was led into new thought by coming in personal contact with the master in the home circle, and the seeds of knowledge, planted by the faithful teacher at the pioneer's fireside, sprung into vigorous life, yielding rich fruit. The teacher became intimately acquainted with the habits of the pupil, independent of the authority asserted in the school-room, being thus able to turn their traits of character to his own assistance and their profit. Parents were awakened to a new interest in their children's instruction by the missionary work of the teacher.

In other respects the pioneer schools were much alike. The teacher would draw up an agreement to teach a school for thirteen weeks, six days per week, and eight hours daily, at the rate of from one to two dollars for each scholar enrolled, one-half payable at the beginning of the term, perhaps in wheat at fifty cents a bushel, and the other in money at the close of the term. The teacher's work began when there were twenty scholars enrolled. The prevailing practice of the present day in the country, of employing female teachers in the summer term and male teachers in the winter term prevailed all over the state. The teacher was obliged to spend three-fourths of his time in other labor, as the mere pittance gained by teaching was not enough to supply his wants. The mode of government was simple. A moral lecture was not recognized as necessary by pioneer teachers in school government, the neighboring forests, with fine sprouts, being regarded as just the thing to sharpen the wits and moral perceptions of the child.

The text books were such as had been brought from the old settlement, few being fitted for school purposes. "Murray's Reader," with the introduction, the "Columbian Orator," the "American Preceptor," Testaments, and not infrequently old almanacs were used as readers. The spelling books were "Dil-



worth's Speller" and "Webster's Easy Standard of Pronunciation." "Pike's Arithmetic" was a universal favorite, and the teacher who could not teach as far as the rule of three soon lost the respect of pupils and patrons. Geographies and grammars were very seldom seen in the hands of pupils or teachers, as the instruction in most schools was very rudimentary, being composed of reading, writing, spelling, and the simplest principles of arithmetic. Reading and spelling were specialties, and were regarded as tests of scholarship. Spelling matches were second in importance only to the schools themselves. These were held in the evening and attended by old and young. A ride, or more frequently a walk, was an obstacle very easily conquered by persons desiring to enjoy the competition or dissatisfaction of rival schools when its last champion was spelled down.

The school-houses in which these busy scenes took place often consisted of a vacant cabin which had been hastily built by some settlers and vacated as soon as a better one was found or the builder had left the settlement. Sometimes the settlers would exercise their ingenuity in architecture by building a house for school purposes, which was not much more comfortable, nor was the material better. It was eighteen feet long and twenty-four feet wide. The eaves were ten feet from the ground. The roof was covered with clapboards, held in place by long poles running lengthwise. The openings between the logs were filled with wood, stones or other convenient materials, and plastered with mortar made from the ground near by. This work was called mudding the house, and the directors usually attended to these repairs in fall, as the rains of spring and summer generally washed away the mortar, especially if hay or straw had not been mixed with it.

The door was made of rough boards, hung with wooden hinges and fastened by means of a wooden latch to which a string was attached, pulling through a small hole above and out into the open air. Access to the building was obtained by pulling the string, which opened and lifted the latch and exerting a little muscular power to overcome the friction of the hinge. Tardy pupils finding the string inside knew the master was at prayer,



and waited until the appearance of the string outside. Some school-houses had rough puncheon floors, and others only clay. The puncheons were thick slabs or planks split from large logs hewed on the side and three or four inches thick, and often lying on the ground instead of sleepers. Ventilation was perfect. In some cases light was obtained by cutting out some of the logs and filling the space with glazed, oiled paper, thus admitting a little light and excluding a little cold. Sometimes the inner walls instead of being covered with mortar were boards devoid of all ornament except rude efforts at portraiture, made by the more skilful and ambitious pupils with chalk or a piece of coal taken from the fireplace.

The school furniture corresponded with the interior and exterior of the building. By splitting a log in half six feet in diameter and fifteen feet long and mounting it on legs, with flat side up, a solid if not a comfortable seat was made. The idea that the pupil's spinal column needed rest was ignored by the constructors of the benches. The floor next to the wall was often elevated for the benches of the larger scholars. Desks were only for the pupils in the back part of the room. They were formed by placing wide boards on long pins driven into legs. The edges of these desks served as braces for the back of older pupils.

The scholars were required to face the teacher, except when writing or by special permission. In winter great logs were burnt in the open fireplace, which occupied a great part of one end of the building. A rough stone wall formed the foundation of the chimney, which was made of sticks placed upon each end like cobs in a cob-house, chinked with mortar and covered inside with the same material, the whole being kept in place by two naturally crooked saplings shaped like the runners of a sled, one end of each resting on a log in the building and the other on a joint.





## THE HERO OF THE VALLEY

BY FRANK H. SWEET

EVERY school-boy knows T. B. Read's poem, "Sheridan's Ride." The facts of it, briefly stated, are these. The poem is of a famous incident of the battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia, October 19, 1864. Sheridan's army, which was encamped on Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley, was surprised before daybreak and defeated by the Confederates, under General Early. Sheridan, who was at Winchester, twenty miles from the field, on his return from a visit to Washington, heard the sound of battle and rode rapidly to the scene of action. As he galloped past the retreating soldiers, he shouted, "Face the other way, boys! We are going back!" He reformed his corps, and before the close of day had gained a decisive victory.

"Dashing Phil Sheridan" graduated from West Point in 1853, and was promoted captain at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861. If he had thought the eight previous years, as a young officer in the United States Army, stirring ones, what must he have thought of the years that followed? But they were just the kind of years that suited his brave, impetuous nature. Quickly following his promotion in 1861, he was appointed quartermaster of the army in southwestern Missouri, and was under Halleck during the advance on Corinth. In May, 1862, he was appointed colonel of cavalry, and for conspicuous bravery was made brigadier-general of volunteers July 1 of the same year. He served with distinction as division commander at the battles of Perryville and Murfreesboro, and was appointed major-general Dec. 31, 1862. He served at Chancellorsville in 1863; commanded an important assault at the battle of Missionary Ridge the same year; became commander of the



cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac in April, 1864; took part in the battle of the Wilderness May 5-6; led an important raid May 9-25; fought the battles of Hawe's Shop May 28, and Trevillian Station June 11, and was made commander of the Middle Military Division August 7. This brought him to the time of the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley against General Early, which is the subject of the present sketch.

There are two kinds of war in modern times; one is begun by governments, and carried on principally by armies, and in this the people of the countries have for the most part little concern; the other is war in which the people themselves take an active part. The civil war at the South was of the latter sort. After it was once begun, the population of the South were as profoundly interested as their own government, and bore as important a part. Nearly every grown white man in the Southern States was in the ranks; and the women and children and the few men who staid at home were, if anything, more in earnest than those who belonged to the army. The population, including the slaves, furnished supplies of every sort to those at the front. They made shoes and clothes and sometimes arms; they plowed and reaped, and ground and baked, and forwarded food. Without them the armies of the South could not have been maintained.

The Valley of Virginia was the great farm-ground and store-house for Lee's army. It is an unusually fertile region, two hundred miles long, and fifty wide, lying between the Allegheny and the Blue Ridge Mountains, and extending from the Potomac on the north to the James River on the south. Here the crops were raised that fed the defenders of Richmond. Here the saddles and harnesses for Lee's cavalry were made; here were the gun-stock factories, the shoe-shops, the cloth-mills, the furnaces and foundries that furnished his munitions of war. The Valley is full of good roads along which an army can march rapidly, and it had been the avenue by which the Southern commanders had several times invaded the North. For, walled in by lofty mountains on the right and left, the Confederates could, at any time, move suddenly and easily to the Potomac River



without being discovered by the great Union force a hundred miles eastward in Virginia.

In the summer of 1864 Lee sent General Jubal A. Early northward through this Valley with nearly thirty thousand men, while all of Grant's army was engaged before Richmond. The Southerners emerged from the Valley at Harper's Ferry, entered Maryland, and even penetrated Pennsylvania, but finally turned and approached within seven miles of Washington. Their guns could be heard at the Capitol, and the President could almost see their pickets from the White House windows. The greatest alarm prevailed at the North. The President and the Secretary of War sent urgent messages to Grant, who, however, knew that this was an attempt of Lee to divert him from the campaign against Richmond, and he refused to remove his army to the Potomac. Washington was well fortified, and Grant did not think it in serious danger.

Nevertheless, he sent re-enforcements which proved sufficient, and the Confederates fell back to the point where the Potomac crosses the northern entrance to the Valley.

There, however, they remained, a menace and a mortification to the North. Repeated efforts were made to expel them from the position. Various commands and commanders were sent against them, but they held their ground, till the country became anxious and angry. Finally, Grant placed young Phil Sheridan at the head of all the troops opposed to Early. Sheridan had never before commanded an independent army, and the Government was not inclined to put much confidence in his ability. Grant was aware of this, and said nothing of his intention to the President or the Secretary of War. He went himself to the army in front of Early, and then sent for Sheridan and placed him in command. Then he explained to the new general his task.

First of all, Sheridan was to put himself south of the enemy. This would be sure to dislodge them, for it would threaten their communication with their rear; and the great aim of every general in modern war is to threaten the rear of their enemies,—to cut them off from communication with their friends. When you can do this you have half won the game. Next, Sheridan was to fight and follow Early to the death.



"Wherever the enemy goes," said Grant, "let our troops go also. Once started up the Valley, they ought to be followed till we get possession of the Virginia Central Railroad,"—a hundred miles south of the Potomac River. Next, he was to consume or destroy everything eatable by man or beast in the Valley.

"Eat out Virginia," said Grant again, "so that crows flying over it for the balance of the season will have to carry their provender with them."

The luxuriant harvests of the region, as I have shown, had filled the storehouses of Richmond. To obtain these stores and supplies had been one main object of Early's campaign. Indeed, that commander used his troops as farmers when they were not fighting or marching. They reaped and threshed the grain; and while one portion of his force was actually engaged in battle, another, close in the rear, was sometimes grinding corn. The certainty of obtaining these stores enabled the Southerners to send troops into the Valley without provisions, except such as they obtained on their way or after their arrival. Grant determined to put an end to all this; to protect Washington; to drive off the bold antagonist who had alarmed the North; and—quite as important—to seize and strip the rich Valley where that antagonist had found his supplies; to prevent further invasion by making it impossible for an army to live in the region. For the Southerners could send no supplies to the Valley; it was as much as they could do to feed the troops at Richmond. The Valley itself was the granary on which they depended, and when that was exhausted they had no means to fill it from the outside.

Now, Grant believed that the war at the South could not be ended solely by fighting. It was his policy to destroy whatever supported the armies; to kill all the men; to consume all the food, and to break up all the roads by which further supplies could be brought. There was plenty of fighting—as many and fierce battles in the same space of time as the world ever saw; but the struggle was between men of the same race, equally brave, equally in earnest; and the only way to conquer, according to Grant, was to attack the people as well as the armies. One great means was the destruction of the supplies in the Valley of Virginia. But the supplies were ably and bravely defended, and before





they could be destroyed the defenders must be beaten. This was young Sheridan's first task.

He was only about thirty now—but the very prime of life for a soldier; for it is said that after forty no man is so fit for war as before, so full of spirit and vigor and endurance—and all these are qualities of mind or body essential in a great commander. "Old men for counsel, young men for action," says the proverb, truly. But Sheridan was not only full of energy; his judgment was clear, which every one can see is also important in a general. His decisions, too, were quick, and this, if possible, is more important still; for in the turmoil of battle there is not time to consider long. As well decide wrong, as decide too late. Sheridan had experience of war, he had skill, he had dash and undaunted courage. By courage I do not mean merely the trait which makes man to stand fire without running away, but the fearlessness to take great risks, to send his men into battle knowing that if he lost, he lost all—his own fame, the lives of his troop, the future, perhaps, of his country. Many a brave man shrinks in the presence of such possibilities. But this sort of daring is indispensable in a great soldier; and this Sheridan possessed.

He also had a sympathetic nature that attracted men, gave him a great influence over them, and made them love him and follow him. No soldier on either side in the war had more of this personal magnetism than Sheridan. In battle, he stood in his stirrups, waving his hat and brandishing his sword, and shouting to his men. His eyes flashed, his face shone, and wounded men went on after they had been shot, because he was their leader. He ordered the bands to play, and led the front line himself with the colors in his hand, and the example was contagious. Such a man was almost sure to lead his troops to victory.

For six weeks the new commander moved cautiously about at the entrance to the Valley; for Sheridan was wary as well as active. His force was little, if any, larger than Early's, and lacking the latter's position. Great things hung on his success. It was important to give the enemy no chance, yet a single mismove might leave open road to Washington. Besides this, he was hampered by the fact that his own movements depended on those of other armies a hundred miles away. He was to drive Early.



it is true, but, at the same time, to hold him from rejoining Lee, so that Grant might not find his enemy too strong in front of Richmond; for modern war is like a great chess-board, and Sheridan and Early were the knights in the game, moving suddenly, leaping, as it were, from one point to another, but each under control of a hand that moved each piece on its own side in the game.

Finally, the country and the government became impatient, as those often do who look at war from afar, not knowing the plans or prospects of commander or, sometimes, the real situation. Grant, therefore, went to see Sheridan, and talked with him of the position of affairs. He took a plan of battle with him, in his pocket, but he found Sheridan understood so well what he had to do, that he told him to fight as he had intended, and never showed him the plan. He asked Sheridan, on a Friday, if he could be ready to fight by Tuesday; and Sheridan said he would be ready by Monday morning. So Grant went off on Sunday to let Sheridan fight his own way, and get all the glory if he won.

At this very time Early unwisely divided his army, sending nearly a third to a point some twenty miles away. Sheridan at once detected the blunder, and determined to attack the opposing forces while they were divided, which is always good strategy. In fact, one great object of generalship is to divide your enemy, and fall upon one of his divisions with your own united force. This was one of Napoleon's frequent maneuvers. But Early divided his troops himself in the very presence of Sheridan.

The two armies were facing each other, a little east of the town of Winchester, and Sheridan moved forward the greater part of his company, holding one division in reserve, to be used at the crisis. Early learned that Grant had been with Sheridan, and judging from this that a battle was probable, recalled the detachment he had sent away. It returned in the midst of the battle, and proved an important re-enforcement, driving Sheridan back from the ground he at first had gained.

Then, however, Sheridan brought up his reserves on his own right, and wheeled them around to envelop Early's left, while



the northern cavalry moved at the same time on the opposite flank. The double force approached with terrible vigor, and the spectacle to the enemy was tremendous. Crowded in on both flanks, overlapped on the left, with Sheridan's cavalry charging into them on the right, they fell into confusion. Their lines were broken in every direction, and as Sheridan said in his famous dispatch, he "sent them whirling through Winchester." Early lost 4,500 men, of whom 2,500 were prisoners. "The result," said Grant, "was such that I never again thought it necessary to visit Sheridan before giving him orders."

Sheridan pushed on without stopping. There are generals who are content with winning a victory. They sit down and rest, and let an enemy move leisurely off to prepare for another contest. Such generals may win battles, but they lose campaigns. Phil Sheridan was not of that sort; he chased Early hard for twenty or thirty miles, which is a great march for infantry at any time, and after a battle it was wonderful. But it is surprising what men can do when they must. A beaten army under the spur of pursuit can march incredibly fast; while the victors, enthusiastic and aglow with success, will make such time as under ordinary circumstances would be thought impossible. So Early fled and Sheridan followed nearly thirty miles in twenty-four hours.

The battle of Winchester lasted till dark on the 19th of September, and on the evening of the 20th Sheridan came up with Early at Fisher's Hill. At this point the mountains approach so close that the Valley is only three miles across; and here behind a rapid stream called Tumbling River, the Southerners had erected a line of breast-works. Early thought himself safe with mountains protecting either flank, and a stream in front, so he unloaded his ammunition-boxes and placed them behind his breastworks. But he did not even yet know his enemy.

On the morning of the 21st, Sheridan began his preparations for another assault. He liked the maneuver he had performed at Winchester so well that he determined to try it again. He concealed a portion of his command under Crook in the woods on the western mountain, and at daylight of the 22nd moved ostentatiously forward with his main body against the enemy's cen-



ter. While Early was preparing to resist this advance Sheridan hurled Crook suddenly from the western hills against the Confederate left. Thus taken in flank, the Southerners gave way, for no soldiers will long resist a heavy attack on their flank, which they can not return—they must fight face to face with the enemy; and Early's line crumbled under the assault. Crook was actually behind the defenses. At the same time Sheridan's center advanced, and between two fires the Southern army was almost destroyed. Sheridan took possession of the works while Early fled in confusion. Sixteen cannon were left on the ground, and sixteen hundred prisoners surrendered in the open field. Of those who fled, many left their muskets behind them. The rout was complete.

The pursuit continued during the night, and on the following day Sheridan drove the enemy quite out of the narrow valley into the gaps of the Blue Ridge Mountains, while his troops took possession of the country a hundred miles south of the Potomac River. The effect of these victories was prodigious. The whole North rang with applause, and Sheridan became one of the most conspicuous and popular of the Union generals. On the other hand, Early was censured by Lee; his soldiers remained panic-stricken for days, and the Richmond mob painted on the cannon order to his support, "For General Sheridan, care of General Early."

It was now time for General Sheridan to carry out Grant's second set of orders. He had "followed the enemy to the death," had "got south of them," had driven them out of the coveted region, and relieved the North from all fear of invasion by the Valley; now he was ready to begin the destruction of supplies. Grant did not desire to retain a large force in the Valley, but, in order to make it safe to withdraw Sheridan, it was necessary to ravage the country, so that no other Southern army could remain there and live. For I can not too often insist upon the fact that armies must be fed; and Lee's army was fed from this Valley. It was his great granary. Sheridan therefore devastated the whole country between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. It was very terrible, but it was war; and the cruelest war is sometimes





the most merciful, for it is surer to be short. One side or the other must give away.

Accordingly, Sheridan carried off all the cattle, horses, and mules; he burned all the mills, as well as destroyed all the crops, so that not only the present supplies were annihilated, but it was impossible to raise more; even the negroes were carried off, that planting might be impracticable, for there were few but negroes who could plant; all the white men were in the army. So complete a destruction of the resources of a country has hardly been known in modern warfare, but it answered its purpose, and helped to end the war. The people suffered, but I began by telling that this was a people's war. The South had a right to make it such; one can not but admire their pluck in doing so; but they risked the consequence. If you deal hard blows, you must expect them. The Southern people fought the North, and Grant and Sheridan fought the Southern people as well as the Southern armies.

But the very success with which this plan was carried out made it impossible for Sheridan himself to remain in the region. All forage and grain south of him had been sent to Lee; all the rest Sheridan himself had consumed or destroyed. He was a hundred miles from his base, and supplies could not be brought up rapidly enough to enable him to penetrate further. There was no alternative but to retrace his steps.

Lee, however, could not yet make up his mind to abandon this important territory; he determined to make one more effort to recover it. Early had not absolutely crossed the Blue Ridge, but had only fled to its western base, and Lee now re-enforced him with ten thousand men, and ordered him to return.

Sheridan, meanwhile, had begun his backward march, "stretching the cavalry across the Valley from the Blue Ridge to the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, with directions to burn all forage and barns, and drive off all stock as they moved." It was a march of terror to the inhabitants. The country was literally cleared as with fire, and absolutely nothing was left on the ground for the subsistence of an army. Dwelling-houses, however, were not burned, and the population were unharmed, unless they molested or misled the troops.

On the 9th of October, Early came up with the cavalry at a



place called Tom's Brook, near the site of the battle of Fisher's Hill; but Torbert, at the head of Sheridan's horse, turned and routed the Southern cavalry, capturing eleven guns, the forges for the batteries, the wagons for headquarters, and everything else that was carried on wheels. The enemy was followed "on the jump" twenty-six miles, over a mountain and across a river. Sheridan had now captured thirty-six cannon since the 19th of September. Some of this artillery was new and had never been used. It had evidently just been sent from Richmond, "for General Sheridan, care of General Early."

After this affair, the victorious general continued his northward march. Early remained quiet for several days after his third defeat, and then followed at a respectful distance. On the 13th of October, Sheridan was summoned to Washington by the Secretary of War, who desired to consult him about the further movements of the campaign. On the 15th he started for the capital, leaving his army, under the command of General Wright, intrenched on the northern side of Cedar Creek, a stream that runs entirely across the Valley, near Strasburg and Fisher's Hill.

Early, meanwhile, was preparing for a desperate effort, and on the night of the 18th of October, he moved against Sheridan's army. Crossing the river in the darkness, he crept unobserved under the Union guns, attacked the army at daybreak, and drove in the left, capturing eighteen guns and a thousand prisoners. This part of the command was absolutely routed. The right remained unbroken, but the whole army was forced back a distance of six or seven miles; many of the troops were in a deplorable condition, the infantry not even keeping together as companies. It was a mob, not an army.

Sheridan had left Washington on the morning of the 18th, by train, and passed the night at Winchester, twenty miles north of the battlefield. On the morning of the 19th, he heard the firing, and sent out to inquire the cause, was told it came from a reconnoissance. At nine o'clock he rode leisurly out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little, he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came



upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as this in their terror. The trains of wagons were rushing by, horses and drivers all in confusion, for there is no worse turmoil in this world than the flight and wreck of a beaten army. Sheridan had never seen his own men in this condition before.

He at once ordered the trains to be halted, and sent for a brigade of troops from Winchester; these he posted across the road to prevent further straggling. Then he called for an escort of twenty men, and, directing his staff to stem the torrent as well as they could, he set off himself for the battle-field. He rode straight into the throng of fugitives, in a splendid passion of wrath and determination, spurring his horse and swinging his hat as he passed, and calling to the men:

“Face the other way, boys! Face the other way!”

Hundreds turned at the appeal, and followed him with cheers, for they all knew Sheridan.

It was ten o'clock before he reached the field. There he rode about hurriedly, glanced at the position, and at once determined upon his course. He re-arranged the line of those who were still unbeaten, and then went back to bring up the panic-stricken remainder. And now his presence and personal influence told. He was in the full uniform of a major-general, mounted on a magnificent black horse, man and beast covered with dust and flecked with foam; he rose again in his stirrups, he drew his sword, he waved his hat, and shouted to his soldiers:

“If I had been here, this never would have happened. Face the other way, boys! We are going back!”

The flying soldiers were struck with shame when they heard him shout and saw his face blazing with rage and courage and eagerness for them. They took up his cry themselves, “Face the other way!” It went on from one to another for miles—from crowd to crowd—and they obeyed the command. As the swelling shout went on, the surging crowd returned. They faced the other way, and, along the very road which a cowering



mob had taken three hours before, the same men marched, with the tread of soldiers, to meet the enemy. They knew now that they were led to victory.

He led them to their place; he reformed the whole line, and a breastwork of rails and logs was thrown up—just in time. As Sheridan reached the front he could see the enemy moving to the attack; but now he was prepared. The assault was heavy, but the men stood their ground, and this time it was Early's troops that broke. Then Sheridan advanced, and over the same ground where his army had been defeated in the morning, he pursued a flying enemy; recaptured every cannon that had been lost, drove Early's men across the creek, found a ford where the river turned, got among the wagons and made the pursuit a rout. Early tried to rally his men at Fisher's Hill, where he had fought a few days before, but all in vain; there was no organization left; he could not form them into line. Two thousand made their way to the mountains, and for ten miles the road was covered with small arms, blankets, knapsacks, and wounded men—the fragments of a flying army. Sheridan captured twenty-four pieces of artillery, besides all that had been lost in the morning. Sixteen hundred prisoners were taken; and Early lost eighteen hundred and sixty killed and wounded. His command was in worse condition than at Winchester or Fisher's Hill.

This battle ended the campaign in the Valley; the Southerners never again attempted to invade the North, and Sheridan's men marched in whatever direction they chose, for there was no one to oppose them. The country was so bare that not a thousand men could have found forage west of the Blue Ridge, and Lee abandoned all hope of retaining or recovering the region. Shortly after this, he broke up Early's army, leaving him only one division of infantry and the cavalry. Early, indeed, was never intrusted with an important command again. As it was unnecessary for Grant to retain any large force in the Valley, the greater part of Sheridan's army was sent elsewhere.

It was only eleven weeks since Sheridan had entered the Valley, and in this period he had fought three pitched battles, besides directing an important cavalry encounter—and every one



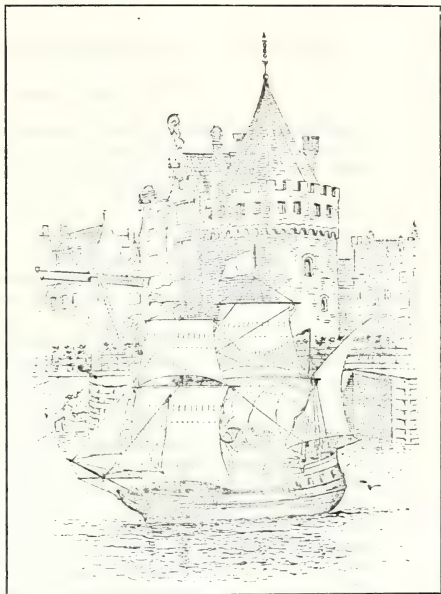


was a complete victory. He had captured sixty guns in the open field, and retaken eleven at Cedar Creek; he sent to Washington forty-nine battle-flags of the enemy, and his officers took the names of thirteen thousand prisoners. Early must have lost at least as many more men in killed and wounded, while his deserters and stragglers filled the forests and farm-houses of the Valley.

The object of the campaign was as thoroughly accomplished as in any series of movements in the war, and Sheridan will always be known in history as The Hero of the Valley.

Phil Sheridan's later career was almost equally eventful and stirring. Other battles were fought by him in the Civil War, and he was made the recipient of many honors and promotions. In 1883, he succeeded Sherman as general-in-chief of the army, and in 1888 received the rank of general from Congress.





#### THE TOWER OF WEEPING, AMSTERDAM

So called because here leave was taken of emigrating friends. It was from this spot that the *Half Moon* began her voyage.



## A MISSIONARY TO AMERICA FROM ENGLAND

BY BESSIE CAHOONE NEWTON

**I**T seems rather strange to think of ourselves as needing a missionary from England,—but that is precisely the reason. The Reverend George Berkeley, Dean of Derry and later Bishop of Cloyne, came to our shores in 1729.

It was as Dean of Derry, in 1725 that the reverend gentleman issued a tract, part of which reads as follows:—"A proposal for the better supplying of churches in our foreign plantations, and for converting the savage Americans to Christianity by a college to be erected in the summer islands,—otherwise called the Isle of the Bermudas."

Another sentence reads:—"A benefaction of this kind seems to enlarge the very being of a man extending it to distant places and future times, inasmuch as unseen centuries and after ages may feel the effects of his bounty, while he himself reaps the reward in the blessed society of all those who having turned many to righteousness shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Despite the fact that the silver and gold are the Lord's, it is pretty hard work for some of the Lord's best servants to get what should be coming to them. Dean Berkeley went down to London with a letter from Swift, a part of which read as follows:—"He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency (the letter was addressed to Lord Carteret) will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical, of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself. . . . I discouraged him by the coldness of Courts and Ministers, who will interpret this as a vision; but nothing will do."

Dean Berkeley's personality was such that he became the fashion of the day—so much so that Bolingbroke wrote to Swift



that he would gladly exchange Europe for the charms of Bermuda, only not in a *missionary capacity*. At the height of his popularity a subscription list was drawn up which soon amounted to five thousand pounds, a part of which strange to say was the gift of Sir Robert Walpole—who later proved his insincerity. Although private individuals had helped so generously it was necessary that the matter should be brought before both Houses before a sum sufficient for the great project could be raised. George the first gave him royal encouragement to hope for some of the purchase money of St. Christopher, given to England by the Treaty of Utrecht.

Dean Berkeley remained in London for four years. during which time he was lionized, dined and feted continually—a magnificent medal was presented to him by the king and all the court did him honor. He secretly complained of “the drudgery of taking part in these useless disputes.” In September, 1728, we find him at Greenwich, newly married, and about to embark with his bride for Rhode Island. He speaks of his wife who was a daughter of Chief Justice Forster as follows:—“I choose her for her qualities of mind and her unaffected inclination to books. She goes with great thankfulness to live a plain farmer’s life and wear stuff of own spinning. I have presented her with a spinning wheel”.

A rather romantic incident at this time had put the dean into a position of financial independence. Mrs. Hester Vanhomrigh, whom Swift had jilted for “Stella”, had died leaving her fortune to Dean Berkeley whom she had seen but once. The unfaithful Swift was cut out entirely. The dean speaks of her as follows:—“A lady to whom I was a complete stranger, having never in the course of my life exchanged a word with her died on Saturday night, etc. . . .” As someone had said Berkley must have had an “atmosphere” to so impress one who had laid eyes on him but once.

The New England Courier of the day gives this interesting account:—“Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley of Londonberry. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of agreeable, pleasant and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great





number of gentlemen to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner."

It is interesting to know on the other hand what the reverend gentleman thought about the town. He wrote to Percival:—"I was never more agreeably surprised than at the sight of the town and harbour of Newport. There is a more probable prospect of doing good here than in any other part of the world. Were it in my power, I should not demur about situating our college here. But no steps can be taken without the consent of the crown." This was in the good old days when New York city was referred to as a "thriving town near Newport, Rhode Island".

Dean Berkeley bought a parcel of land three miles from Newport where he built a house which he called "Whitehall" in honor of the monarchs of England. His land was only about three miles from the town and joined that of the Reverend James Honeyman. The house is a finely-built, substantial old structure planned with that simplicity which is the charm of all the old houses of this period. True to its name the building is white: the doors are green. The house is hidden among the tall trees that almost surround it. There are dainty little walks leading to the several doors outlined with infantile box trees.

The Colonial Dames who have assumed the care of "Whitehall" have kept the place in excellent condition and collected a large number of pictures of the Bishop which are hung in the room which used to be his library. There are all sorts of quaint old curios, the most interesting of which are in the kitchen beside the enormous fire place. The life in that home must have been an ideal one for the happy young couple, despite the fact that the longed-for news from England with regard to the Bermuda project did not arrive. From day to day the would-be missionary was disappointed of this hope. Unfortunately the project had been so planned that it was completely at the mercy of Sir Robert Walpole. Had Dean Berkeley remained in London, it is possible that his great personality might have won the day: but as it was, he had unwisely thought that nobody would believe him in earnest until he had put the ocean between himself and the fashionable life he was compelled to live. One of his letters written at this time reads:—"The truth is I am



not in my own power, not being at liberty to act without the concurrence as well of the ministry as of my associates. I cannot therefore place the college where I please: and though on some accounts I did, and so still think, it would more probably be attended with success if placed here rather than in the Bermudas. I wait here with all the anxiety that attends suspense, until I know what I can depend upon, and what course I am to take. I must own the disappointments I have met have touched me, not without affecting my health and spirits”.

But this long and trying time proved a blessing in disguise, for it led the great man to write some of the finest books in the English language. A beautiful range of rocks about a mile and a half southeast of Whitehall is often spoken of to this day as the “Bishop Berkeley Rocks” for it was here that the good man loved to meditate. There is one strange rock which stands like some mighty monster with open jaws, within which a party of men can stand upright. This freak of nature is known as the Hanging Rock and is of interest to tourists. Within this mighty rock there is shelter from the winds that blow straight in from the ocean which lies in shining splendor almost at its feet. Tradition points this rock out as the place where Dean Berkeley sat when he wrote his wondrous prophecy of the new world:

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way,  
The first four acts already past;  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—  
Time’s noblest offspring is the last!”

“Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher” was written here; perhaps it might be called Berkeley’s Gospel for an Age of Doubt, for it was a book intended to restore the faith of the multitude who were rapidly growing skeptical of that which cannot be seen with the eyes or handled with the hands. The book made a tremendous stir in the literary and theological world of that day and still holds its own in theological circles. Byron is quoted as having said;

“When Bishop Berkeley said, there was no matter,  
And proved it,—’twas no matter what he said.”



The blow fell at last, thanks to Sir Robert Walpole who had thrown enough cold water to drown the scheme of having a college in the island known as the Bermudas. To quote the Percival manuscript: "If you put the question to me as minister, I must and can assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid—as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of twenty thousand pounds. I advise him by all means to return to England and to give up his present expectations."

Lord Percival wrote Berkeley a very kind letter at the time when the sad news was delivered in which he tells him that it is an age when men love darkness better than light and when political preferment comes first of all things. One lord had gone so far as to say that it was a much safer thing to keep the Indians in perfect ignorance as they were less likely to rebel against the mother country. This same nobleman was sorry that there was a university in Dublin. There was nothing left for the great man to do but bear his disappointment bravely: to add to his grief an infant child died at this time, and was buried in Trinity church yard. In October, 1731, the little family set sail for England. It was a short stay,—only three short years, and yet in them George Berkeley made for himself a place as lasting as the rocks which bear his name. He was kind to his slaves: he said they would become better slaves by becoming Christians. We have proof that he often went off to preach to those within preaching distance of him, showing that he could preach the gospel this side of the Bermudas. We find that he founded a philosophical society in Newport, which finally developed into the Redwood library; he presented an organ to Trinity Church, the first organ in America, (the instrument is still in use in spite of the crown upon it) and gave his beautiful home to Yale College. The Berkleian scholarships at Yale have been held by some of the most distinguished of its students. It was not possible for him to do all that he wished to, so he did the greater thing,—he did all that he could: as soon as he reached home he made up a library with the help of his friends which was sent to Harvard College. It was the finest



in the new world. He also wrote letters of advice about establishing a college in New York.

There is a "Berkeley Memorial Chapel" a mile east of the rocks he loved so well. And there is a memorial window in the Chapel in the name of the beloved wife of Edwin Booth. There is also a school of the highest standing known as "Cloyne House" situated in the city of Newport. And not only Newport, but New Haven boasts his name. There is a window in Battell College to the man who presented Whitehall to the college so many years ago. A school in Middletown, Connecticut, bears the name of Berkeley. The Site of the State University opposite the Golden Gate is known as "BERKELEY." The dean was recalled to be made a bishop much against his will. He was always a missionary, for the spirit was strong upon him: perhaps nothing in the Bermudas could have appealed to him more than the sad condition of the poor with whom and for whom he labored. We find him always the same, stretching out his hand to help his brother man until he passed on unto the great unknown to be in "the blessed society of those who having turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."





## BALTIMORE

BY BERTHA LOUISE ROBINSON

**S**IR GEORGE CALVERT, son of Leonard Calvert, a Yorkshire gentleman of Flemish descent, was born in 1582. He was among those who had become interested in the London, or Virginia Company, under its second charter, in 1609. After receiving a liberal education at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1597, he finished his education by a tour on the continent. On his return he married Alice Wynne, granddaughter of Sir Thomas Wroth, Queen Elizabeth's Commissioner to Ireland; an office which Sir George Calvert afterwards held. In 1617, he was knighted by the king, having been appointed one of the clerks of the privy council. In 1619 he became one of the secretaries of state, and in 1620, had conferred upon him a pension of one thousand pounds a year for his services. Up to this time he had been a Protestant but in 1624, having become unsettled in his religious convictions, he renounced the Church of England, and embraced the faith of the Catholic Church. Moved by conscientious scruples, he determined no longer to hold the office of Secretary of State, which would make him, in a manner, the instrument of persecution against those whose faith he had adopted, so he tendered his resignation to the king, informing him that he as was now become a Roman Catholic, it would be violating his conscience to keep that office. The king was so moved by his honest avowal, that while accepting his resignation, he retained him as a member of his privy council, for life, and soon after created him Lord Baltimore, of Baltimore in Ireland.

The laws against the Catholics in England were particularly severe and cruel, and rendered it impossible for any man to practice his religion in quiet and safety. Sir George Calvert determined to seek another land and to found a new state, where con-



science should be free and every man might worship God according to his own heart. His first thought was of New-found-land, in the settlement of which he had been interested before his conversion. Having purchased a ship, he sailed with his family to that island on which, a few years before, he had obtained a grant of a province under the name of Avalon. He lived here two years, but found the climate and soil unsuited for the establishment of a flourishing community, and so sought the south.

In 1618, he sailed to Virginia, his intention being to explore the uninhabited country, then to secure a grant from the king. The authorities tendered him the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, upon his arrival, to which, as then framed, no Catholic could subscribe. Lord Baltimore refused to take them, but prepared a form of oath of allegiance which he and all his followers were willing to accept. His proposal was rejected, and he was compelled to leave their waters. He was pleased with the beautiful and well wooded country, which surrounded Chesapeake Bay, and returned to England to obtain a grant from the king, Charles I.

Remembering his service to his father, and perhaps moved by the intercessions of Henrietta Maria, his Catholic queen, who desired to secure an asylum abroad for the persecuted members of her church in England, Charles directed the patent to be issued. It was prepared by Lord Baltimore himself, but before it was finally executed he died, and the patent was delivered to his son Cecilius. The charter was issued on the 20th of June, 1632, and the new province, in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, was named "Terra Marie." The charter was a solemn grant from the king to Lord Baltimore, and his heirs and assigns, with extensive jurisdiction and powers of government over it. The ecclesiastical laws of England, so far as related to the consecration and presentation of churches and chapels, were extended to the colony, and therefore within the legislative power of the colonists themselves. The king only reserved to himself one-fifth of the gold and silver which might be found in the province, and the yearly tribute of two Indian arrows.

Lord Baltimore prepared to establish his first settlement in Maryland. Two vessels were fitted out for him, these he named



the *Ark* and the *Dove*, and collected a body of emigrants, nearly all of whom were Catholics. It cost him about £40,000 for the first emigration. The company of colonists consisted of about twenty gentlemen and between two and three hundred laboring men and handicrafts-men in their employment.

No record can be found to determine whether there were more Roman Catholics than Protestants. They were called "gentlemen adventurers". The colonists were accompanied by two Jesuit priests, Father Andrew White and John Altham, and were placed under the command of Leonard Calvert, whom his brother, the Lord Proprietary, had appointed Governor of Maryland. They finally sailed for America on November 22, 1633. An interesting narrative of the voyage, in Father White's quaint ecclesiastical Latin, is still preserved. On the 22d day of November, 1633, being St. Cecilia's day, the *Ark* and the *Dove* weighed anchor at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. Placing their ships under the protection of God, imploring the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Ignatius, and all the guardian angels of Maryland, they left behind them their homes, friends and relatives, to face the dangers of the sea, in order to secure for themselves and their children the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience.

After encountering violent storms, the ships arrived at Point Comfort, in Virginia, on February 27th. They rested for eight or nine days, when they again sailed northward and reached the Potomac, casting anchor at an island which they named St. Clement's, now Blackstone's Island, near the mouth of the Potomac. Today there remains but a sand bank to mark the place. On the feast of the "Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin", being the 25th of March, in the year 1634, they took possession of Maryland. After the mass ended, the pilgrims formed in procession, led by the governor, Leonard Calvert, the secretary, and the other officers, carrying on their shoulders a huge cross, hewn from a tree, and erected it upon the island, humbly bending the knee during the devout recitation of "The Litany of the Holy Cross." The chief Piscatoway was the most powerful in that region, and the governor, Leonard Calvert, determined to visit him and secure his friendship. He set out with a portion of his



men, accompanied by Father Altham, leaving the ship at anchor at St. Clements.

At length they reached a village on the Virginia side, named Potomac, after the river. Father Altham preached to the people and their chief; telling them that they had not come to make war, but to instruct them in Christianity. Father White said it was amusing to hear them examining everything. They wanted to know where in the world such a large tree grew, from which such a huge ship could be hewn. To Father White and his associates was assigned a chief's cabin or hut of poles, which he consecrated as a church, and called "*primum Marylandiae Sacellum*", "*The first Chapel of Maryland.*" It was truly a good land that they had come to, a land of broad streams, fertile plains and green woodlands. They were charmed with its beauty, the bright new birds, the blue jay, the oriole, with its colors of gold and black—still dear to all Marylanders—their flocks of wild turkeys and waterfowl. After receiving his charter for Maryland, in June, 1632, Cecil, Lord Baltimore, prepared to carry out his father's plans. A body of emigrants were soon collected to begin the foundation of the new province. Those who were to till the soil, and to work at various trades, were mainly Catholics. If they had been Protestant they would not have embarked in a venture so absolutely under Catholic control.

For the first settlement of the new province, Leonard Calvert selected a spot a short distance above, about a mile from the eastern shore of the river, where stood an Indian town whose inhabitants had already begun to emigrate to the westward. Calvert purchased thirty miles of territory from the Indian tribes. The Indians gradually gave up some of their houses to the colonists, agreeing to leave the rest also after they had gathered in their harvest, so the new settlement began with Catholic and Protestant dwelling together in harmony, neither attempting to interfere with the religious rights of the other. "Maryland had never taken kindly to towns, and though during Queen Anne's reign, a number were founded—St. Mary's and Annapolis (the one waning as the other waxed), remained the only real towns of the colony for the first ninety years. In 1729, the planters near the Patapsco made application to the Assem-





bly, and an act was passed to purchase the necessary land—sixty acres—bounding on the northeast of the river, which is the part of the harbor now called the Basin. It cost forty shillings an acre. The street and lots were laid off in the following January. The water-fronts were immediately taken up, showing advantage of shipping rather than habitation, having most excellent harbor.

Baltimore has many natural advantages. It lies at the head of tide-water, at the junction of granite, gneiss and slate, with the deposit of gravel, clay and iron ore. It is in the region of oak, chestnuts, birches, pines and magnolias, and its climate is mild. At first it grew very slowly, and in the first twenty years had only about twenty dwellings, and perhaps one hundred inhabitants. In 1732 it was increased by an addition of ten acres, on the land of Edward Fell. For a time Elkridge Landing was a great tobacco market, but Baltimore soon surpassed it. Annapolis had continued to grow, and being the seat of the rich and aristocratic government drew around it the wealth and fashion of the province. There our fine arts found patronage and literature began to spring up. In 1745, the earliest, and for a time, the only newspaper was printed: the Maryland Gazette. This paper kept alive until 1839. A printing press was established as early as 1726, for the purpose of printing the laws and public documents, which prior to that date had been printed at Philadelphia.

In 1751 Charles, Lord Baltimore, died. John Hart was commissioned in 1715. Charles Calvert succeeded him 1727. Benedict Leonard Calvert, brother of the Lord Proprietary, was appointed in 1727. Being compelled to return to England on account of ill health, Samuel Ogle was named to replace him. Lord Baltimore appointed Mr. Ogle his representative in 1735. In 1742 Thomas Bladen ruled until 1747, when Mr. Ogle was for the third time appointed. The population in 1748 was estimated at 130,000, of which 94,000 were white and 36,000 blacks. In 1756, five years after the death of Charles, Lord Baltimore, the population was 154,188, of whom 107,963 were whites and 46,225 blacks. The people were anxious to develop the richness of their soil, and to develop manufactures. Linen and woolen manufac-



tures were established in Dorchester; prior to this every family produced homespun for its use, and the clothing of servants. England discouraged domestic manufactories, and imposed a duty upon the exportation of raw hides, leather and old iron, for the protection of her tanners, shoemakers and smiths. Grants of land were made to those who undertook to build water mills. Abundance of iron ore was found in the hills and worked to advantage.

The making of wine was attempted. Wheat and Indian corn were largely exported. The great staple of Maryland was tobacco, in 1736 it had grown to such importance that one hundred and thirty ships were engaged and in 1747 fifty thousand hogsheads were exported. Free schools were established in each county, being supported by taxation. There were between forty and fifty parishes in the colony, and the clergy of the established church were well provided by the law, as a tax of thirty pounds of tobacco per head was levied on all such eatables of the parish for their support, the proceeds of which amounted to three hundred pounds sterling, or about fifteen hundred dollars per annum. They were presented to their livings by the Governor, and were under the jurisdiction of the Episcopal bishop of London. This system was first introduced in 1692. Thomas Bray, the commissary, then inspected and arranged the church affairs of the colony. The parishes were only thirty in number, and but sixteen of these were supplied with clergymen. Dr. Bray procured the erection of several additional chapels and supplied the people with books of common prayer. At this time the currency was in great disorder. An issue of paper money, or government bills of credit, was resorted to. In 1733, an issue of ninety thousand pounds was authorized. The government expended a portion of this in building a house for the governor and a county jail. Then a tax of one shilling and three pence was placed upon every hogshead of tobacco exported. On the 22d of March, 1756, a bill was passed to raise a sum of forty thousand pounds, of which eleven thousand were to be applied to the erection of a fort and several blockhouses in the western frontier, and for arming, paying and maintaining a body of troops, not exceeding two hundred men, to garrison



these forts. Three thousand pounds were placed in the hands of two commissioners, Colonel Benjamin Tasker and Charles Carroll, to engage the services of the southern Indians. It was then directed that one thousand pounds be distributed, ten pounds to be given for each scalp of an hostile Indian, and twenty-five pounds for each prisoner brought in by any inhabitant. Messrs. William Murdock, James Dick and Daniel Wolstenholm were appointed to pay these sums, with a commission of two and one-half per cent. Thirty-four thousand pounds was raised by bills of credit. This was a system already in full operation in the colony. A double tax was laid upon the lands of Catholics. Another in the list of twenty-two subjects of taxation on which the assembly thought proper to levy, was on all bachelors, of twenty-five years of age and upward, worth one hundred pounds and less than three hundred, who were to pay five shillings per annum. And if worth over three hundred pounds—twenty shillings per annum. Then this subject of taxation was significantly placed in the list of luxuries, and between the duties on wines, and liquors, and the billiard table.

Peace was declared in 1763 and the French colonies were ceded to England. The condition of Maryland was prosperous in spite of the ravages it had suffered during the war. Its population in 1761 was 164,007 persons, of whom 144,332 were white and 19,675 black, principally slaves. It possessed few manufactures. However, 2,500 tons of pig-iron and 500 tons of bar-iron were annually produced. Peculiarly fitted for commerce and navigation, its territory within thirty miles of stream navigable for boats, its soil rich, it needed only the acquisition of independence to make it a powerful, flourishing state. But about this time England passed the Stamp Act. In the Revolution Maryland played an important part.

The rich lands of the west and its mild climate had already attracted the crowd of emigrants, and it became a matter of serious importance to have a route for travel and transportation between the Atlantic and the west. The idea was favored by the greatest men of the day. On the 22nd of December, 1784, a conference took place at Annapolis. General Washington and General Gates appeared in behalf of Virginia; Thomas Stone, Samuel



Hughes, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, John Cadwallader, Samuel Chase, John De Butts, George Digges, Philip Key, Gustavus Scott and Joseph Dashill for Maryland. A company was formed, which was called The Potomac Company; it was incorporated by Virginia and confirmed by Maryland. It was organized at Alexandria, Virginia, on the 17th of May, 1785, having as its president George Washington. Its work was to make the Potomac navigable as far as Cumberland. But the death of General Washington cut short this project. In 1819, after thirty-five years, and the expenditure of seven hundred thousand dollars, including stocks, debts and tolls, in 1811 the Potomac Company had to apply to the Board of Public Works of Virginia for relief. Communication between Baltimore and Washington at this time was satisfactory, a light coach and three horses making the journey in a day and a half. The mail wagon was then a marvel. It left Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, at five o'clock in the morning and arrived at the Baltimore postoffice at eleven at night. No attempt had been made to grade the roads, which were in a wretched condition. It was not uncommon for the traveler to alight and assist the driver to extricate the vehicle from the mud. Along the York Road teamsters would unhitch their horses to aid one another in pulling their vehicles through the mud. In 1784 the Maryland Legislature granted the exclusive privilege of making and selling boats to James Rumsey, a native of Cecil County. So to Maryland belongs the credit of producing the inventor of the *first* steamboat.

Religious denominations were subject at this time to a spiritual superior in England. The Catholics of the State were under the jurisdiction of a vicar, appointed by the Catholic bishop of London; the Episcopalians to the Anglican bishop, and the Methodists to Mr. Wesley of England. On June 27th, 1783, the Catholic clergy met at White Marsh and after several meetings completed the drawing up their government. Rev. John Carroll was then sent to Rome. A few years afterwards he was appointed bishop, and was consecrated in England, returning to Baltimore in 1790, the first bishop of the United States. In 1810 he was made archbishop.

In 1820 an important event occurred: gas was discovered. A





company was formed in Baltimore, and Peale's Museum on Holliday Street, afterwards the City Hall, was the first building to be lighted, while many persons payed admission to view the new light. Even today Baltimoreans pay a very high price to see the gas burn, and get in return the poorest gas I have seen in any city.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse received a patent for the first telegraph in 1835, and received fifty thousand dollars from Congress for the construction of an experimental line, between Washington and Baltimore. The announcement of the nomination of James K. Polk for President of the United States by the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore, was the first message sent over the line.

The bombardment of Fort McHenry began on the evening of the 13th of September, 1814. Three companies of United States artillery, united with three volunteer city companies under Capt. Berry, Lieut. Pennington and Capt. Nicholson, and six hundred infantry. All men were under Col. Armistead. During that fearful night, Francis Scott Key, a distinguished son of Maryland, was a prisoner in the British fleet, having gone on board under the protection of a flag of truce, to effect the release of some captive friends. He was himself detained during the expedition. He felt deeply the dangers, with the long and terrible hours which passed in sight of that conflict whose issue he could not know. He was of poetic temperament, and it was under these circumstances that he composed "The Star Spangled Banner." As his eyes sought the flag the following morning his words thrilled the hearts of his associates around him and as he gazed upon the fluttering banner, in the first rays of the morning sun.

"'Tis the Star Spangled Banner! Oh long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

The National Anthem of the whole Union was written by a son of Maryland, and written within sight of the battle field won by its citizens.

Much attention had been given in Maryland to the cultivation of the soil. Tobacco and corn formed the staple agricultural pro-



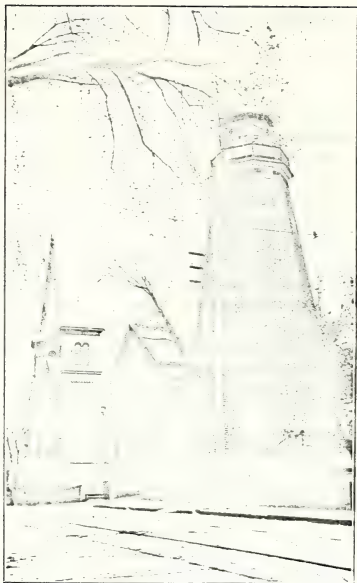
duce, and having no regard for the preservation of the soil, they raised alternately tobacco and corn. After a short time, the richest lands became impoverished. The old fields were thrown aside. The homes were then neglected and dropped slowly into ruins. Their owners migrated to Ohio and Kentucky. Agricultural societies were formed throughout the counties, a state association was organized and an excellent journal was established to advocate and improve agriculture. Then the old fields were renovated, by the use of lime, guano and composts, which finally restored them to fertility. At this time the manufacturing plants increased throughout the state. So from the beginning Baltimore has been an important shipping, manufacturing and educational town.

Its history is an almost unbroken chronicle of peace and prosperity, until the big fire of 1904, which devastated the entire financial and wholesale business quarter of the city. It has nobly labored toward restoration, and in this work the women of Baltimore have shown an energy and heroism that entitles them to warmest praise.



PORTLAND

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## PORTLAND OBSERVATORY, OR THE OLD BROWN TOWER

BY EDITH BURNHAM

**T**HE Portland Observatory, once more popularly known as the Old Brown Tower, is one of the most notable historical buildings along the New England coast. Built when it was, in the spring of 1807, with war presaging and the ominous dread of a sequel to the Mowat attack, which had ushered in the Revolution, lurking in the heavy atmosphere, its history might well be termed the history of the antebellum days of the War of 1812 in Portland. So closely is its history interwoven with that of the city itself,—of the coast for many miles in extent, that the paragraph which relates the one must also prove the annals of the other.

The Berlin and Milan decrees and the Embargo Act, passed by our government in 1807, primarily for the purpose of putting an end to the British encroachments upon our commerce, worked directly reverse to the intentions of their founders and framers. So crippled were the commercial interests of the city of Portland, and in fact of all coast cities, that the citizens were reduced to the direst straits. In order to allay the intense suffering, which must have been the inevitable result of such measures, free dinners and lunches were served in the market place, and other emergency charities resorted to. The Embargo Act was repealed, but past repeal was the spirit which it had engendered. Although a product of America herself, it was yet the direct outcome and consequent issue of British oppression. The citizens of Portland realized this. Accordingly, they set to work to make strong the fortifications of their own city. Shoulder to shoulder worked the rich man and the poor, for were not the rich on the verge of losing their all as well as the poor?

The loss occasioned by the Embargo act amounted to \$74,000,-





000 to our own country instead of crippling England and the West Indies slave as designed. It was in the same year that this ubiquitous Embargo act was passed that the Portland Observatory was built.

Erected and controlled by a private corporation as a means of protecting their own property; namely, their maritime interests, and maintained by the fees of its subscribers, it was yet the property of the public in that it gave to the inhabitants of the city the result of its observations of the enemy, all the knowledge of the movements of the enemy's vessels which it was possible to ascertain, and was in fact the signal to which the entire city pinned its faith.

The structure, interesting for itself on account of its peculiar make-up, the nails which hold its timbers in place being fashioned by hand, and even the timbers themselves having been especially seasoned for the purpose, has wrapped up in its towering frame a wealth of history. Folded and laid away in pigeon holes built in its sides are the flags of the many concerns who constituted themselves as subscribers; these flags gave out to the owners the results of observations made of their vessels. But more important than these are the flags which were a part of the signal system during the War of 1812. This system comprised the semaphore,—the upright post with a cross arm and depended balls,—and flags. By means of the two, signals were devised which indicated every exigency of naval warfare. Working in conjunction with the observatory was the signal post at Kirkwood's Hill, probably Scarborough, as the hills of this section intercept the view from the observatory at that point. Here the semaphore alone was used. The placing of the cross arms at certain angles with the post and the use of one or all of the six balls in various combinations told the entire story of the war as revealed at this point; while from the observatory these signals were read and transmitted to the anxious citizens of Portland.

A study of the signal books of both of these stations reveals much of the nature of the news derived by the people. At the observatory is a record of 71 possible war signals, many if not all of them having been brought into service during the encounter. The Kirkwood Hill station registered 61.



Up to the time of the encounter between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* the Portland Observatory had had small chance to give out information which stirred the hearts of all to a fever heat. Although Portland sailors had been on board many a vessel of war, one of her sons, Alexander Scammel Wordsworth, distinguishing himself as a lieutenant on the *Constitution* in the retreat of 64 hours from Broke's British squadron and in the famous battle of the *Constitution* with the *Guerriere*, when he was next to Captain Hull in command; yet it was not till the *Enterprise-Boxer* fight that she could feel that for her were the proud honors of victory, for the *Enterprise* which so summarily and utterly vanquished her foe was almost entirely manned by Portland sailors and officers. Was it a thing of marvel that the sides of Observatory Hill were black with a surging, restless mass; that the observatory itself was a town of humanity? Presumably all first sights of vessels from the westward were taken from the signal station at Kirkwood's Hill and from here transmitted to the observatory.

On the morning of the 1st of September directly preceding that memorable 6th in the year 1813, Lieutenant William Burrows sailed from Portsmouth on a cruise westward. On the 3d he discovered a schooner, which he chased into Portland harbor. No sooner had he accomplished this task than he learned that privateers were cruising in the waters off Monhegan. Directly he went in pursuit. These movements of threatened encounter could be easily discerned from the observatory, and the signal code was so complete that every such movement could be accurately and minutely denoted. For this reason, the entire city was apprised of the tension of the situation and was in a corresponding mood. From the moment that the brig *Enterprise* sailed out of Portland harbor on the morning of the 3d until the 6th, when it was in action with the brig *Boxer*, there was not a single minute that the signals from the observatory were not objects of the steady gaze of some anxious eye. The balls of the semaphore were supplanted by lanterns at night, thus making the vigils of darkness as strained as those of the daylight hours.

On the 4th, the second day out from Portland harbor, the *Enterprise* sighted a brig of war, to which she rapidly gave



chase. With its ensigns hoisted, the enemy fired several guns, a challenge for combat. Lieutenant Burrows, reconnoitering for a brief period in order to learn the force of his antagonist, then prepared to close for action. This was at three o'clock. Of the sharp, incisive, bitter conflict which followed the waiting crowds in Portland knew little, unless it be that some of the smoke from the belching guns drifted towards them, for the battle was off Monhegan, in the bay near Pemaquid, forty miles distant. With the observatory telescope to-day—the same one which was in use at that time—Seguin, twenty-five miles distant, can easily be seen, and the smoke from ocean liners at a considerably greater distance. Thus it is not improbable that the hot breath of battle was in those drifting clouds of smoke and that its heat burned the cheeks of the anxious watchers at the observatory. At twenty minutes past three, when the brigs were within half pistol shot, they both commenced firing. For a quarter of an hour both sides fought with equal vantage, when the *Enterprise* forged ahead, shot across her enemy's bow and then raked her with shot. Not long could she withstand this, and the main top mast and top sail yard lowered before her enemy. Forty minutes from the time when the firing commenced, the *Boxer's* guns were silent, she was begging for quarters; her colors, nailed to the masts, could not be made to bow in defeat, but no longer did they float in triumph. Lieutenant Burrows, commander of the *Enterprise*, fell when scarcely the fighting had commenced; but he refused to be borne below till the firing had ceased and the sword of the enemy was placed in his hands. "I am satisfied; I die content," were his last words. Captain Bythe, the commander of the *Boxer*, also fell early in the action, his body shot through with a cannister ball. A more dearly bought victory was scarcely ever won; both commanders forfeited their lives. They were buried side by side in the Portland cemetery, and here to-day the stones marking their burial spots may be seen. The one over the grave of Lieutenant Burrows bears the inscription, "A passing stranger has erected this monument of respect to the name of a patriot, who in the hour of peril obeyed the summons of an injured country, and who gallantly met, fought and conquered the foeman." It was erected



by the young men of Portland. The stone in Captain Blythe's memory was erected by the surviving members of his crew.

The Enterprise towing the disabled Boxer into Portland harbor was a sight that moved the entire city with excitement and awe. In ten-oared barges, rowed at one minute strokes, the remains of both the victorious and defeated were borne to the shore, accompanied by most of the barges and boats in the harbor, while minute guns sounded from the decks of the two brigs. Forts Preble and Scammel also discharged minute guns. In this funeral procession the respect accorded to the enemy's dead was no less than that given to the victors, for both alike were heroes. The funeral cortege might be said to be one of the most notable in American history, for the honor paid to the fallen British was such as to call forth the most grateful and sympathetic recognition from their leaders. True American citizenship was demonstrated; the "eternal brotherhood of man" was exemplified.

Following is the personnel of the procession:

Military escort, composed of a rifle company and two companies of infantry.

Selectmen of Portland.

Town treasurer and sheriff of the county.

Town clerk and other municipal officers.

The reverend clergy.

Remains of Lieutenant Burrows—Mr. Le Sassier, Mr. O'Neal, Mr. Tillinghast, Mr. Shields, Mr. Turner, Mr. McCall.

Chief mourners.

Remains of Captain Blythe—Lamuel Weeks, Jr., Seth Barnes, Joshua Knights, William Merrill, James Combs, John Alden.

Officers of the brig Boxer as mourners and officers on parole.

Crew of the brig Boxer.

Officers of the United States navy.

Ship masters and mates.

Marshal of Maine.

Navy agent, and the late Consul General of Military Powers.

Collector of the Port, and Surveyor.

Superintendent General of Military Supplies.

Military officers of the State in uniform.

Judges and other civil officers of the United States.

Judiciary of the commonwealth.

Members of the State legislature.





Civil officers of the State.

Portland Marine Society.

Presidents, directors and officers of the banks and insurance officers.

Citizens in general.

A reading of the sixty or more signals reveals a wide variety of expressions; in fact, they seem to cover any and all possible naval combinations of that day. It is a matter worth noting that the set of signal codes gotten out at the Observatory after the close of the War of 1812, although just as lengthy, does not contain any of the signs of belligerency; there are no signals for "brigs in chase," "enemies' boats among the islands," "privateers in chase," "enemies' boats rowing for Black Point Bay." In the place of such signals as these there appears a greater variety of signals expressing the positions of vessels, their place of anchorage, their point of arrival or departure, or possibly their kind of cargo and purpose of landing. These old signal codes are all made by hand, the coloring of the pendants and balls being done in colored inks, red, blue or green. Some of them are in curious little books, with covers of bright paper, stamped in modern creton patterns. And now these little books are like the discarded primers of youth, all the painstaking work of the makers looking like the clumsy letters of the alphabet which the child first laboriously makes with cramped and aching fingers. For now a wireless telegraphy station stands out on the Cape and takes the messages from incoming steamers that are fitted up with wireless apparatus, and the signals which the Observatory gives out of coasting vessels and other craft are sent out over the wires of the telephone which connects the Observatory with almost the entire city. The old flags and pennants which used to float their messages out over the city are faded and worn; but, albeit, they are carefully and respectfully placed in pigeon holes in the side of the observatory, and the little books which were the key by which all of these messages were read are snugly laid away in the drawers of an old oak desk. The memory-haunted walls of the Old Brown Tower are lined with relics of its most glorious days.

There is one thing that time can change in its grandeur but



little, and that is the glorious view of harbor and coast line which may be had from the observatory on a clear day. All the beautiful wooded islands of Casco Bay, the long sweep of rocks and headlands flanked with walls and terraces of green, the imposing fortifications of brick and stone, the forts of Casco Bay, all these are a part of the panorama which surrounds the observatory, and with half closed eyes and thoughts stretched far back into the years one can see the smoke through the air to the city, yes, and even hear the distant roar of cannonade as it echoes and reverberates among the cliffs along the shore. The Old Brown Tower is a very wonderful place, and as long as it stands it will be a reminder of a past when all the hope or despair of an entire community was held in its grasp, a time when oneness of sorrow made oneness of joy.

Every summer hundreds of tourists from all over the country, coming to Portland to enjoy the bracing sea air, visit this Old Brown Tower. Capt. Dinsmore, who is in charge of it, is a most interesting conversationalist and has many stories to relate to those who climb the long flights of age-worn stairs, to examine the historical relics in the tower and to look off for miles across the sea, past the beautiful wooded islands of Casco Bay, far into the distance, till the eye can just discern a spot on the horizon line, which is Pemaquid Light, a point of land near which the famous Enterprise-Boxer sea fight took place. The Old Brown Tower will for long years to come be the objective point of historical pilgrimage and pilgrimage for beauty. The storm of its career is past, and now and henceforth its life will be one of beauty; the beauty of one of the loveliest bays on the Atlantic coast is at its command.



## THE LEGEND OF DETROIT'S "NAIN ROGUE"

BY ELIZABETH L. STOCKING

**O**N the evening of March 10, 1701, a gay party of French officers were banqueting in the hall of the old castle of St. Louis in Quebec and drinking the health of Monsieur La Mothe Cadillac who had recently returned from France with a commission of Commandant from Count Pontchartrain, the Colonial Minister, and the grant of a tract of land, fifteen acres square, to be located at the most favorable point on "le Detroit."

While the good cheer was at its height a servant informed the host that an old fortune-teller craved admittance. The company, ready for any new diversion, were glad to welcome her, and she entered,—a strange, tall, swarthy creature, with a black cat perched on her shoulder.

One by one the palms of the company were extended for her reading, and her knowledge of their past and prophecies for their future, led them to feel her power mysterious and uncanny. When she hesitated, the black cat licked her ear, and they said it was the devil telling her what to say. Finally the turn of the bold Cadillac was reached, and he, sceptical of her pretensions, held out his hand exclaiming: "I care not for the past; tell me of the future!"

First studying earnestly his rugged face, she drew from her bosom a vital containing a liquid like quicksilver, and pouring it into a basin, gazed at it while she held Cadillac's hand, and said: "Sieur, a dangerous journey you will soon undertake; you will found a great city which one day will have more inhabitants than New France now possesses; many children will nestle around your fireside."

"Go on!" directed the Chevalier.

"Ah, I would that you had not bid me continue," declared



the woman, "for I see dark clouds arising. The policy you intend pursuing in selling liquor to the savages will be the cause of much trouble. In years to come, your colony will be the scene of strife and bloodshed, the Indians will be treacherous, the hated English will struggle for its possession, but under a new flag it will reach a height of prosperity which you never in your wildest dreams pictured. You will bask in a sunnier climate, but France will claim your last sigh."

"Shall my children inherit my possessions?" asked Cadillac, involuntarily voicing his heart's desire.

"Beware of undue ambition: appease the Nain Rogue (Red Dwarf). Should you offend him, not a foot of your inheritance will ever belong to your heirs."

Some of those present were deeply impressed by the witch's prophecy, but Cadillac laughed, and afterwards told it to his wife as a joke. She, however, looked serious; for a moment her brow clouded.

On the following day Cadillac bade farewell to his wife and to his companions, and with fifty soldiers, fifty colonists and two priests started on the long and dangerous expedition west. Most of the journey was by water, but there were many places where they must carry their canoes, provisions, and heavy ammunition. Up the Ottawa river they paddled, across to Georgian Bay and through Lake Huron, St. Clair river, then bearing the Indian name "Otis-Sippi" and Lake St. Clair (Otsi-Keta), until on the banks of Detroit (The Strait). July 24, 1701, they found the spot which seemed to combine all the advantages they had been seeking,—a wide outlook over the river, a place where the Indians would gather to trade, and a gate to shut off the English from the West.

As they landed, bands of Ottawas and Hurons whose villages were located near, rushed to meet them and gave them a friendly welcome. Their journey was at an end. The cross was erected, and the weary voyagers had found a resting place.

The next day, the first pickets of the new fort were set up and it was christened "Fort Pontchartrain." On the 26th, the first church west of the Alleghanies was begun. Detroit was founded.





and the early pioneers felt, as thousands have since agreed, that "In Detroit life is worth living."

And yet something was lacking in the little colony to make it home, for there were no women. But the men worked away cheerily building log-houses and making their stockade secure so that everything might be ready, and the next spring Madame Cadillac with her six-year-old son, Madame de Tonty, and other women, guided by Indians and Canadians came, not by the same route as their husbands, but through Lakes Ontario and Erie, and a joyous reunion took place on the banks of "Le Detroit."

And so, the little colony grew and prospered. Six years had passed away, and one spring the habitants gathered about Cadillac's home to celebrate May-day. Those who had received grants of land from him, went through the feudal ceremony of kneeling before him and declaring their fealty, as follows:—

"Monsieur du Detroit, Monsieur du Detroit, Monsieur du Detroit, I bring you faith and homage which I am bound to pay you on account of my fief, which I hold as a man of faith, of your Seigniorship of Detroit, declaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial and feudal dues in their season, and demanding of you to accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid." Cadillac, resplendent in blue uniform and cavalier hat with white plumes, graciously received this allegiance.

He then took his place with his wife, children, and officers on the "galerie" of his manor-house. On the greensward lay a tall pole with all the branches trimmed except at the top and surmounted by the royal flag bearing the lilies of France. The firing of a gun was the signal for the pole to be placed in position, and as it slowly rose and the banner of France fluttered to the breeze, the habitants broke into one of their patriotic songs which, strange to tell, was sung to the same melody as our "America." Drums rolled, trumpets sounded, and the air was filled with lusty cheers.

A cask of wine from Cadillac's cellar was tapped, and all drank to the health of the King and his subjects. The ceremony of blackening the May-pole followed, when each one present fired at the pole with a gun loaded merely with powder until it was black its entire length. There was dancing on the lawn



under the great trees which but a few years before had looked down only upon the gambols of wild animals and savages, and tables were spread in their shadow loaded with tempting viands. Everybody seemed happy and yet, in sooth there was a slight undertone of complaint against the masterful Cadillac and his gay officers.

After the villagers had dispersed, Cadillac and his wife wandered in the twilight by the river talking of the success of their little colony and of their dreams and ambitions for the future. Suddenly, across their path darted an uncouth dwarf, very red in the face, with a huge hooked nose, a gleaming eye, and a mouth set with sharp, pointed teeth.

"It is the Nain Rogue," cried Madam Cadillac clinging to her husband's arm in terror.

Cadillac angrily raised his cane and struck the dwarf exclaiming: "Get out of the way, you red imp!"

With a mocking laugh, the monster vanished, and Madam Cadillac mourned: "O, my husband, you have offended the Nain Rogue. Misfortune is sure to follow."

Soon afterwards, Cadillac on a visit to Monreal was arrested through the intrigues of his enemies; he was obliged to sell his seigniory in Detroit to pay for his trial. He afterwards became governor of Louisiana but finally died in France. No child of his ever inherited an acre of his possessions. War, strife, and massacre were rife in his colony during the next hundred years. Five times its flag was changed, and at last under the banner of the United States, it reached the prosperity predicted by the fortune-teller.

Always thereafter, when any disaster threatened Detroit, some habitant caught a glimpse of the fateful Nain Rogue. The night before the terrible Indian battle of Bloody Run, he was seen hurrying along the shore. When the city was totally destroyed by fire in 1805, his red face gleamed through the darting flames. The morning before Hull surrendered Detroit, he was visible hastening through the fog. Since then, he has not appeared, but some of the old French habitants whisper that if ever a great disaster should happen to our fair city, it would be portended by the appearance of the Nain Rouge.



In 1901,—just two hundred years after the founding of Detroit,—a unique bi-centenary celebration was held in the city. A descendant of one of the old French families represented Cadillac, and he, with fifty followers came down the river in bateaux and canoes and landed at the same spot where the original Cadillac had disembarked 200 years before, only that instead of a primeval forest, their destination lay in the grounds of the public lighting plant of the great city. They were welcomed by bands of real Indians transported from the Buffalo exposition, and watched by thousands of citizens, planted the cross and took possession of Detroit. The mayor gave up the keys of the city to Cadillac, and Cadillac, in response, expressed his surprise at the changes which had taken place in Detroit since he last visited it.

The celebration lasted three days. Madam Cadillac, personated by one of Detroit's lovely daughters, also a descendant of an old French family, was given a reception and led a floral parade. A chair cut from Lake Superior red stone and symbolic of Cadillac's judicial and military rule, was presented to the city. On the third evening a most beautiful procession of electrical floats showing events in the history of Detroit paraded on the tracks of the street railway lines. One of the most striking of these represented the fire of 1905,—the city in flames, and in its midst the malicious Nain Rogue brandishing a burning torch.



# RISE OF THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

BY VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC

WITH the continued violation of every constitutional arrangement by the London parliament going out of its own constituency to invade the constituency of the united provinces, which were fiefs of the crown, besides independent within themselves, with a state of hostility progressing, a declaration of independence became absolutely necessary. The extreme loyalists held that that declaration should have been against parliament alone and not made to include the king. But the major part of colonials—royalists as well as republicans—agreed that the king had forfeited all rights to allegiance in America by combining against his own prerogative in the colonies. Therefore, exercising this right, the colonies, by their congress, on July 4, 1776, declared their independence.

The extreme loyalists viewed it in this manner: Ryerson's "Loyalists of America," says:

"The declaration of independence was a renunciation of all the principles on which the general congress, provincial legislatures and conventions professed to act from the beginning of the contest." "It was a violation of good faith to the statesmen and numerous other parties in England, in and out of parliament, who had supported the agents and character of the colonists during the whole contest." "It was also a violation of good faith and justice to their colonial fellow-countrymen who continued to adhere to connection with the mother country on principles professed in all times past by the separatists themselves." "It was the commencement of persecution, proscription and confiscation of property against those who refused to renounce the oath they had taken, and the principles and traditions which, until then, had been acknowledged by their persecutors as well."

1. Ryerson's "Loyalists of America," Vol. I, pp. 496, 499, 501, 504.





As government by constitutional means is inimical to revolutionary methods, the declaration of independence from the government and authority of Great Britain rests on the assumption that that government and authority had departed from "constitutional measures," and had commenced illegitimate and revolutionary action in the colonies, usurping the rights and privileges involved in the colonial charters.

By this declaration infringements of the colonial constitution are held to be sufficient justifications for rebellion, and such infringements are deemed not only tyrannical, but unconstitutional, as they absolve from their allegiance those who adhere to constitutional methods. This absolution from allegiance is a relief granted in that system of law which is the origin of modern law—namely, the feudal system. It is exercised by the liegeman, the vassal and the grand feudatory whenever their suzerain or feudal superior is lacking in those observances agreed on at the beginning of the feud. In Glasson's "*Historie du Droit et des Institution de la France*," the ethics of this system are treated minutely and historically. The two parts of the contract which exist between the governed and the ruler in feudal law are fealty and mandium. The governed consents to the rulership and plan of government by an oath to maintain it against every foe. The ruler promises not to depart from the plan and government to which the governed has consented and sworn to maintain. In the feudal law, every man's consent is asked by some feudal superior, and if he be unwilling to be bound by ties of authority to one, he has liberty to turn to another. But after he has once consented by his feud, by his agreement he can be released from it only by a failure on the part of the one to whom he has bound himself by fealty to perform the obligation of the contract.

An illustrious example preserved in English history of this absolution of allegiance on the part of the liegemen, vassals and grand-feudatories towards their feudal superior the king, on account of his failure to perform his mandium, was when Sir William Trussel, proctor of the lords and commons, dissolved the kingship of Edward II. in 1327 with the following words:—"I William Trussell, proctor of the prelates, earls and barons, and others having full and sufficient power, declare that the homage



and fealty to you, Edward, once King of England, has ceased to exist, and that you are no more king of this realm." Then Sir Thomas Blount, steward of the household, broke his staff of office in token that his master had ceased to reign. The accusations brought against Edward II. by Stratford were that he "had thrown all the business of state on his favorites, had listened to no complaints against them and had allowed them to commit acts of illegal oppression, which he, himself, had neither the will, nor the energy, to command." But they did not pretend to invade the legitimate prerogative of the crown or to alter the succession and dynasty.

The Declaration of American Independence commences with an introduction in which it is declared that the reasons for it should be made known. This is just and proper. After which is related some "self-evident truths," which are out of place in a declaration of the reasons or causes, for independence and which belong to theoretical or speculative government.

The causes for the declaration are enumerated finally; many of these are exaggerated, but the principal ones are valid enough to dissolve the allegiance between the colonies and the London government. The colonial charters whose infringements are claimed had been granted by the Stuart dynasty which had been set aside unconstitutionally in Britain, and the "Hanoverian dynasty being seated on the British throne in place thereof had been adverse to these charters which had been granted by the legitimate House. The cause in general for absolution from allegiance is contained in Article 13:

"He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions (i. e., charters), and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation."

The colonial justification is:—To maintain chartered rights and privileges. By publishing this justification the support of the major part of the colonials was obtained, a few preferring to abide by their allegiance notwithstanding that they had the right, by a lack of mandium of their suzerain to withdraw.

The government of the continental congress which was estab-



lished in this justification, however, from 1776 to 1781, proceeded to exercise the prerogatives of government contrary to the publication which they had made and as subversive of the chartered rights and privileges of the constitutions of the colonies, as the abuses of authority which had been ascribed to the British government in this publication. The result was another declaration of independence on the part of those who adhered to a strict and legal interpretation of the colonial charters. This second declaration issued by a number of the noblest colonists justifies itself in the following manner for withdrawing support from this congress which had, in its turn, violated its trust, or mandatum.

The following is an abstract of this "declaration" as it appeared in Rivington's Royal Gazette, of New York, November 17, 1781:

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for men, in order to preserve their lives, liberties and properties, and to secure to themselves and to their posterity that peace, liberty and safety are entitled, to throw off and renounce all allegiance to a government which under the insidious pretences of securing those inestimable blessings to them, has wholly deprived them of any security of either life, liberty, property, peace or safety, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the injuries and oppressions, the arbitrary and dangerous proceedings which impel them to transfer their allegiance from such, their oppressors, to those who have offered to become their protectors."

"Whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends (life, liberty and happiness) it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it. . . . but when a long train of the most licentious and despotic abuses . . . evinces a design to reduce them under anarchy and the distractions of democracy . . . it is their right, it becomes their duty, to disclaim and renounce all allegiance to such government."

"Such have been our patient sufferings, and such is now the necessity which constrains us to renounce all allegiance to congress, or to the governments lately established by their direction."

"The history of congress is a history of continued weakness, inconsistency, violation of the most sacred obligations of all public faith and honor, and of usurpation—all having in direct



object the production of anarchy, civil feuds and violent injustice, which have rendered us miserable, and must soon establish tyranny over us and our country."

"To prove this let part be submitted to the candid world:"

II. "Availing themselves of our zeal and unanimity to oppose the claims of the British parliament, and of our unsuspecting confidence in their solemn professions and declarations, they have forbidden us to listen to, or accept, any terms of peace until their assent should be obtained."

III. "They have refused to accept of, or even to receive, proposals and terms of accommodation, though they know the terms offered exceeded what the colonies in America had unanimously declared would be satisfactory unless the crown would relinquish a right inestimable to it and to the whole empire, and formidable to congress only."

IV. "They have excited and directed the people to alter or annul their ancient constitutions, under which they and their ancestors had been happy for many ages for the sole purpose of promoting their measures."

V. "They have by mobs and riots awed representative houses into compliance with their resolutions, though destructive of the peace, liberty and safety of the people."

VIII. "They have corrupted all the sources of justice and equity by this tender law, by which they destroyed the legal force of all civil contracts, wronged the honest creditor and deserving salary man of his just dues, stripped the helpless orphan of his patrimony, and the disconsolate widow of her dower."

XII. "They have ruined our trade and destroyed our credit with al parts of the world."

XIII. "They have forced us to receive their paper for goods, merchandise and for money due us, equal to silver and gold, and then by a breach of public faith in not redeeming the same, and by the most infamous bankruptcy, have left it on our hands to the total ruin of multitudes and to the injury of all."

XIV. "They have driven many of our people beyond sea into exile, and have confiscated their estates and the estates of others who were beyond sea before the war, or the existence of congress, on pretence of offenses and under the sanction of mock trial to which the person condemned was neither cited nor present."

XV. "They have abolished the true system of the English constitution and laws in 13 of the American provinces, and have established therein a weak and factious democracy, and have





attempted to use them as introducing the same misrule and disorder into all the colonies on the continent."

XVI. "They have recommended the abolition of our charters."

XVII. "They have destroyed all good order and government by plunging us in the factions of democracy."

XIX. "They have, without consent and knowledge of the legislature, invited over an army of foreign mercenaries to support them and their faction."

XX. "They have fined, imprisoned, banished and put to death some of our fellow-citizens for no other cause but attachment to the (ancient) laws and constitution."

XXII. "They first attempted to gain the savage and merciless Indians to their side, but failing in making them the presents and expected, have occasioned an indistinguishable destruction to ages, sexes and conditions on our frontiers."

XXIV. "They have wantonly violated our public faith . . . and have not blushed to act in direct contradiction to their most solemn declarations."

XXV. . . . "The unsuspecting confidence which we, with our fellow-citizens, reposed in the congress of 1774; the unanimous applause with which their patriotism and firmness were crowned for having stood forth as the champions of our rights, founded on the English Constitution; at the same time while it gave to congress the unanimous support of the whole continent, inspired their successors with very different ideas, and emboldened them by degrees to pass measures directly the reverse of those before adopted." . . . "Congress in 1774, reprobated every idea of separation from Great Britain. . .

. . . They declared that the repeal of certain acts would restore our ancient peace and harmony; that they asked but for peace, liberty and safety; that they wished not for a diminution of the royal prerogative. And they pledged themselves in the presence of Almighty God that they will ever carefully and zealously endeavor to support and maintain the royal authority."

XXVI. "The acts complained of have been repealed, yet how have congress given the lie to these their most solemn professions!" . . . "We find them contending for liberty of speech, and at the same time controlling the press by means of a mob, and persecuting everyone who ventures to hint his disapprobation of their proceedings."

XXVII. "We find them declaring in September, 1779, that



to pay off their paper money at less than its nominal value would be an unpardonable sin, an execrable deed; that a faithless bankrupt republic would be a novelty in the political world, and appear like a common prostitute among chaste and reputable tions,' etc. We find the same congress in March liquidating their matrons; would be 'a reproach and a byword among the nation at 2 1-2 per cent., or sixpence in the pound.'"

XXVIII. "We have sufficiently shown that a government thus marked and distinguished from every other . . . by the enormity of its excesses and infamy is unfit to rule a free people."

XXIX. "We, therefore, natives and citizens of America, appealing to the impartial world to judge of the justice of our cause, but above all to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do renounce and disclaim all allegiance, duty or submission to the congress, or to any government under them, and declare that the united colonies, or states so-called, neither are, nor of right ought to be independent of the crown of Great Britain, or unconnected with that empire . . .

. . . and in support of this declaration with a firm reliance on the support of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other and to the Crown and Empire . . . our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honour."

This declaration was logical and correct in every particular, except two: First. If it was right that the provincial charters should be inviolable, so was the same right applicable to the ancient Constitution in Canada. Secondly, the United Provinces could not return to the Empire without breaking the treaties already formed (before the English parliament abrogated its unconstitutional date in 1778) with France, Spain and Holland. Besides they were already recognized as a nation by the above Powers. In fact, if parliament had not waited until compelled by these forces and recognition to undo its usurpation—if it had not waited for that club which only majority assemblage respects, there would have been no excuse for the secession of the United Provinces, and the United States might now have become the predominant part of the British Empire beyond the Sea.

After the British troops had retired from Boston they took possession of New York city, which they determined to retain



as an army-depot and place for reserves. Washington's army followed them from Dorchester, and on Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776, felt strong enough to face the troops of Clifton, Grant and de Heister in open fight. After a short engagement, the colonists were defeated and fled in the greatest confusion, leaving one thousand dead on the field and a large number as prisoners. Among these were Lord Sterling and General Sullivan. Lord Howe paroled General Sullivan and sent him with a message to Congress, that he would confer with some of its members as private citizens, in regard to a settlement of the difficulty between them and parliament. He and his brother, General Howe, had been empowered by the home-government to compromise this dispute, if possible.

Congress authorized Dr. Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge to act officially. In the conference which followed, Lord Howe declared that he could go no further than to "grant pardons on their submission to British rule." But the colonists were not fighting for pardons and they refused to abandon their position. They knew that France, Spain and Holland were about to take part in the struggle and they felt that these powers would gain for them their independence and that they would have the plunder of the loyalists besides.

At this, the British in full possession of New York, matured a plan to push forward advance-posts into the interior, capture Philadelphia and drive Washington's army and congress into the Southern provinces; then keeping this line a trocha from New York to Philadelphia, to extend another line up the Hudson River and meet General Burgoyne's army that had begun its march from Canada down the Lake Champlain district. To resist this the colonists had strong entrenchments on the Hudson and a good army under General Gates to confront Burgoyne.

General Sir William Howe with the British troops entered Philadelphia in triumph September 26, 1777, and another British expedition captured Forts Montgomery and Clinton on the Hudson in October. But General Burgoyne was unable to force his way through Gates' army in the battles of Stillwater, where he was overthrown by the incomparable valor of the Scottish



colonial regiments of New Hampshire and Kentucky, under Starke and Morgan. In spite of this triumph, the colonists would have been broken speedily had not aid arrived from the outside. Washington's army was fugitive, starving and deserting at Valley Forge, when France and Spain began to send troops, arms and ships of war for the expulsion of the British from the continent.

Lord Cornwallis, the British commander in the South, after he had gained successes over General Greene and had routed completely General Gates, of whom it was said that he had "exchanged Northern laurel for Southern cypress," had taken up quarters in Yorktown. There, in that port, whose excellent harbor offered easy access to the sea, he awaited re-enforcements from the British reserves at New York, Rochambeau, commanding the French army in America, was informed of this, and he suggested to Washington the plan for the capture of the British general. In combination with the French fleet of the Count de Grasse, which blocked the entrance to the harbor, the land forces shut in Cornwallis by a sudden move and he was obliged to surrender after an ineffectual attempt to cut his way out.

This surrender, of Oct. 19, 1781, showed the British the folly of continuing the combat, for in April of the next year, Holland joined her arms against Britain, and Russia united with Denmark in an armed neutrality. News arrived at the same time that Hyder Allee had invaded British India at the head of 200,000 men. Then Britain decided to abandon the war in America to confront dangers which were menacing her own shores. During this war the most loyal province was Georgia. She was the last to send delegates to the continental congress. The Georgia royalists organized a separate government in 1778 and 1779 made a separate treaty with the crown. As a military order, they held the colony free from republican domination until 1782. Even then they promised to expell all revolutionists and republicans and to preserve the province under the protection of the British Empire if but one British regiment might be added to their own Georgia rangers.

*(To be concluded.)*





## HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

BY BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, Assistant Historian of the Church

### CHAPTER VII

#### THE MANNER IN WHICH THE BOOK OF MORMON WAS OBTAINED

**J**OSEPH SMITH had doubtless taken both Josiah Staal of Knight, sen., of Coalsville, Broome county, New York, into Bainbridge, Chenango county, New York, and Joseph his confidence concerning the time at which the Book of Mormon would be delivered to him for translation. Of Mr. Staal, the employer of Joseph Smith we have already spoken. Joseph Knight, sen., was a prosperous farmer and mill owner in Broome county, New York; he also had employed the Prophet at various times,<sup>1</sup> and at the Knight home Joseph was a frequent visitor even during the time he was in the employ of Mr. Staal. These two gentlemen, near neighbors though separated by a county line, were guests at the Smith home in Palmyra at the time the Prophet obtained the Nephite plates, having

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1. Joseph Knight Jun., son of the above, Joseph Knight, Sen. in a biographical note (Ms) filed in the Mormon Historian's Office, Aug. 16, 1862, tells of the removal of his father, Joseph Knight Sen., from Vermont, and of his purchasing a farm in Broome county, "twenty miles above the Great Bend," having reference to the "great bend" the Susquehannah river makes where it dips down into northern Pennsylvania thence flows back again into New York state. "My father bought three other farms and hired many hands. In 1827 he hired Joseph Smith. Joseph and I worked and slept together. My father said Joseph was the best hand he ever hired. We found him a boy of truth; he was about 21 years of age. I think it was in November he made known to my father and I that he had seen a vision, that a personage had appeared to him and told him where there was a gold book of ancient date buried, and if he would follow the directions of the angel he could get it. We were told it in secret. \* \* \* My father and I believed what he told us. I think we were the first [to believe] after his father's family." Joseph Knight Jun., confirms Lucy Smith's account of the use of his father's horse and wagon by the Prophet when going for the plates, and of Joseph Knight Sen., being present at the Smith residence when the Prophet brought the plates home. He is most probably wrong as to the date, November, 1827, being the time when Joseph Smith worked for Joseph Knight, Sen., as Joseph Smith farmed with his own father at Palmyra that year. Joseph's living at Knights' would doubtless be the previous year, 1826, which would be when he was twenty-one years of age, as stated by Joseph Knight Jun.



arrived on the 20th of September, 1827. The presence of these guests naturally increased the domestic anxieties and work of Lucy Smith, so much so that she had not retired by mid-night of the 21st. Soon after midnight, the morning of the 22nd, her son Joseph surprised her by suddenly coming from his chamber and inquiring if she had a chest with a lock and key. Suspecting what use the Prophet desired to make of it, she was somewhat agitated as she could not supply the article. Her son, however, assured her he could get along for the present without the chest, and leaving the house he hitched Mr. Knight's horse to the spring wagon. Presently the Prophet's wife, Emma, passed through the room dressed for driving, and departed with Joseph, presumably for the Hill Cumorah. It is not known what part Emma Smith took in the proceedings of the early hours of the 22nd day of September, as neither herself nor the Prophet have left one word on record concerning the matter, and these details are known only through the recital of Lucy Smith. It seems, however, that Joseph made his way to the Hill Cumorah, and in the presence of Moroni obtained the Nephite record, the breast-plate and Urim and Thummim.<sup>2</sup>

Owing to his having no suitable place in which to deposit the plates at his home, the Prophet concealed them, temporarily, in the woods some two or three miles distant. He found a fallen birch log that was much decayed, though the bark was well preserved and tough—as is frequently the case with that kind of tree, as all know who are acquainted with it. Carefully cutting the bark and removing sufficient of the decayed wood to admit of the plates, they were deposited in the cavity, the bark was drawn together again, and as far as possible all signs of the log having been disturbed obliterated.

Meantime at the Smith home considerable excitement pre-

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2. Lucy Smith relates the following as the final admonition of Moroni to the young Prophet as he took charge of the sacred record: "Now you have got the Record into your own hands, and you are but a man, therefore, you will have to be watchful and faithful to your trust, or you will be overpowered by wicked men; for they will lay every plan and scheme that is possible to get it away from you, and if you do not take heed continually, they will succeed. While it was in my hands, I could keep it, and no man had power to take it away; but now I give it up to you. Beware, and look well to your ways, and you shall have power to retain it, until the time for it to be translated." (History of the Prophet Joseph, Lucy Smith, ch. xxiii.)



ailed. Mr. Knight early in the morning discovered that both his horse and wagon were gone, and he suspected that some rogue had stolen them. Lucy Smith volunteered no information as to Joseph having made use of the horse and wagon, but tried to pacify Mr. Knight with the idea that they were but temporarily out of the way. The Prophet returned home in due time, and taking his mother aside showed to her the Urim and Thummim which he had evidently detached from the breast-plate and concealed on his own person when depositing the plates, as described above. He seems to have kept the instrument constantly about him after that time, as by means of it he could at will be made aware of approaching danger to the Record. It appears, however, that Joseph Smith on returning home made no explanations to his father, Mr. Stool, Mr. Knight, or even to his mother about having obtained the plates.<sup>3</sup> The elder Smith must shortly afterwards have suspected the fact, and so, too, in some way, the local community did, as much excitement and neighborhood gossip prevailed concerning the Prophet having the plates in his possession, and schemes were hatching to wrest the sacred treasure from him.

The fact is that Joseph Smith was not the only psychic in the vicinity of Palmyra. Men will say in scoffing explanation and in fancied refutation of the things here to be stated that the early decades of the 19th century were noted as a period of great superstition, and western New York was a locality where ignorance prevailed—and ignorance and superstition are always con-

3. The family, and even Emma Smith, seem to have been left to conjecture as to the Prophet having secured the plates on the morning of the 22nd of September. Several days after that date, and when Joseph had gone to a job of work in Macedon, and neighborhood excitement ran high as to taking the plates from the Prophet's possession, Lucy Smith remarks respecting the family's anxieties in the matter—"We supposed that Joseph had taken the plates, and hid them somewhere, and we were apprehensive that our enemies might discover the place of deposit." (*History of the Prophet Joseph*, Lucy Smith, ch. xxiii). And when Emma Smith was asked by Joseph Smith, Sen., if Joseph had taken the plates from their place of deposit, or if she was able to tell where they were, she replied that she could not tell where they were, or whether they were removed from their place. Informed of the threats made in the neighborhood about taking the "gold bible" from Joseph, she answered that "she supposed if Joseph was to get the Record, he would get it, and that they (his enemies) would not be able to prevent him." To which the elder Joseph answered: "Yes, he will, if he is watchful and obedient; but remember that for a small thing Esau lost his birthright and his blessing. It may be so with Joseph." (*Ibid.*). All which makes it clear that the Prophet had not taken his family and their friends into his confidence as to his having the plates in his possession.



comitant existences: so much so that where you find one condition the other is sure to be lying about at no great distance. And this ignorance, of which is born too frequently, it must be admitted, preposterous beliefs in things called miraculous; and which distorts all that it touches—the existence of ignorance, I say, is supposed to be a full explanation of the data on which superstition builds its edifice. In other words the proved existence of ignorance in any given case of what is called spiritual experience or supernatural manifestation or psychic phenomena, is held too often to be equivalent to a denial of the existence of any data whatsoever for the distorted account which the ignorant may give out for their more or less abnormal experience with the phenomena in mind. Meantime the phenomena in mind are realities, and there are manifestations of them as well among the ignorant as among the learned. The ignorant may distort their significance, stand in terror of the manifestations, and accredit them to a divine or a diabolic origin, accordingly as the manifestations affect them favorably or otherwise; while the learned, on the other hand, unmoved by fear may try to classify the phenomena, seek their origin, and give them scientific exposition; and certainly will give them a more intelligible nomenclature; but the bed-rock facts remain the same whether the manifestations of them are among the ignorant or the learned. There is a power in the human spirit that under favorable conditions, which may be self-induced, sees with the mind things not visible to the normal senses; that hears with the mind; and with the mind reads the thoughts of others or unconsciously infuses thoughts into the minds of others. These mind phenomena may be called by the ignorant “second-sight,” “witchcraft,” “magic,” and the like; for they would be ignorant of the more learned terms of “clairvoyance,” “clairaudience,” “telepathy,” or “thought-transference;” and would never think of classifying all these manifestations under the general title of “psychic phenomena.” Moreover they might be ignorant of the name given to that state of mind under which these abnormal powers are best exercised, the hypnotic or semi-hypnotic state; and also be ignorant of the scientific processes by which that state may be induced, and resort to “crystal-gaz-





ing", "peepstones", "trance-utterances", and what not; but they produced the necessary state of mind, nevertheless, even with their crude methods, and obtained psychic results. It is too late in the day now to doubt of the reality of these mind-powers, or of their manifestation. Psychical re-search has progressed too far, and its accumulated evidences are too overwhelming to admit of doubt about them; and too many names honored in the scientific and philosophical world stand sponsors for the fact to allow of them being laughed out of the arena of human experiences, or dismissed from consideration by asserting that they are born of ignorance, and are real only to the superstitious.<sup>4</sup>

Again these mind-powers are at the service of evil disposed persons as to those of upright intentions. "As Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses",<sup>5</sup> so also may it be expected that men of corrupt minds, will resist the truth, and employ against it psychic powers of mind as well as the normal mental faculties.

These reflections indulged, we may now return to the statement with which they began—viz., Joseph Smith was not the only psychic in the vicinity of Palmyra. A Miss Chase, sister of Willard Chase, the Methodist class leader already mentioned, had for sometime been accredited with psychic powers of mind, and practiced "crystal-gazing"; and besides this, remarkable as it may seem, parties in the neighborhood of the Smith home, numbering some ten or twelve men, sent a distance of sixty or seventy miles for a psychic—"conjurer" they called him—to come to Palmyra and to discover the whereabouts of "Joe Smith's gold Bible." The elder Smith learned of the arrival of this person at the home of Willard Chase, and heard him boast

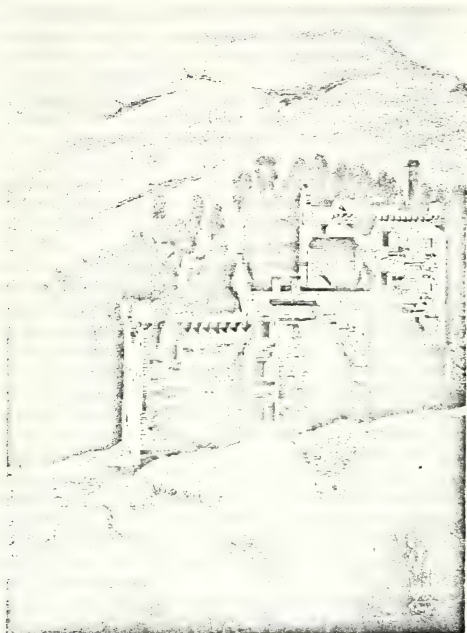
4. Among those well known in the scientific and philosophical world who stand sponsors for the realities of premonition, inspiration, prevision, telepathy, thought transference and the like may be mentioned Sir Oliver Lodge, F. R. S., one of the foremost Englishmen of science and philosophy; Camille Flammarion, the noted French astronomer; the Right Hon. Gerald W. Balfour. (see the Hibbert Journal for January 1909); W. H. Stead, journalist, traveler, and lecturer, founder of the "Review of Reviews"; Thomson J. Hudson, Ph. D., LL.D., author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," and three other works on that line of thought; and William James, late of Harvard, whose most recent works are "Pragmatism" and "A Pluralistic Universe."

5. See II Tim. 3:8; c. f. Exodus 7 ch. The Targum of Jonathan inserted their names in Exodus 7:11.



OF THE MORMON CHURCH

Have been



CASTLE CAMPBELL



in the presence of his employers that he would "have them plates in spite of Joe Smith or all the devils in hell."<sup>6</sup> This the mind of the elder Smith, as indeed it did.

The day after taking possession of the Nephite Record, the young Prophet was offered the job of digging a well for a Mrs. Wells, of Macedon, a village some three miles west of Palmyra, and the family standing much in need of the money promised for the work, Joseph immediately accepted the employment and went to Macedon. Shortly after his departure the neighborhood excitement already referred to, arose and the "conjurer" arrived. So great were the fears of the elder Smith that he finally determined upon sending for the Prophet, and to this end Emma Smith was mounted on horse-back and sent to Macedon. After some hesitation Mrs. Wells consented to Joseph returning home before the completion of the well, and furnished him with a horse with which to make the journey.

On arriving home the young Prophet allayed the fears of his father by assuring him that the Record was as yet safe, and made immediate preparations for bringing it home. His brother Hyrum was sent for and asked to secure a chest with a lock and key by the time he should return with the plates. The plates were hidden, as already described, between two and three miles from the Smith home. Arriving at the place where they were concealed, the Prophet wrapped them in his farmer's "smock,"<sup>7</sup> and started for home. For greater security Joseph left the high-way and made the journey through the woods and fields. His enemies were evidently on the watch for him, for three times was he assaulted by as many different persons; but being strong and athletic, by dint of blows and flight he threw them off and finally reached home utterly exhausted from the excitement and fatigue of his adventures.

As soon as he could relate in part what had befallen him on his way home, he desired his father and *Messrs.* Knight and Stool to go in search of his assailants, which they did. At the same time a messenger was sent to Hyrum Smith to remind him

6. "History of the Prophet Joseph," Lucy Smith, ch. xxiii. boast, and the existence of this conspiracy, might well agitate

7. Farmer's "smock," a course loose outer garment worn by farm-hands and laborers in those days, reaching from the neck to below the knees.



of the chest he was to provide. Hyrum soon came with the chest, and the Record was at last secured under lock and key. Meantime the elder Smith and his two friends, Knight and Stool, returned from their fruitless search for the Prophet's assailants; and Joseph by now being recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, related to them and some others—"many others," Lucy Smith says—who had come to the Smith home because of the neighborhood excitement—his adventures in getting home with the plates.<sup>8</sup> It seems that in knocking down his third assailant, Joseph had dislocated his thumb, and this, though not much noticed when it happened, now through its painful throbbing demanded attention, and Joseph requested his father to put it in place.

Joseph apparently did not return to his work at Macedon, but in order to be near the sacred Record entrusted to him, he remained at his father's home working on the farm with his brothers.

It has been several times remarked that with the plates on which a brief history of ancient American peoples was engraven, there was an ancient breast-plate to which, when the Prophet took possession of it, the Urim and Thummim was attached. This breast-plate it appears the Prophet did not bring home with him when he brought the Record. But a few days later, according to the statement of Lucy Smith, he came into the house from the field one afternoon, and after remaining a short time put on his "great coat" and left the house. On his return the mother was engaged in an upper room of the house preparing oil-cloth for painting—it will be remembered that this was an art she had followed for some years.<sup>9</sup> Joseph called to her and asked her to come down stairs. To this she answered she could not then leave her work, but Joseph insisted and she came down stairs and entered the room where he was, whereupon he placed in her hands the Nephite breast-plate herein alluded to. "It was wrapped in a thin muslin handkerchief," she explains, "so thin that I could feel its proportions without any difficulty. It was concave on one side, and convex on the other, and extended from

8. See note 1 at the end of the chapter.

9. See chapter 3 this writing.

(THESE NOTES ARE BY THE AUTHOR)





the neck downwards, as far as the center of the stomach of a man of extraordinary size. It had four straps of the same material, for the purpose of fastening it to the breast, two of which ran back to go over the shoulders, and the other two were designed to fasten to the hips. They were just the width of two of my fingers, (for I measured them,) and they had holes in the end of them, to be convenient in fastening. After I had examined it, Joseph placed it in the chest with the Urim and Thummim.<sup>10</sup>

The sacred things were now collected it would seem, and secure under lock and key. But not so. As the Prophet states in his own narrative, "the house was frequently beset by mobs and evil designing persons, . . . and every device was made use of to get the plates away from me."<sup>11</sup> One instance of this kind is related by Lucy Smith. A few days after the breast-plate was deposited with the Record, Joseph came hurriedly into the house, apparently in some alarm, and enquired if a company of men had recently called at the house. Being answered in the negative, he informed his mother that a mob would be at the house by night-fall or sooner, and that the chest containing the sacred Record must be immediately removed from its present

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10. History of the Prophet Joseph, (Lucy Smith) ch. xxiv. I am careful to give these details for the reason, first, that they will tend to make for the truth of the history being written; particularization of time, place and manner—details, usually being the method of truth, generalities, merely, usually the method of falsehood; second, because the statement of the details, as the history develops, will correct many misrepresentations, made either by careless, not to say reckless, writers, or evil disposed persons, and dismiss the presumed absurdities built upon their statements, such for instance as the misrepresentations of John Hyde, who from the measurement of the gold plates reaches the conclusion that their weight would be something like two hundred pounds, and then adds: "Besides these plates, he had, according to his third story, a breast-plate of brass, Laban's sword, the crystal interpreters, the 'brass ball with spindles,' director of Lehi. Yet he packs this horse load, keeps these large and awkward shaped things completely concealed, and, at the same time, beats off and out-runs two empty-handed men a distance of two miles." Clark Braden, of the "Christian" (Campbellite) church, in his Book of Mormon debate with E. L. Kelley, of the "Reorganized Church," repeats and gratuitously enlarges on Hyde's misrepresentations. (See Braden-Kelly Debate (1883) p. 181). The weight of the plates was doubtless considerable, being of gold, and each plate six by eight inches in width and length, and the whole volume six inches thick. But the actual circumstances of Joseph getting them home presents no such difficulties as those conjured up by Hyde. In the third place these details belong to a history of the Mormon Church, of any pretensions to completeness; and also because, if the claims of Mormonism can be refuted, it will be largely through the intelligent consideration of these very details; so that every way their consideration is important.

11. Statement in Wentworth Letter, History of the Church, Vol. IV, p. 538.



place of concealment. At this moment a trusted friend of the family, a Mr. Braman, of Livonia—a village some twenty-five miles distant from Palmyra, in the adjoining county of Livingston—came in, and with his help Joseph took up the hearthstones, in the kitchen, dug a hole sufficiently large to receive the chest and relaid the hearthstones over it. Scarcely had this been done when the expected mob arrived with arms in their hands, and rushed upon the house. Joseph, however, feigned a counter-attack upon the mob, and throwing open the doors and giving command as to a large following, himself and father, Mr. Braman, and his brothers, rushed out of the house as if determined to attack the mob, whereupon they took to flight and dispersed.<sup>12</sup>

Again, and only a short time after the foregoing incident, the Prophet received premonitions of another assault by the mob. The chest was taken from under the hearthstones and the sacred Record and the associated articles were wrapped in cloths and hidden in a quantity of flax that had been stored away in the loft of a cooper's shop that stood across the road from the Smith home. The chest was then nailed up and hidden under the floor of the cooper's shop. As soon as night came the mob came also and ransacked the premises, but did not enter the house. In the morning the family found the cooper's shop door broken down, the floor torn up and the chest shivered to splinters, but the Record was secure in its place of concealment.

In these several movements the mob claimed to have been guided by the directions of Miss Chase, the psychic before alluded to, who in her "crystal-gazing", claimed to be able to see where "Joe" Smith had hidden his "gold bible." And notwithstanding the many disappointments they met with, the mob's faith in her occult powers seems not to have been shaken.

The constant apprehension for the safety of the Record entrusted to him, and these frequently recurring attacks upon the house by his enemies, rendered the work of translation under these circumstances impossible, and the young Prophet resolved upon removing to the home of his wife's parents where he hoped for a more peaceful environment, suitable for the great undertaking.

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12. History of the Prophet Joseph. (Lucy Smith) ch. xxiv.



The circumstances of the Prophet's family were very humble, and they lacked the means to enable Joseph to make this journey; but through the kindness of Martin Harris, a well to do farmer in the neighborhood of Palmyra, who had become interested in Joseph Smith and gave some credence to his account of the Lord's visitations to him,—through his kindness the necessary money—fifty dollars—was supplied, and Alvah Hale, brother of Emma, came from Harmony, Pennsylvania, with a team and wagon to convey Joseph and his wife to that place.

In the month of August of that same year, Joseph and Emma had visited Harmony for the purpose of securing some personal property belonging to the latter, and which had been left at her father's home at the time of her departure to be married in the preceding January. On the occasion of that visit there was an approachment to reconciliation between the Prophet and his father-in-law, and an invitation was extended to Joseph and Emma to make their home in Harmony. It was doubtless this invitation that determined the young Prophet upon removing to Harmony when the persecution became so intolerable in the vicinity of Palmyra.<sup>13</sup>

He was not, however, permitted to depart in peace. Twice he was overtaken on the road while still near Palmyra by an officer who under pretext of a search warrant sought as was alleged something of value that he might attach to satisfy the claim of an alleged debt; but in reality he was searching for the plates. They were concealed in a barrel of beans at the time and it did not occur to the officer to look for them in a depository so commonplace.<sup>14</sup>

NOTE: VARIATIONS IN THE NARRATIVE OF JOSEPH BRINGING HOME THE PLATES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

As might be expected there is some conflict in the details of the various narratives that are extant concerning the Prophet

13. The fact of the August visit and the invitation of Isaac Hale to Joseph to make his home in Harmony is learned from the statement of Peter Ingersol who was employed by Joseph to take himself and wife to Harmony and return with Emma's household effects. The visit is also mentioned in a statement made by Isaac Hale, but in both cases it is mixed up with many misapprehensions and misrepresentations of the Prophet and his proceedings. Both statements will be found in Howe's *Mormonism Unveiled*, ch. xvii.

14. Howe's *"Mormonism Unveiled,"* p. 18.



securing the Nephite plates and bringing them home. The Prophet himself goes into none of the details of the text already given, or those which immediately follow, in any narrative which he published. The utmost that he said in his personal narrative in his autobiographical journal is: "At length the time arrived for obtaining the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the breastplate. On the twenty-second day of September, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, having gone as usual at the end of another year to the place where they were deposited, the same heavenly messenger delivered them up to me with this charge: that I should be responsible for them; that if I should let them go carelessly, or through any neglect of mine, I should be cut off; but that if I would use all my endeavors to preserve them, until he, the messenger, should call for them, they should be protected. I soon found out the reason why I had received such strict charges to keep them safe, and why it was that the messenger had said that when I had done what was required at my hand, he would call for them. For no sooner was it known that I had them, than the most strenuous exertions were used to get them from me. Every stratagem that could be invented was resorted to for that purpose. The persecution became more bitter and severe than before, and multitudes were on the alert continually to get them from me if possible. But by the wisdom of God, they remained safe in my hands, until I had accomplished by them what was required at my hand. When, according to arrangements, the messenger called for them, I delivered them up to him; and he has them in his charge until this day, being the second day of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight."

In the "Wentworth Letter," written and published March, 1842, he merely says: "After having received many visits from the angels of God unfolding the majesty and glory of the events that should transpire in the last days, on the morning of the 22nd of September, A. D. 1827, the angel of the Lord delivered the records into my hands. . . . As soon as the news of this discovery was made known, false reports, misrepresentation and slander flew, as on the wings of the wind, in every direction; the house was frequently beset by mobs and evil designing persons. Several times I was shot at, and very narrowly escaped, and every device was made use of to get the plates away from me; but the power and blessing of God attended me, and several began to believe my testimony."

This is as far into the details as the Prophet ever went in respect of these incidents. Lucy Smith and others, however, have added details, which, in the main, are doubtless accurate; but, as in all narratives of the same events even by eye wit-





nesses, and especially when given from memory and long years after the events took place, there are certain discrepancies. As for example, a statement by Mr. Staal, (see *New Witness for God*, Vol. II, p. 316,) fixes the home-coming of Joseph with the plates in the morning; while from the nature of the events crowded into that day by Lucy Smith, this home-coming must have been sometime in the afternoon and late in the afternoon. The events summarized are as follows: The elder Smith hearing conversations and threats when moving about among the neighbors, returns home and holds consultation with the family and determines to send Emma Smith to Macedon to bring the Prophet home; Emma rides on horse-back between five and six miles to Macedon; the Prophet makes arrangements with Mrs. Wells to be released from her work and rides home with Emma between five and six miles; after partaking of refreshments and giving various directions, he walks some three miles to where the plates are hidden; and then through woods and fields makes his way home with a heavy burden; it must have been late in the afternoon when he came home, if all these events happened in that one day.

Again, according to Lucy Smith, the Prophet's father and *Messrs.* Staal and Knight were not at the house when Joseph exhausted came home with the plates, since, according to her narrative, Joseph desired her to send the lad Don Carlos—a younger brother—for his father and the two friends, "and have them go immediately and see if they could find the men who who had been pursuing him." (*History of the Prophet Joseph*, —Lucy Smith—Ch. xxiii.) According to Mr. Staal's statement, however, sixteen years after the event, he was at the house when Joseph came to the door with the plates and was the one who took them from him "the *morning* he brought them home," saying at the same time—"Blessed is he that sees and believeth, and more blessed is he that believeth without seeing." (See *New Witnesses, for God*, Vol. II, for full account of the Staal statement and its value as evidence, pp. 315, 316.)

These discrepancies in details under all the circumstances are not to be wondered at, and can readily be accounted for by the intelligent reader. Some of the events mentioned by Lucy Smith as having happened on one day may have belonged to other days. Lucy's written account was given from memory eighteen years after the events took place, and a slight error of this kind would be quite natural; or Mr. Staal's statement that it was in the "morning" that the Prophet brought home the Record may have been an error—he dictated his statement from memory, sixteen years after the event occurred. And now as to the second matter, the absence of the elder Smith and



arrived home, (according to Lucy Smith's account); and the presence of Staal and his taking the plates from the exhausted the Prophet arrived, the other two were absent, or one of them may have been absent. In any event the two or the one absent was sent for to make up the party to go in search of the assailants of Joseph. The details are not more variant than would reasonably be expected, and the variations in details, under the circumstances, by no means weaken the narrative nor discredit the witnesses.

As the statement of Mr. Staal has been seldom referred to in connection with the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, I think it important that the part of his statement mentioned in this note should be given. It appears that this early friend of the Prophet had such faith in the mission of Joseph that he was baptized, but did not remove from New York when the Church was commanded to go to Ohio. Sixteen years afterwards, however, when the Church was settled in Nauvoo, and the Prophet was at the height of his fame and glory, Mr. Staal, then in his declining years and failing health, induced a Mrs. Martha Campbell at whose home he was living to write for him—and partly as he dictated—to the Prophet, asking if he would receive him in the Church and allow him to renew his covenants, and expressing his intention to remove to Nauvoo in the spring—his letter was written December 19, 1843. And now the passage on the point of his receiving from Joseph the plates:

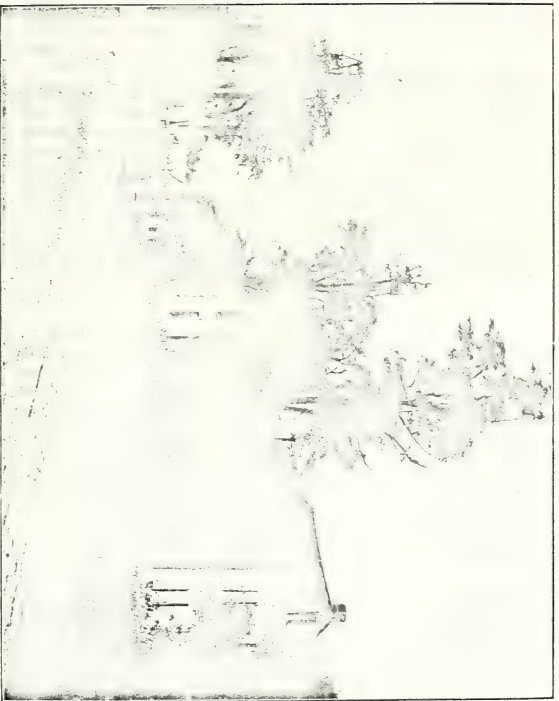
"He [Mr. Staal] says he has never staggered at the foundation of the work, for he knew too much concerning it. If I understood him right he was the first person that took the plates out of your hands the morning you brought them in, and he observed, Blessed is he that sees and believeth, and more blessed is he that believeth without seeing, and he says he has seen and believes. He seems anxious to get there [to Nauvoo] to renew his covenant with the Lord." (The original of Mrs. Campbell's letter is on file in the Church Historian's Office, Package IV.)

## CHAPTER VIII

Joseph arrived in Harmony, Pennsylvania, in the month of December, 1827, and established himself in a house located on Mr. Hale's farm which, with a small parcel of land, he had purchased of his father-in-law.<sup>1</sup>

1. A photogravure of the house is given in this chapter. Joseph Smith sold this house to a Mr. McCune who built a two story addition to it—the part which appears on the left. The two story division of the house on the right, and the low addition between that and the part on the left, is the house as it stood when





THE HOME OF JOSEPH SMITH, HARMONY, PENNSYLVANIA.  
Where the greater part of the Book of Mormon was translated.



No sooner was he settled than he began making a transcript of some of the characters from the plates. "I copied a considerable number of them, and by means of the Urim and Thummim I translated some of them." He was so engaged from the time of his arrival in December, 1827, until the ensuing February.

Some time in February, as previously arranged between them, Martin Harris arrived in Harmony from New York; and taking the transcription of characters Joseph had made from the plates, he departed for the city of New York, in order to submit them to men of learning for their inspection, and in order also that they might translate them if they could. It may be that this submission of the transcript of Nephite characters to learned men was undertaken in part to satisfy some lingering doubts in the mind of Martin Harris, as to whether or not Joseph Smith had in his possession a genuine, ancient record; but primarily the purpose was to fulfill a prophecy within the Record itself, *viz*:

"And it shall come to pass that the Lord God shall bring forth unto you the words of a book, and they shall be the words of those which have slumbered. And behold the book shall be sealed. . . . Wherefore because of the things which are sealed up, the things which are sealed shall not be delivered in the day of the wickedness and abomination of the people. Wherefore the book shall be kept from them, but the book shall be delivered unto a man, and he shall deliver the words of the book, which are the words of those who have slumbered in the dust, and he shall deliver these words unto another; but the words which are sealed he shall not deliver, neither shall he deliver the book. . . . But, behold, it shall come to pass that the Lord God shall say unto him to whom he shall deliver the book, take these

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Joseph Smith occupied it; and it was in this house that the greater part of the Book of Mormon was translated. The house stands on the north bank of the Susquehannah river, two miles west of the Twin river, and is now not more than sixty feet from the New York Erie and Western Railroad. The building on the right, the old part, is very rickety, and looks as though it would soon tumble down from rot and age. Not many rods from the house is a country grave-yard which appears at the extreme left of the photogravure. Here is interred Isaac Hale and his wife, also a child of Joseph and Emma Smith. The photogravure is from a photograph taken by George E. Anderson of Springfield, Utah, as also was the Smith Home near Palmyra, the Hill Cumorah and the Sacred Grove which have already appeared in former chapters of this history.

2. History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 19.





words which are not sealed and deliver them to another, that he may shew them unto the learned, saying, read this, I pray thee. And the learned shall say, bring hither the book, and I will read them: and now, because of the glory of the world, and to get gain will they say this, and not for the glory of God. And the man shall say, I cannot bring the book, for it is sealed. Then shall the learned say, I cannot read it. Wherefore it shall come to pass, that the Lord God will deliver again the book and the words thereof to him that is not learned; and the man that is not learned shall say, I am not learned. Then shall the Lord God say unto him: The learned shall not read them, for they rejected them, and I am able to do mine own work; wherefore thou shalt read the words which I shall give unto thee."<sup>3</sup>

A fragment of the transcript of the Book of Mormon characters which Joseph Smith gave to Martin Harris to submit to the learned men of New York is given in a photogravure accompanying this chapter. I say fragment, because the Prophet gives us to understand that between the time of his arriving in Harmony, December, 1827, and the arrival of Harris, sometime in February, 1828, he had transcribed "a considerable number" of characters from the plates—certainly more than this seven lined transcript! Martin Harris says he submitted two papers containing different transcripts, to Professors Anthon and Mitchell, of New York, one that was translated and one not translated;<sup>4</sup> and Professor Anthon himself, in his letter to E. D. Howe, under date of Feb. 17, 1834, says:

"This paper in question was, in fact, a singular scroll. It consisted of all kinds of singular characters disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes; Roman letters inverted or placed sideways were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns, and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, arched with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived."

In a letter to Rev. Coit, bearing date of April 3rd, 1841, Professor Anthon said:

3. II Nephi, ch. xxvii.

4. Harris' statement follows later.







"The characters were arranged in columns, like the Chinese mode of writing, and presented the most singular medley that I ever beheld, Greek, Hebrew and all sorts of letters, more or less distorted, either through unskilfulness or from actual design, were intermingled with sundry delineations of half moons, stars, and other natural objects, and the whole ended in a rude representation of the Mexican zodiac."<sup>5</sup>

Surely the seven lined transcript engraving, published with this chapter, does not meet this description. Hence, I refer to it as only a fragment of what was submitted to Professors Mitchell and Anthon by Martin Harris, and preserved with the copy of the printer's manuscript of the Book of Mormon, by David Whitmer.

For what happened at the interview between Martin Harris and Professors Mitchell and Anthon, we are, of course, dependant upon the statements of those gentlemen. On returning from his expedition to New York, Martin Harris made the following report to Joseph Smith:

"I went to the city of New York, and presented the characters which had been translated, with the translation thereof, to Professor Charles Anthon, a gentleman celebrated for his literary attainments. Professor Anthon stated that the translation was correct, more so than any he had before seen translated from the Egyptian.<sup>6</sup> I then showed him those which were not translated, and he said that they were Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyriac, and

5. The engraving of the transcript of characters accompanying this chapter are photographed from the original, transcript now in the possession of Fred M. Smith, of Independence, Missouri, grand-son of the Prophet. It is by the courtesy of this gentleman that I am permitted to use the photographed *fac simile* presented here.

6. The writer is of the opinion that there is in this statement too wide a scope given to what Professor Anthon said of the translation of the Egyptian-Nephite characters. Of course in the transcripts the professor would doubtless recognize some Egyptian characters of the hieratic Egyptian, and in the translation would also find a right interpretation perhaps of those characters, as it will be seen by his letters, quoted later in the body of the work, he acknowledges that the characters submitted to him were true characters, but beyond this I do not think he could give confirmation as to the correctness of the translation; for, according to the writers of the Book of Mormon, they had changed somewhat the characters in both languages in which they made records, both in the Egyptian, and also in the Hebrew (See Mormon ix:32, 43); and Moroni adds: "The Lord knoweth the things which we have written, and also that none other people knoweth our language, therefore he hath prepared means for the interpretation thereof" (Mormon ix:34), referring to the Urim and Thummim or 'Interpreters,' as the Nephites call that instrument. It follows from this that neither Professor Anthon nor any one else could have confirmed the translation beyond perhaps saying that some of the Egyptian characters which he recognized in the transcript had true significance.



Arabic, and he said that they were the true characters. He gave me a certificate, certifying to the people of Palmyra that they were true characters, and that the translation of such of them as had been translated was also correct. I took the certificate and put it into my pocket, and was just leaving the house, when Mr. Anthon called me back, and asked me how the young man found out that there were gold plates in the place where he found them. I answered that an angel of God had revealed it unto him.

He then said to me, 'Let me see that certificate.' I accordingly took it out of my pocket and gave it to him, when he took it and tore it to pieces, saying that there was no such thing now as ministering angels, and that if I would bring the plates to him he would translate them. I informed him that part of the plates were sealed, and that I was forbidden to bring them. He replied, 'I cannot read a sealed book.' I left him and went to Dr. Mitchell, who sanctioned what Professor Anthon had said respecting both the characters and the translation."

Some years after this, *viz.*, in 1834, Professor Anthon, in a letter to Mr. E. D. Howe, of Painesville, Ohio, made a statement as to what took place on the occasion of Martin Harris' visit to him, and I give that statement below. By way of introduction it should be said, however, that Mr. E. D. Howe at the time (1834) was connected with a Dr. Hurlburt in the production of an anti-Mormon book, and the report of Harris' interview with the learned professor having become known, Mr. Howe wrote to Professor Anthon making inquiries about it, hoping, perhaps, that the fact of the interview might be denied. This is the letter he received in reply to his inquiries:

*Anthon's Letter to E. D. Howe.*

NEW YORK, February 17, 1834.

"Dear Sir: I received your letter of the 9th, and lose no time in making a reply. The whole story about my pronouncing the Mormon inscription to be reformed Egyptian hieroglyphics is perfectly false. Some years ago, a plain, apparently simple hearted farmer called on me with a note from Dr. Mitchell, of our city, now dead, requesting me to decipher, if possible, the paper which the farmer would hand me. Upon examining the paper in question, I soon came to the conclusion that it was all a trick—perhaps a hoax. When I asked the person who brought





it how he obtained the writing, he gave me the following account: A gold book consisting of a number of plates, fastened together by wires of the same material, had been dug up in the northern part of the state of New York, and along with it an enormous pair of spectacles. These spectacles were so large that if a person attempted to look through them, his two eyes would look through one glass only, the spectacles in question being altogether too large for the human face. "Whoever," he said, "examined the plates through the glasses was enabled not only to read them, but fully to understand their meaning." All this knowledge, however, was confined to a young man, who had the trunk containing the book and spectacles in his sole possession. This young man was placed behind a curtain in a garret in a farm-house, and being thus concealed from view, he put on the spectacles occasionally or rather looked through one of the glasses, deciphered the characters in the book, and having committed some of them to paper, handed copies from behind the curtain to those who stood outside. Not a word was said about their being deciphered by the gift of God. Everything in this way was effected by the large pair of spectacles. The farmer added that he had been requested to contribute a sum of money toward the publication of the golden book, the contents of which would, as he was told, produce an entire change in the world, and save it from ruin. So urgent had been these solicitations, that he intended selling his farm and giving the amount to those who wished to publish the plates. As a last precautionary step, he had resolved to come to New York, and obtain the opinion of the learned about the meaning of the paper which he brought with him, and which had been given him as a part of the contents of the book, although no translation had at that time been made by the young man with spectacles. On hearing this odd story, I changed my opinion about the paper, and instead of viewing it any longer as a hoax, I began to regard it as part of a scheme to cheat the farmer of his money, and I communicated my suspicions to him to beware of rogues. He requested an opinion from me in writing, which, of course, I declined to give, and he then took his leave, taking his paper with him. I am thus particular as to the contents of the paper, inasmuch as I have frequently conversed with friends on the subject since the Mormon excitement began, and well remember that the paper contained anything else but Egyptian hieroglyphics. Some time after the farmer paid me a second visit. He brought with him the gold book in print, and offered it to me for sale. I declined purchasing. He then asked permission to leave the book with me for examination. I declined receiving it, although



his manner was strangely urgent. I adverted once more to the roguery which, in my opinion, had been practiced upon him, and asked him what had become of the gold plates. He informed me they were in a trunk with the spectacles. I advised him to go to a magistrate and have the trunk examined. He said the curse of God would come upon him if he did. On my pressing him, however, to go to a magistrate, he told me he would open the trunk if I would take the curse of God upon myself. I replied that I would do so with the greatest willingness, and would incur every risk of that nature, provided I could only extricate him from the grasp of the rogues. He then left me. I have given you a full statement of all that I know respecting the origin of Mormonism and must beg of you as a personal favor to publish this letter immediately, should you find my name mentioned again by these wretched fanatics.

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. ANTHON.

In addition to this acknowledgment of the visit of Martin Harris to him with the transcript of the Nephite characters, Professor Anthon subsequently made another acknowledgment of Martin Harris' visit, in a letter written to Rev. Dr. T. W. Coit, Rector of Trinity Church, Rochelle, West Chester county, New York, in answer to a note of inquiry from that gentleman, concerning the Professors connection with the Book of Mormon.<sup>7</sup>

*Anthon's Letter to Dr. T. W. Coit.*

NEW YORK, April 3, 1841.

Rev. and Dear Sir: I have often heard that the Mormons claimed me for an auxiliary, *but as no one until the present time has even requested from me a statement in writing*, I have not deemed it worth while to say anything publicly on the subject. What I do know of the sect relates to some of the early movements; and as the facts may amuse you, while they will furnish a satisfactory answer to the charge of my being a Mormon proselyte, I proceed to lay them before you in detail.

Many years ago—the precise date I do not now recollect,—a plain-looking countryman called upon me with a letter from Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, requesting me to examine, and give my

7. I copy the letter from "Gleanings by the Way," by Rev. John A. Clark, D. D., Anthon's letter is published in full. It is frequently quoted, or at least parts of it are, in various anti-Mormon works, but nowhere in full, so far as I am aware, except in various anti-Mormon works, but nowhere in full, so far as I am aware, except in *Gleanings by the Way*, never in full and in connection with Prof. Anthon's letter to Mr. E. D. Howe. This doubtless, for the reason that this second letter of Professor Anthon's contradicts several statements that he makes in his letter to E. D. Howe.



opinion upon a certain paper, marked with various characters, which the doctor confessed he could not decipher, and which the bearer of the note was very anxious to have explained. A very brief examination of the paper convinced me that it was a mere hoax, a very clumsy one too. The characters were arranged in columns, like the Chinese mode of writing, and presented the most singular medley that I ever beheld. Greek, Hebrew and all sorts of letters, more or less distorted, either through unskillfulness or from actual design, were intermingled with sundry delineations of half moons, stars, and other natural objects, and the whole ended in a rude representation of the Mexican zodiac. The conclusion was irresistible, that some cunning fellow had prepared the paper in question for the purpose of imposing upon the countryman, who brought it, and I told the man so without any hesitation. He then proceeded to give me the history of the whole affair, which convinced me that he had fallen into the hands of some sharper, while it left me in great astonishment at his simplicity. The countryman told me that a gold book had been recently dug up in the western or northern part (I forget which), of our state, and he described this book as consisting of many gold plates like leaves, secured by a gold wire passing through the edge of each, just as the leaves of a book are sewed together, and presented in this way the appearance of a volume. Each plate, according to him, was inscribed with unknown characters, and the paper which he handed me, a transcript of one of these pages. On my asking him by whom the copy was made, he gravely stated, that along with the golden book there had been dug up a very large pair of spectacles! so large in fact that if a man were to hold them in front of his face, his two eyes would merely look through one of the glasses, and the remaining part of the spectacles would project a considerable distance sideways! These spectacles possessed, it seems a very valuable property, of enabling any one who looked through them, (or rather through one of the lenses,) not only to decipher the characters on the plates, but also to comprehend their exact meaning, and be able to translate them! My informant assured me that this curious property of the spectacles had been actually tested, and found to be true. A young man, it seems, had been placed in the garret of a farm-house, with a curtain before him, and having fastened the spectacles to his head, had read several pages in the golden book, and communicated their contents in writing to certain persons stationed on the outside of the curtain. He had also copied off one page of the book in the original character, which he had in like manner handed over to those who were separated from him by the curtain, and this copy was the



paper which the countryman had brought with him. As the golden book was said to contain very great truths, and most important revelations of a religious nature, a strong desire had been expressed by several persons in the countryman's neighborhood, to have the whole work translated and published. A proposition had accordingly been made to my informant, to sell his farm, and apply the proceeds to the printing of the golden book, and the golden plates were to be left with him as a security until he should be reimbursed by the sale of the work. To convince him more clearly that there was no risk whatever in the matter, and that the work was actually what it claimed to be, he was told to take the paper, which purported to be a copy of one of the pages of the book, to the City of New York, and submit it to the learned in that quarter, who would soon dispel all his doubts, and satisfy him as to the perfect safety of the investment. As Dr. Mitchell was our "Magnus Appollo" in those days, the man called first upon him; but the Doctor, evidently suspecting some trick, declined giving any opinion about the matter, and sent the countryman down to the college, to see, in all probability, what the "learned pundits" in that place would make of the affair. On my telling the bearer of the paper that an attempt had been made to impose on him and defraud him of his property, he requested me to give him my opinion in writing about the paper which he had shown to me. I did so without hesitation, partly for the man's sake, and partly to let the individual 'behind the curtain' see that his trick was discovered. The import of what I wrote was, as far as I can now recollect, simply this, that the marks in the paper appeared to be merely an imitation of various alphabetical characters, and had, in my opinion, no meaning at all connected with them. The countryman then took his leave, with many thanks, and with the express declaration that he would in no shape part with his farm, or embark in the speculation of printing the golden book. The matter rested here for a considerable time, until one day, when I had ceased entirely to think of the countryman and his paper, this same individual to my great surprise paid me a second visit. He now brought with him a duodecimo volume, which he said was a translation into English of the 'Golden Bible.' He also stated that notwithstanding his original determination not to sell his farm, he had been induced eventually to do so, and apply the money to the publication of the book, and received the golden plates as a security for repayment. He begged my acceptance of the volume, assuring me that it would be found extremely interesting, and that it was already "making great noise" in the upper part of the state. Suspecting now,





that some serious trick was on foot, and that my plain-looking visitor might be in fact a very cunning fellow, I declined his present, and merely contented myself with a slight examination of the volume while he stood by. The more I declined receiving it, however, the more urgent the man became in offering the book until at last I told him plainly that if he left the volume, as he said he intended to do, I should most assuredly throw it after him as he departed. I then asked him how he could be so foolish as to sell his farm and engage in this affair; and requested him to tell me if the plates were really of gold. In answer to this latter inquiry, he said, that he had not seen the plates themselves, which were carefully locked up in a trunk, but that he had the trunk in his possession. I advised him by all means to open the trunk and examine its contents, and if the plates proved to be gold, which I did not believe at all, to sell them immediately. His reply was, that if he opened the trunk, the "curse of Heaven would descend upon him and his children. However," added he, "I will agree to open it, provided you take the 'curse of Heaven' upon yourself, for having advised me to the step." I told him I was perfectly willing to do so, and begged he would hasten home and examine the trunk, for he would find he had been cheated. He promised to do as I recommended, and left me, taking his book with him. I have never seen him since.

Such is a plain statement of all I know respecting the Mormons. My impression now is, that the plain-looking countryman was none other than the Prophet Smith himself, who assumed an appearance of great simplicity in order to entrap me, if possible, into some recommendation of his book. That the Prophet aided me, by his inspiration, in interpreting the volume, is only one of the many amusing falsehoods which the Mormonites utter, relative to my participation in their doctrines. Of these doctrines I know nothing whatever, nor have I ever heard a single discourse from any of their preachers, although I have often felt a strong curiosity to become an auditor, since my friends tell me that they frequently name me in their sermons, and even go so far as to say that I am alluded to in the prophecies of scripture!

If what I have here written shall prove of any service in opening the eyes of some of their deluded followers to the real designs of those who profess to be the apostles of Mormonism, it will afford me satisfaction equalled, I have no doubt, only by that which yourself will feel on this subject.

I remain, very respectfully and truly,

Your friend,

CHAS. ANTHON.



After his interviews with Prof. Mitchell and Anthon, Martin Harris returned to Harmony, Pennsylvania, and reported to the Prophet Joseph the result of those interviews, thence went on to Palmyra where he arranged his business affairs and returned to the Prophet in Harmony about the 12th of April, 1828, and commenced writing as Joseph translated.

It will be observed that there is a discrepancy between the letter written by Professor Anthon to the Rev. Mr. Coit and the one he sent to E. D. Howe. In the latter he states that he refused to give his opinion in writing on the characters submitted to him; but in his letter to Rev. Coit he says that he gave a written opinion to Harris without hesitation, and to the effect that the marks on the paper appeared to be an imitation of various alphabetical characters that had no meaning at all connected with them. According to Martin Harris' statement Professor Anthon gave him a certificate to the effect that the characters submitted were genuine, and that the translation accompanying them was correct; but upon hearing that the existence of the Nephite plates was made known to Joseph Smith by a heavenly messenger, he requested the return of the paper he had given Martin Harris, and he destroyed it, saying that the visitation of angels had ceased, etc., etc. I shall leave it for the friends of Mr. Anthon to reconcile the contradictions that occur in his statements, merely remarking that since the doctor in one letter declares that he refused to give Martin Harris a written opinion on the characters; and in the other that he gave him a written opinion, increases very much one's faith in Martin Harris' statement as against that of Professor Anthon's upon this point, namely that the Professor gave Harris a written statement, but afterwards recalled and destroyed it. The reader should observe also that in his letter to Rev. Coit, written in 1841, the Professor says that no one until that time had ever requested from him a statement in writing on the subject of his connection with the Book of Mormon. Yet as a matter of fact E. D. Howe had addressed him a letter on the subject, in 1834, asking him for a statement, to which request the professor responded, telling substantially the same story as in this letter to Rev. Coit, excepting as to the written opinion furnished to



Harris. The contradictions in Prof. Anthon's letters leave him in a most unenviable situation; and doubtless accounts for anti-Mormons usually publishing extracts only from his letters.

The statements of Professor Anthon and Martin Harris are very contradictory, but the sequence will show that there is much that supports the statement of Martin Harris in the main as true; while the anxiety of the professor to disconnect himself as far as possible from any association with "these wretched fanatics," will account for his version of the incident. The object of Mr. Harris in presenting these transcribed characters to the learned professors was, undoubtedly, to learn if they were true characters, or only the idle invention of Joseph Smith. That the answer of Professor Anthon and Dr. Mitchell was in favor of their being true characters is evidenced by the fact that Martin Harris returned immediately to Joseph Smith, in Harmony, made his report, and thence went to Palmyra to arrange his business affairs that he might hasten back to Harmony to become the amanuensis of the young Prophet in the work of translation. This Martin Harris would not likely have done if Professor Anthon's answer had been what that gentleman represents it to have been in his letters to Mr. Howe and Rev. Coit; nor is it likely Martin Harris would have ventured, subsequently, to have furnished the money to pay for the publication of the first edition of the book, had he been assured by the professor that the whole thing was a "hoax" or a "scheme" to cheat him out of his money.

As already stated Martin Harris became the amanuensis of the Prophet some time in April, 1828. This work he continued until the 14th of June following—same two months, by which time they had translated enough to make one hundred and sixteen pages of manuscript, of large sheets—usually called fool's cap paper.

Sometime after Mr. Harris commenced to write for the Prophet he began to importune him for the privilege of showing so much of the translation as they had made to a number of his friends. This request the Prophet refused to grant. Nothing daunted by this refusal, Harris asked the Prophet to inquire of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim if he might not have



that privilege. This Joseph did, and Harris' request was denied. He importuned him to ask again, with the like result, and yet again did he implore that the Prophet would ask the Lord for his permission. "After much solicitation," says the Prophet, in his account of this affair, "I again inquired of the Lord, and permission was granted him to have the writings on certain conditions, which were that he should show them only to his brother, Preserved Harris, his wife, his father and mother, and Mrs. Cobb, a sister of his wife." "In accordance with this last answer," says the Prophet, "I required of him that he should bind himself in a covenant to me in the most solemn manner, that he would not do otherwise than he had been directed. He did so. He bound himself as I required of him, took the writings and went his way."<sup>8</sup>

Shortly after the departure of Martin Harris Emma Smith gave birth to a son which lived but a short time. Then followed two weeks of constant anxiety and sleepless days and nights for Joseph, for Emma's life hung in the balance and often her recovery was dispaired of by her friends. Meantime no word was received from Martin Harris that indicated his movements, or spoke of his return. Naturally the circumstances under which he had obtained of the Lord a reluctant consent, after repeated refusals, for Harris to have the manuscript of the translation of the Book of Mormon, so far as made, and attend also, as it was, by the Prophet having to yield up the custody of the Record and Urim and Thummim, gave him grounds for grave doubts as to the wisdom of his whole procedure in this thing, and now that there was no word from Harris or sign of his returning, Joseph's anxieties, it will readily be understood, were great. At last, when it was evident that Emma would recover, the Prophet hastened to the home of his parents to learn the cause of Harris' silence. The journey was made in the stage coach. *En route* the Prophet was overcome by fatigue, and dejected by his anxieties. His long vigils by the bedside of his wife, told heavily upon him, and the growing uncertainty respecting Harris' fidelity in keeping covenant as to the manuscript so far overcame him that on approaching Palmyra he was well nigh

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8. History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 21.





in a state of physical and nervous collapse. His condition was such that it greatly roused the sympathy of a gentleman fellow passenger, who, when Joseph left the stage coach, to make his way on foot to his father's home, his fellow passenger, though a stranger, insisted upon accompanying him, which he did.<sup>9</sup>

The Prophet at once sent for Martin, who put in a reluctant appearance. He had broken his solemn covenant with the Prophet. In fact he recklessly disregarded that covenant and exhibited the manuscript not only to those named in the agreement, but to others, and that quite freely. As a result the manuscript was stolen from him and he was never able to recover it, nor has it ever been found to this day.<sup>9½</sup> This incident went hard with the Prophet. Although he finally had permission to give the manuscript into Harris' hands, the course of the Prophet displeased the Lord and the angel Moroni at that time resumed charge of all the sacred things. Joseph had allowed himself to be over persuaded by Martin Harris, and now saw the effects of his folly.

The Prophet on learning of the loss of the manuscript returned to Harmony greatly troubled in spirit. He so humbled himself in prayer before the Lord that his humiliation and suffering must have moved God to compassion, for sometime in the month of July, Moroni appeared again to Joseph and gave to him the Urim and Thummim. Joseph immediately inquired of the Lord and by revelation learned the following truths, with accompanying reprimands:

The works and designs of God cannot be frustrated. God does not walk in crooked paths, nor vary from that which he has said. It is not the work of God that is frustrated but the works of men. Although a man may have many revelations, and have power to do many mighty works, yet if he boasts in his own strength and sets at naught the counsels of God, and follows after

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9. History of the Prophet Joseph, (Lucy Smith) Ch. XXV. Anti-Mormon writers refer to this incident of the "stranger's accompanying Joseph home" as one of the appearances of Sidney Rigdon at the Smith home before the publication of the Book of Mormon. Especially does Theodore Schroeder, insinuatingly, so employ the incident, "American Historical Magazine." (Predecessor of "Americana") Vol. II, p. 75, note 113.

9½. It was charged by some that Mrs. Harris, being unfriendly to the work burned it, but this she denied. Howe's Mormonism Unveiled, p. 22.



the dictates of his own will and carnal desires, he must fall, and incur the displeasures of a just God. Joseph had been intrusted with sacred things, but how strict were the commandments given to him respecting them! But also how great were the promises made to him, if he did not transgress the commandments! Yet how often Joseph had transgressed the commandments and laws of God, and followed after the persuasions of men! He should not have feared man more than God. Although other men set at naught the counsels of God, and despise his works, Joseph should have been faithful. And had he remained faithful God would have extended his arm and supported him against all the fiery darts of the adversary. Joseph was chosen to do the work of the Lord, but because of transgression, if he was not guarded, he would fall—"But", he was admonished, "remember, God is merciful." "Therefore, repent of that which thou hast done which is contrary to the commandment which I gave unto you," said the Lord, "and thou art still chosen, and again called to the work." For as a knowledge of a Savior had come into the world through the testimony of the Jews, even so should a knowledge of a Savior come unto God's people through the testimony of the ancient inhabitants of the Western hemisphere—the two American continents. It was for this purpose that the Record which had been entrusted to Joseph had been preserved, that the promises of God might be fulfilled that he had made to the ancient inhabitants of America, that their descendants—the American Indians—might know the promises of the Lord made to their fathers, and believe the Gospel of Christ and rely upon the merits of Jesus Christ, and be glorified and saved through faith in his name, by their faith and repentance.<sup>10</sup>

10. The Revelation appears as section 3, Doctrine and Covenants. In passing I may be pardoned for so far entering into argument as to say, that I am confident that this revelation alone will stand as an effectual contradiction and refutation of the misrepresentations made concerning the Prophet's character and manner of life about this time. The representations of his enemies say that during this time he was of intemperate habits, lazy, improvident, a chronic liar and charlatan, a low, cunning deceiver and blackguard. See Howe, Tucker, Kennedy, Kidder, Turner, Caswell, Bennett, Hyde, Lyford, Linn, and all anti-Mormon writers who take their cue from that vicious collection of affidavits gathered in 1833 by "Dr." Philastus Hurlburt. A character such as these writers represent Joseph Smith to be about this time, could have no such conceptions of God as this revelation sets forth; he would indulge in no such self-reproofs; and would plan no such self-corrections as the principles of this revelation require, nor hold up to himself such incentives for his actions as are here portrayed.



After the revelation was received, the Urim and Thummim had to be returned to Moroni. As yet the Prophet was upon probation. Upon reflection, whatever may be the reader's views respecting Joseph Smith and his pretensions, it would be difficult to conceive a more appropriate or soul-thrilling communication than this revelation.

The probation of the Prophet was of brief duration. A few days after the above visitation Moroni again appeared, and now with a more complete pardon and manifestation of the favor of God. All the sacred things were now restored to the Prophet, and upon inquiry of the Lord through Urim and Thummim he received another revelation in which the designs of those who had stolen the manuscript from Martin Harris were made known. Those designs aimed at nothing less than the destruction of the work Joseph Smith had in hand. Having now in their possession so large a part of the ancient record, they would hold it and see if the Prophet in a second translation could reproduce it *verbatim et literatim*, if not, they would say he had no gift for he could not translate the same matter twice alike, therefore he had made false pretensions; he was a false prophet, and his work must be discredited. If, on the other hand, he should reproduce the matter *verbatim et literatim* then they had the manuscript of the first translation in their hands, and could change that and claim that the Prophet evidently could not translate the same matter twice alike, hence had not translated by inspiration, hence had no supernatural gift, hence was not a Prophet of God, but an impostor.<sup>11</sup> In either event they would discredit Joseph Smith as an inspired man, and destroy the work to be brought forth by him. "Behold," said the Lord, "they will publish this, and Satan will harden the hearts of the people, to stir them up to anger against you, that they will not believe my words."

11. Evidently these conspirators acted upon the supposition that because the Prophet professed to translate by means of Urim and Thummim under the inspiration of God, that the work of translation was automatic, a purely mechanical process, that would not allow of even verbal variations in the retranslation of a given passage. This introduces one of the questions respecting the Book of Mormon which has been much debated, and which at the proper place will receive consideration. Here I can only say that translation by means of the Urim and Thummim, under the inspiration of God, is not the automatic, mechanical thing it is supposed to be, but on the contrary that method of translation would be as liable to verbal variation—as I shall prove later—as ordinary translation would be.



But the Book of Mormon was an abridgment, merely, of larger records of the ancient inhabitants of America. And in the course of making that abridgment, the Prophet Mormon who made it—hence the name, “Book of Mormon”—came upon a small collection of plates called the “smaller plates of Nephi;” and these containing so much that related to the Gospel of Christ, and being so rich in Messianic prophecy, greatly pleased Mormon, and therefore he placed the whole of the small book of Nephi with the abridgment he himself was making; saying, upon doing so, “I do this for a wise purpose; for thus it whispereth me, according to the workings of the Spirit of the Lord which is in me. And how I do not know all things; but the Lord knoweth all things which are to come; wherefore, he worketh in me to do according to his will.”<sup>12</sup>

These smaller plates of Nephi also covered historically a period of four hundred years, from six hundred years B. C. to two hundred B. C. Hence by adding these “smaller plates” of Nephi to his abridgment of the larger records, Mormon supplied in his collection of plates a double line of history for four hundred years. The manuscript of the translation of Mormon’s abridgment, covering part of that period, is what had been stolen from Martin Harris; and now the Prophet was directed not to translate again that portion of Mormon’s abridgment, but was commanded in the place thereof to translate the “small plates of Nephi,” and that translation should take the place of the first part of Mormon’s abridgment. This was done, and the Prophet was delivered from the snares laid for his feet.

The Prophet was now re-established in the favor of God; he was in possession once more of the American scriptures, and the means provided for their translation. As he had been admonished, however, not to run faster or labor more than he had strength and means provided to enable him to translate, he did not immediately take up the work of translation, but labored upon his farm to provide for his family.

The monotony of the winter of 1829 was broken by a visit from his father in February; who was naturally anxious about the progress of his son’s work. During his visit the Prophet

FOOTNOTE 12. Book of Mormon, p. 158, Current Utah edition.





enquired of the Lord to learn the relationship his father was to occupy to the work then coming forth, and in which he had such unlimited faith. In answer the Prophet received the following revelation through the Urim and Thummim:

“Now behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men;

Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day;

Therefore, if ye have desires to serve God, ye are called to the work,

For behold the field is white already to harvest, and lo, he that thrusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perish not, but bringeth salvation to his soul;

And faith, hope, charity and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work.

Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence.

Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you. Amen.”<sup>13</sup>

Martin Harris, although now not trusted, or allowed to act as an amanuensis for the Prophet, also visited him in March. He, too, though out of favor, would inquire of the Lord. Evidently the restrictions placed upon Joseph Smith in the matter of showing the plates to none except to those to whom God permitted him to show them, was a great trial to Martin Harris. He had been given a transcript of the character of the plates, and these he had given into the hands of learned men, and had doubtless been given some encouragement by them to believe the characters were genuine. He had acted as the Prophet's amanuensis for some time, but while so employed a heavy curtain or other device had screened the Prophet and the Record from his view, and evidently doubts would some times arise in his mind as to whether or not the Prophet really had the Record; and so now, he desired to have a witness that the Prophet really had the

13. I call attention to footnote No. 10, p. —, in order to remark that what is said there could be repeated here; and this in addition: A man giving forth such revelations as the above, and laying the foundations of his work upon such principles as are here enumerated, cannot be a vicious character, unless we may believe that impure fountains can send forth pure streams, and men can gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.



plates—he desired to see them. The Prophet inquired of the Lord for him and received as an answer the following revelation in which it is made known, besides containing a message for Martin Harris, that three Special Witnesses would be raised up, who should be shown the record by the power of God, and to no others would the same kind of a testimony be given concerning the existence of these sacred things—that is a testimony attended by manifestations of divine power.

“Behold, I say unto you, that as my servant Martin Harris has desired a witness at my hand, that you, my servant Joseph Smith, jun., have got the plates of which you have testified and borne record that you have received of me;

And now, behold, this shall you say unto him, he who spake unto you, said unto you, I, the Lord, am God, and have given these things unto you, my servant Joseph Smith, jun., and have commanded you that you should stand as a witness of these things,

And I have caused you that you should enter into a covenant with me, that you should not show them except to those persons to whom I commanded you; and you have no power over them except I grant it unto you.

And you have a gift to translate the plates and this is the first gift that I bestowed upon you, and I have commanded that you should pretend to no other gift, until my purpose is fulfilled in this; for I will grant unto you no other gift until it is finished.

Verily, I say unto you, that woe shall come unto the inhabitants of the earth if they will not hearken unto my words;

For hereafter you shall be ordained and go forth and deliver my words unto the children of men.

Behold, if they will not believe my words, they would not believe you my servant Joseph, if it were possible that you could show them all these things which I have committed unto you.

Behold, verily I say unto you, I have reserved those things which I have entrusted unto you, my servant Joseph, for a wise purpose in me, and it shall be made known unto future generations;

But this generation shall have my word through you;

And in addition to your testimony, the testimony of three of my servants whom I shall call and ordain, unto whom I will show these things, and they shall go forth with my words that are given through you;

Yea, they shall know of a surety that these things are true, for from heaven will I declare it unto them.



I will give them power that they may behold and view these things as they are:

And to none else will I grant this power to receive this same testimony among this generation in this the beginning of the rising up and the coming forth of my Church out of the wilderness.

And the testimony of three witnesses will I send forth of my word;

And behold, whosoever believeth on my word them will I visit with the manifestation of my Spirit, and they shall be born of me, even of water and of the Spirit.

And you must wait yet a little while, for ye are not yet ordained;

And their testimony shall also go forth unto the condemnation of this generation if they harden their hearts against them.

And now, again, I speak unto you, my servant Joseph, concerning the man that desires the witness.

Behold, I say unto him, he exalts himself and does not humble himself sufficiently before me; but if he will bow down before me, and humble himself in mighty prayer and faith, in the sincerity of his heart, then will I grant unto him a view of the things which he desires to see.

And then he shall say unto the people of this generation, behold I have seen the things which the Lord has shown unto Joseph Smith, jun., and I know of a surety that they are true, for I have seen them, for they have been shown unto me by the power of God and not of man.

And I, the Lord, command him, my servant Martin Harris, that he shall say no more unto them concerning these things, except he shall say I have seen them, and they have been shown unto me by the power of God, and these are the words which he shall say;

But if he deny this, he will break the covenant which he has before covenanted with me, and behold, he is condemned.

And now, except he humble himself and acknowledge unto me the things that he has done which are wrong, and covenant with me that he will keep my commandments, and exercise faith in me, behold, I say unto him, he shall have no such views, for I will grant unto him no views of the things of which I have spoken.

And if this be the case, I command you, my servant Joseph, that you shall say unto him, that he shall do no more, nor trouble me any more concerning this matter."<sup>14</sup>



This promised view of the plates was subsequently given to Martin Harris in connection with Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, of which circumstance more later.

Joseph had been able to proceed but lamely and intermittently with the translation after Martin Harris had ceased to be available as an amanuensis. In the foregoing revelation concerning Martin Joseph was commanded to stop translating for a season; "and I will provide means," said the Lord, "whereby thou mayest accomplish that which I have commanded thee."

The chief factor in the "means" named above came shortly afterwards in the person of Oliver Cowdery, who presented himself at the humble home of Joseph Smith in Harmony on the 5th of April, 1829. This young man Cowdery was born in Vermont at Wells, Rutland county, October 3rd, 1806; and was therefore about the Prophet's own age. The Cowdery family removed to western New York where some of Oliver's brothers had married and settled. As was quite common in new countries, and especially in those times when the pursuits of men were not so rigidly specialized as in later years, Oliver Cowdery had followed in boyhood and early manhood a variety of callings: farming, blacksmithing,<sup>15</sup> clerk in a store, and finally, in the winter of 1828-9, school teaching. He taught the district school in the vicinity of the Smith home, and boarded, in turn with the patrons of the school. As the Smith family patronized the school, this circumstance made Oliver Cowdery for a time an inmate of their home, and the parents of the Prophet related to him the circumstance of Joseph obtaining the Book of Mormon. Young Cowdery became intensely interested in the story related to him. Meantime he met David Whitmer in Palmyra, a young man about his own age, who lived some twenty-five miles from Palmyra, near the town of Waterloo, in a neighborhood called Fayette, Seneca county, at the north end of Seneca Lake. In his conversation with young Whitmer, Oliver told him of his acquaintance with the Smiths and expressed himself to the effect that there must be something in

15. Howe's Mormonism. Howe admits that until his "intimacy commenced with the money diggers," (i. e. the Smiths!) Oliver Cowdery "sustained a fair reputation," p. 14.

16. This will be recognized as an old New England custom of early days.





the story of finding the plates, and he announced his intention to investigate the matter. Later, when Oliver started for Harmony, where the Prophet was living, he passed the Whitmer home at Fayette, and promised David that he would report his findings to him concerning Joseph having the plates.

Oliver became convinced that Joseph's story was true, and being informed by the Prophet on arriving at Harmony that it was the will of God that he should remain and act as his scribe in the work of translation, Oliver consented to do so, and on the 7th of April (1829) commenced to write as the prophet indited the translation obtained by means of the Urim and Thummim.

Oliver, in a few days, became anxious to learn more largely the will of the Lord concerning himself and his connection with the work then coming forth, and the Prophet through the Urim and Thummim obtained a revelation for him. There was no flattering promise of a worldly character to Oliver Cowdery in the revelation. It simply proclaimed that a great and a marvelous work was about to come forth. Thrust in your sickle and reap; "keep my commandments," is almost sternly said; seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion; seek not for riches, but for wisdom; be diligent; stand by my servant Joseph in whatsoever difficult circumstances he may be for the word's sake. Then there are to be difficult circumstances! "Admonish him in his faults." What, the Prophet! Yes, the Prophet—he has faults and is not to be above admonition. Receive admonition of him. Be patient. Be sober. Be temperate. Have patience, faith, hope, and charity. And Oliver's reward? Not riches of this world. Not greatness in the eyes of men. Not the honors and applause of the world. "If thou wilt do good, yea and hold out faithful to the end, thou shalt be saved in the Kingdom of God." That is to be his reward. There is nothing wordly in all this. This spirit is worthy the great work that these young men are commissioned to bring forth. This is the kind of atmosphere one would expect to find surrounding men engaged in such a work.

Oliver also learned by this revelation that to the Prophet had been revealed secrets which until now had been known to Oliver alone. While at the Smith home he had secretly inquired of God



if the things he had heard concerning the ancient American record and Joseph Smith were true, and he had received a certain witness of the Spirit that they were true. And now the revelation:

“Verily, verily, I say unto thee, blessed art thou for what thou hast done, for thou hast inquired of me; and behold, as often as thou hast inquired thou hast received instruction of my spirit. If it had not been so, thou wouldst not have come to this place where thou art at this time. Behold, thou knowest thou hast inquired of me, and I did enlighten thy mind; and now I tell thee these things, that thou mayest know that thou hast been enlightened by the spirit of truth; yea, I tell thee that thou mayest know that there is none else, save God, that knoweth thy thoughts and the intents of thy heart; I tell thee these things as a witness unto thee, that the words of the work which thou hast been writing are true. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, if you desire a further witness, cast your mind upon the night when you cried unto me in your heart that you might know concerning the truth of these things; did I not speak peace to your mind concerning the matter? And now, behold, you have received a witness, for if I have told you things which no man knoweth, have ye not received a witness?”<sup>17</sup>

When Oliver found that the secret meditations of his heart were thus revealed through Joseph Smith; when his secret prayers were revealed and the answer of God’s Spirit to those prayers made known, he could no longer doubt that his new-found friend was a prophet of God; and with renewed zeal he took up again his work as a scribe. It was of these days that he afterwards wrote:

These were days never to be forgotten—to sit under the sound of a voice dictated by the inspiration of heaven, awakened the utmost gratitude of this bosom. Day after day I continued, uninterrupted to write from his mouth, as he translated with the Urim and Thummim, or, as the Nephites would have said, “Interpreters,” the history or record called the Book of Mormon.

Mr. Joseph Knight, Sen., of whom mention has already been made, several times brought the young men a wagon load of

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17. Doctrine and Covenants, section 5.



provisions, which enabled them to continue the work of translation without interruption. But for this timely assistance the work of translation must have been relinquished from time to time in order to secure supplies. Mr. Knight evidently had considerable faith in the claims of Joseph concerning the Book of Mormon; for on the occasion of his visit to him in May, 1829, he desired to know what his duty was with reference to the work that the Lord was about to bring forth. The prophet inquired of the Lord and, as in the case of Oliver Cowdery, after declaring that a great and marvelous work was about to come forth, the revelation said:

Keep my commandments, and seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion. Behold, I speak unto you, and also to all those who have desires to bring forth and establish this work; and no one can assist in this work, except he shall be humble and full of love, having faith, hope and charity, being temperate in all things whatsoever shall be entrusted in his care.<sup>18</sup>

For a time the Prophet has been permitted to pursue the work of translation at Harmony without interference. But in the latter part of May there began to be mutterings of an approaching storm of persecution. Threats were frequent, and the young men were only preserved from actual violence by the influence of Mr. Isaac Hale, who, though he had no faith in the Prophet's work, and in the past had manifested some hostility towards him, he still believed in law and order; was opposed to mob violence; and was willing that Joseph and his associates should be permitted to complete their work without interference.

Meantime Oliver had been writing his friend, David Whitmer, his findings as to the truth of the Prophet Joseph having the plates. He wrote soon after his arrival in Harmony that he was convinced that Joseph Smith had the Record. Shortly after this, doubtless immediately after Joseph received the revelation in which the secret meditations and prayers of Oliver respecting the work before he saw the Prophet were made known, Oliver wrote a second letter to David, in which he enclosed a few lines of what had been translated, and assured him that he knew of

18. Ibid, section 12.



a surety that Joseph Smith had a record of a people that inhabited the American continents in ancient times; and that the plates they were translating gave a history of these people; he moreover assured David that he had "revealed knowledge" concerning the truth of what he affirmed. These letters young Whitmer showed to his parents, and to his brothers and sisters.

The increasing spirit of opposition manifested at Harmony made the Prophet uneasy concerning their safety, and at his suggestion Oliver wrote to David Whitmer at Fayette, asking him to come down to Harmony and take them to the elder Whitmer's home, giving as a reason for their rather strange request that they had received a commandment from God to that effect. This request found David Whitmer in the midst of his spring work, in the hurried execution of which he claims to have received superhuman aid, by which he was able to respond much earlier to the request of his friend Oliver and the Prophet—the latter he had never seen—than would have been possible without that help.<sup>19</sup>

When David Whitmer was approaching the little village of Harmony with his two-horse team and wagon, he was met some distance from the town by the Prophet and Oliver. "Oliver told me," says David Whitmer, in relating the circumstance, "that Joseph had informed him when I started from home, where I had stopped the first night, how I read the sign at the tavern; where I stopped the next night, etc.; and that I would be there that day before dinner, and this was why they had come out to meet me; all of which was exactly as Joseph had told Oliver, at which I was greatly astonished."<sup>20</sup>

The day following David Whitmer's arrival at Harmony the plates were packed up and delivered into the care of the Angel Moroni by the Prophet that they might be safely conveyed to Fayette.

Soon after the arrival at the Whitmer residence, in the garden near by, Moroni once more delivered the sacred record to Joseph, and the work of translation was renewed with even greater

19. See Note 1 at the end of the chapter.

20. Statement of David Whitmer, Pratt and Smith Report of Interview *Mill Star*, Vol. 40, pp. 769-774.





NOTES

THE WHITTAKER FARM, FAYETTE, SENeca COUNTY, NEW YORK

Site of the old Peter Whittaker Home, "where the translation of the Book of Mormon was completed and the Church of the Latter-day Saints organized, April 6, 1830.



vigor than at Harmony; for when Oliver would tire of writing, one of the Whitmers or Emma Smith would relieve him, and thus the work of translation was hastened to its completion; and while the exact date of that completion cannot be definitely fixed, it was most likely sometime in the month of July or August, 1829.<sup>21</sup>

## NOTES

### 1. OF SUPERHUMAN EVENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BRINGING FORTH THE BOOK OF MORMON:

With the coming forth of the Book of Mormon there are associated superhuman events. What men usually call miraculous events. The book's existence was revealed by Moroni, an ancient American Prophet, now raised from the dead, and co-operating with Joseph Smith to bring forth to the world this record of an ancient people. The integrity of the whole story unfolding in the text of these pages depends upon the reality of these things. Was the Christ raised from the dead? Were ancient Saints at the time of the Christ's resurrection also raised from the dead? The New Testament answers both questions in the affirmative. (Matt. 27:50—53). And now, if the resurrection be a reality, and the times and power thereof rest with God, then it is not incredible that the blessings of that resurrection should extend to the inhabitants of the western world as well as to those of the Eastern hemisphere. And if men are raised from the dead and made co-laborers with men in bringing to pass the purposes of God, then there is nothing incredible in the co-operation of Moroni, and other resurrected personages, with Joseph Smith and his associates in bringing to pass the great events of this new dispensation of the Gospel. Hence the repeated visitations and aid of the resurrected man, Moroni; hence the apparent superhuman aid given to David Whitmer in his preparations to bring the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery to the Whitmer home. The incidents of seeming superhuman aid given to David Whitmer as related by himself are as follows. The request of Oliver and the Prophet to come and remove them from Harmony, where they were threatened with mob violence, to the home of his father, found David in the midst of his spring work. He had some twenty acres of land to plow and concluded to do that

21. This conclusion is based upon two other dates. According to Joseph Smith it was early in June that David Whitmer took Oliver and himself to the Whitmer home (*History of the Church*, Vol. I, p. 48) and in August of the same year the printing was begun. Hence the translation must have been finished between those two dates.



and then go. "I got up one morning to go to work as usual," he says, "and on going to the field, found that between five and seven acres of my land had been plowed under during the night. I don't know who did it; but it was done just as I would have done it myself, and the plow was left standing in the furrow. This enabled me to start sooner."<sup>22</sup>

Nor was this the only assistance of like character given to him. While harrowing in a field of wheat before starting on his journey he found to his surprise that he had accomplished more in a few hours than was usual to do in two or three days. The day following this circumstance he went out to spread plaster over a field, according to the custom of the farmers in that locality, when, to his surprise, he found the work had been done, and well done. David Whitmer's sister, who lived near the field, told him that three strangers had appeared in the field the day before and spread the plaster with remarkable skill. She at the time presumed that they were men whom David had hired to do the work.<sup>23</sup>

"When I was returning to Fayette, with Joseph and Oliver," he says again, "all of us riding in the wagon, Oliver and I on an old fashioned, wooden spring seat, and Joseph behind us, when traveling along in a clear, open place, a very pleasant, nice looking old man suddenly appeared by the side of our wagon and saluted us with, 'Good morning; it is very warm;' at the same time wiping his face or forehead with his hand. We returned the salutation, and by a sign from Joseph, I invited him to ride if he was going our way. But he said very pleasantly, 'No, I am going to Cumorah.' This name was somewhat new to me, and I did not know what 'Cumorah' meant. We all gazed at him and at each other, and as I looked round inquiringly of Joseph, the old man instantly disappeared, so that I did not see him again." . . . It was the messenger who had the plates, who had taken them from Joseph just prior to our starting from Harmony."<sup>24</sup>

David Whitmer says that soon after the installment of Joseph, his wife, and Oliver Cowdery in the Whitmer household, he saw something which led him to believe that the plates were concealed in his father's bar, and frankly asked the prophet if it were so. Joseph replied that it was. "Some time after this," David adds: "My mother was going to milk the cows, when she was met out near the yard by the same old man (meaning the one who had saluted his party on the way from Harmony; at

22. Pratt and Smith Report *Mill. Star*, 40.

23. Cannon's *Life of Joseph Smith*, pp. 67, 68.

24. Pratt and Smith Report.



least, David judged him to be the same, doubtless from his mother's description of him,) who said to her: 'You have been very faithful and diligent in your labors, but you are tired because of the increase of your toil; it is proper, therefore, that you should receive a witness, that your faith may be strengthened.' Thereupon he showed her the plates. My father and mother had a large family of their own, the addition to it, therefore, of Joseph, his wife Emma, and Oliver, very greatly increased the toil and anxiety of my mother. And although she had never complained she had sometimes felt that her labor was too much, or, at least, she was perhaps beginning to feel so. This circumstance, however, completely removed all such feelings, and nerved her up for her increased responsibilities."<sup>25</sup>

## 2. THE MANNER OF TRANSLATING THE BOOK OF MORMON:

Relative to the manner of translating the Book of Mormon the Prophet himself has said but little. "Through the medium of the Urim and Thummim I translated the record by the gift and power of God," is the most extended published statement made by him upon the subject. Of the Urim and Thummim he says: "With the record was found a curious instrument which the ancients called a Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones set in a rim of a bow fastened to a breast-plate."

Oliver Cowdery says of the work of translation, "I wrote with my own pen the entire Book of Mormon (save a few pages), as it fell from the lips of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as he translated by the gift and power of God, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, or, as it is called by that book, 'Holy Interpreters.' This is all that Oliver has left on record on the manner of translating the book.

David Whitmer is more specific on this subject. After describing the means the Prophet employed to exclude the light from the "Seer Stone," he says: "In the darkness the spiritual light would shine. A piece of something resembling parchment would appear, and under it was the interpretation in English. Brother Joseph would read off the English to Oliver Cowdery, who was his principal scribe, and when it was written down and repeated to Brother Joseph to see if it was correct, then it would disappear, and another character with the interpretation would appear. Thus the Book of Mormon was translated by the gift and power of God and not by any power of man."<sup>26</sup>

<sup>25</sup>. *Ibid.*

<sup>26</sup>. "Address to all Believers in Christ," a pamphlet published by Whitmer, 1887, p. 12.





There will appear between this statement of David Whitmer's and what is said both by Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery a seeming contradiction. Joseph and Oliver both say the translation was done by means of the Urim and Thummim, which is described by Joseph as being "two transparent stones set in a rim of a bow fastened to a breast-plate;" while David Whitmer says that the translation was made by means of a "Seer Stone." The apparent contradiction is cleared up, however, by a statement made by Martin Harris. He said that the Prophet possessed a "Seer Stone," by which he was enabled to translate as well as from the Urim and Thummim, and for convenience he some times used the Seer Stone. Martin said further that the Seer Stone differed in appearance entirely from the Urim and Thummim that was obtained with the plates, which were two clear stones set in two rims, very much resembling spectacles, only they were larger.<sup>27</sup>

The "Seer Stone" referred to here was a chocolate-colored, somewhat egg-shaped stone which the Prophet found while digging a well in company with his brother Hyrum. It possessed the qualities of Urim and Thummim, since by means of it—as described above—as well as by means of the "Interpreters" found with the Nephite record, Joseph was able to translate the characters engraven on the plates.

Martin Harris's description of the manner of translating while he was the amanuensis of the Prophet is as follows:

"By aid of the Seer Stone, sentences would appear and were read by the Prophet and written by Martin, and when finished he would say "written," and if correctly written, the sentence would disappear and another appear in its place, but if not written correctly it remained until corrected, so that the translation was just as it was engraven on the plates, precisely in the language then used."<sup>28</sup>

The sum of the whole matter, then, concerning the manner of translating the sacred record of the Nephites, according to the testimony of the only witnesses competent to testify in the matter is: With the Nephite record was deposited a curious instrument, consisting of two transparent stones, set in the rim of a bow, somewhat resembling spectacles, but larger, called by the ancient Hebrews "Urim and Thummim," but by the Nephites "Interpreters." In addition to these "Interpreters" the Prophet Joseph had a "Seer Stone," which to him was a Urim and Thummim; that the Prophet sometimes used one and sometimes the other of these sacred instruments in the work of trans-

27. Harris' Statement. *Mill. Star*, Vol. 44, p. 87.

28. *Ibid.*



lation; that whether the "Interpreters" or the "Seer Stone" was used the Nephite characters with the English interpretation appeared in the sacred instrument; that the Prophet would pronounce the English translation to his scribe, which, when correctly written, would disappear and the other characters with their interpretation take their place, and so on until the work was completed.

It should not be supposed, however, that this translation, though accomplished by means of the "Interpreters" and "Seer Stone", as stated above, was merely a mechanical procedure; that no faith, or mental or spiritual effort was required on the Prophet's part; that the instruments did all, while he who used them did nothing but look and repeat mechanically what he saw there reflected. Much has been written upon this manner of translating the Nephite record, by those who have opposed the Book of Mormon, and chiefly in a sneering way.

But the translation of the Book of Mormon by means of the "Interpreters" and "Seer Stone," was not merely a mechanical process. It required the utmost concentration of mental and spiritual force possessed by the Prophet, in order to exercise the gift of translation through the means of the sacred instruments provided for that work. Fortunately we have the most perfect evidence of the fact, though it could be inferred from the general truth that God sets no premium upon mental or spiritual laziness; for whatever means God may have provided to assist man to arrive at the truth, He has always made it necessary for man to couple with those means his utmost endeavor of mind and heart. So much in the way of reflection; now as to the facts referred to.

In his "Address to All Believers in Christ," David Whitmer says:

"At times when Brother Joseph would attempt to translate he would look into the hat in which the stone was placed, he found he was spiritually blind and could not translate. He told us that his mind dwelt too much on earthly things, and various causes would make him incapable of proceeding with the translation. When in this condition he would go out and pray, and when he became sufficiently humble before God, he could then proceed with the translation. Now we see how very strict the Lord is, and how he requires the heart of man to be just right in his sight before he can receive revelation from him."

In a statement to Wm. H. Kelley, G. A. Blakeslee, of Gallen, Michigan, under date of September 15th, 1882. David Whitmer said of Joseph Smith and the necessity of his humility and faithfulness while translating the Book of Mormon.



"He was a religious and straightforward man. He had to be; for he was illiterate and he could do nothing himself. He had to trust in God. He could not translate unless he was humble and possessed the right feelings towards everyone. To illustrate so you can see: One morning when he was getting ready to continue the translation, something went wrong about the house and he was put out about it. Something that Emma, his wife, had done. Oliver and I went up stairs and Joseph came up soon after to continue the translation but he could not do anything. He could not translate a single syllable. He went down stairs, out into the orchard, and made supplication to the Lord; was gone about an hour—came back to the house, and asked Emma's forgiveness and then came up stairs where we were and then the translation went on all right. He could do nothing save he was humble and faithful."<sup>29</sup>

The manner of translation is so far described by David Whitmer and Martin Harris, who received their information necessarily from Joseph Smith, and doubtless it is substantially correct, except in so far as their statements may have created the impression that the translation was a mere mechanical process; and this is certainly corrected in part at least by what David Whitmer has said relative to the frame of mind Joseph must be in before he could translate. But we have more important evidence to consider on this subject of translation than these statements of David Whitmer. In the course of the work of translation Oliver Cowdery desired the gift of translation to be conferred upon him, and God promised to grant it to him in the following terms:

"Oliver Cowdery, . . . assuredly as the Lord liveth, who is your God and your Redeemer, even so surely shall you receive a knowledge of whatsoever things you shall ask with an honest heart believing that you shall receive a knowledge concerning the engravings of old records, which contain those parts of my scripture of which have been spoken by the manifestation of my spirit. Yea, behold, I will tell you in your mind and in your heart, by the Holy Ghost, which shall come upon you and which shall dwell in your heart. Now, behold, this is the spirit of revelation; behold this is the Spirit by which Moses brought the children of Israel through the Red Sea on dry ground. . . . Ask that you may know the mysteries of God, and that you may translate and receive knowledge from all those ancient records which have been hid up, that are sacred, and according to your faith shall it be unto you."<sup>30</sup>

29. Braden-Kelley Debate, p. 186.



In attempting to exercise this gift of translation, however, Oliver Cowdery failed; and in a revelation upon the subject the Lord explained the cause of his failure to translate:

"Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it [i. e. the gift of translation] unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me; but, behold I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind, then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore you shall feel that it is right; but if it be not right, you shall have no such feelings, but you shall have a stupor of thought; that shall cause you to forget the thing which is wrong; therefore you cannot write that which is sacred save it be given you from me."<sup>30</sup>

While this is not a description of the manner in which Joseph Smith translated the Book of Mormon, it is, nevertheless, the Lord's description of how another man was to exercise the gift of translation; and doubtless it is substantially the manner in which Joseph Smith did exercise it, and the manner in which he translated the Book of Mormon. That is, the Prophet Joseph Smith looked into the "Interpreters" or "Seer Stone," saw there by the power of God and the gift of God to him, the ancient Nephite characters, and by bending every power of his mind to know the meaning thereof, the interpretation wrought out in his mind by this effort—by studying it out in his mind, to use the Lord's phrase—was reflected in the sacred instruments, there to remain until correctly written by the scribe.

There can be no doubt, either, that the interpretation thus obtained was expressed in such language as the Prophet could command, in such phraseology as he was master of and common to the time and locality where he lived; modified, of course, by the application of that phraseology to facts and ideas new to him in many respects, and above the ordinary level of the Prophet's thoughts and language, because of the inspiration of God that was upon him. This view of the translation of the Nephite record accounts for the fact that the Book of Mormon, though a translation of an ancient record, is, nevertheless, given in English idiom of the period and locality in which the Prophet lived; and in the faulty English, moreover, both as to composition, phraseology, and grammar, of a person of Joseph Smith's limited education; and also accounts for the sameness of phraseology and literary style which runs through the whole volume.<sup>32</sup>

30. Doc. & Cov., sec. 8.

31. *Ibid.*, sec. 9.

32. For a full discussion of this question see the writer's *New Witnesses for God*, Volume III pp. 106-122.





## EDITORIAL

AMERICANA is issued monthly by the National Americana Society.

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**A**T this moment there is quite a little stir of pleasure and surprise over the gracious act of Japan in making the United States a gift of beautiful cherry trees. It is said that in her choice of this particular species of tree the flowery country has meant to signify her special love and friendliness to us, and that we should appreciate

**A UNIQUE POSITION** ate that these are not simply trees, but blossoms of real affection. The suggestion is gratifying, not only to our national pride, but to that finer sentiment, the desire to have the goodwill of the world, and to be at peace with all men. Seldom in history has any great nation been enabled to maintain such a position, to grow and expand internally while constantly extending her foreign relations and building up her commerce; to hold out a helping hand to her neighbors, and at the same time, in homely phrase; to attend to her own business, and to jog along in her domestic affairs without exciting the jealousy or anger of rival nations. It seems, indeed, as if we had no rivals; as if all men were bent upon doing us honor and holding out the hand of friendship. It is a great advantage to have a continent all to ourselves (practically to ourselves) and to have a kind of watery wall between us and our good friends, so that we may be either private or social, as the need of the hour suggests! May we continue to understand and act up to our privileges; to maintain the position of neutral in the world's quarrels, and justify our reputation of peacemaker.



The point where truth and falsehood touch is as variable as the quality of imagination. The bible, which in its prophetic insight into the motives of mankind has never been equaled by any other writing, says that at times "God shall send upon men a strong delusion." \* \* \*

SINCERITY IS      And the saying is constantly exemplified,  
A BOON TO      in the realms of science and philosophy, as well  
SOCIETY      as in religion. By long dwelling upon any idea,  
                 however visionary, the mind develops the facil-

ity to bring up images so quickly and vividly that it is precisely as if they existed solidly, before the actual eye and ear. What has been re-lived often in memory becomes imbued with a life of its own, so that it acts apart from the volition of its human agent. We are, finally, the slave of our chosen idea; its dupe, its outer shape. Many of the seemingly criminal attempts made to deceive other people are only the obstinate persistence in an individual of a belief that has taken possession of him; a belief that has become exalted into a deity and that he acts out blindly, and with an enthusiasm untempered by judgment. We see a man here who sacrifices family, interests, comfort to the carrying out of a fixed plan which has grown out of a long hugged fancy; the pursuit of something originally vague and undefined, but in the end more real to him than food or daylight. And here, again, another whose temperament is more sordid and selfish, who has joined personal greed to his belief, thereby becoming a dangerous foe to society, as no combination is stronger for evil than a monomania backed up by great energy in self preservation. And yet, in every monomania there is a germ of the useful and practical; if it serves for nothing else it directs the attention of society to matters that would otherwise be overlooked; to points that need to be elucidated, and reasoning that requires careful weighing. Is not controversy the life of truth, and can there be controversy unless there are men who take so deep an interest in the matter under argument that they are ready to fight for their opinion? Investigation into abuses, remedies for wrongs follow the attempts of selfish people to delude the masses for their own ends. A great wrong has this good to it, that it necessitates immediate protest and action, whereas, if the wrong was merely slight and



casual, it might go on indefinitely, until by weight of custom, it no longer seemed reprehensible. A definite heresy against truth is never fatal, because it is certain to be sifted and refuted; but an indefinite declaration, tending toward the absurd or fanatical may have many ill consequences that can never be traced to their source; especially that of confusing in the minds of its hearers the boundary between the real and unreal, so that they become incapable of weighing evidence.

We should, then, welcome an enthusiastic and well-defined declaration of principles, whether it come in the realm of religion, science or politics; the fuller and more detailed the statement the more room there is for reply and argument. And as there "is generally a soul of truth in things erroneous," as that great, candid soul, Herbert Spencer, admitted, we may well imitate his generous spirit in endeavoring to find out the amount of truth there may be in a statement which we are at first sight inclined to regard with repugnance or disdain. Anything that is sincerely believed in by one man, for which he makes a real sacrifice, which he holds in the face of all opposition, is respectable. However we may disagree with him, we have no right to say that he is wholly wrong in the belief he holds. Beliefs do not spring out of nothing, but out of some real occurrence resembling the facts afterwards woven into creeds. The finding of these actual happenings and separating them from the erroneous circumstances added on, is a work that may well engage our serious energies, and occupy our reason. For to find the truth existing within a network of suppositions constitutes a progress of the highest sort.

Of all people, the historian should be impartial. It is his business to record, to trace, to reason, and to leave conclusions to readers. Any bias, prejudice, or personal consideration detracts from his value. Flaubert gave rather the qualities of a good

historian than a romance writer when he said  
 AMERICANA IS that an author should be like "God in his  
 IMPARTIAL. universe," with no intrusion of his own personality. We wish it understood that our magazine endeavors to follow this dictum of a wise master as far



as possible; we aim to be impartial, to give scope to all ideas, all chronicles, and to admit as matters of history and biography whatever has made up the history of communities or sections of our country. We state neither our belief nor our disbelief, except in the editorial columns; we are not responsible for what our contributors write, and neither endorse nor deny what may easily be made matter for argument. We invite argument, believing that the open discussion of all matters is in entire accord with the American spirit of fair play. Once again, we ask that any impulse a reader has to criticise the matter contained in these pages should be made the subject of a letter. If suitable for publication, we shall take pleasure in putting it before the public. In any event, it may be enlightening to ourselves.

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## LITERATURE

**A Child's Guide to American History.** By Henry William Elison. Illustrated. The Baker and Taylor Company, New York: 1909. Price, \$1.25 net.

According to the spirit of modern teaching, that an appeal must be made to the interest of the child, Mr. Elison has fashioned his little volume in a way to win youthful readers, and keep their attention. Although he has a method of his own, his sequence of narration is not forced upon us, but he seems to proceed in a pleasant, cursory fashion, like a grandfather who says, "Oh, and this reminds me," and goes on to the next item of his story. The facts are all here, and laid down with sufficient clearness and definiteness; also with a just view of their relative importance. But the lack of stiffness of the author is indicated in such chapter titles as "Odds and Ends," "A Batch of Biographies," and "Anecdotes and Stories of the War." These are told very familiarly, and with an air of taking the child into confidence, which must prove fascinating to young people. Some of the biographies are unhackneyed, and for that reason of special importance. It is quite important that a child should be made acquainted with "Jenny Lind," that great singer whose memory is cherished by the older generation most sacredly. Her life is an inspiration and an example. And we were glad to see that Harriet Beecher Stowe was not neglected in a "Guide" to our history. Surely, if ever a woman helped to make *good* history, she did. Our children ought to realize it. Altogether, we heartily commend this volume to teachers and homes. Mothers will find it useful as a help at story telling time, and the young people themselves will learn to keep it in their school desks as a ready reference book. It has an inspiring quality.



## ANNOUNCEMENTS

"Ancient Abodes of Anapolis" is the title of our leading article for November. It is written by Catharine Frances Cavanaugh, and graphically describes this quaint Maryland town, its buildings and customs, and its medieval atmosphere, which marks it off so distinctly from the rest of our bustling continent.

It is not the custom for a historical magazine to have special Holiday issues, but if the observance of Thanksgiving is a national duty, it is no less a duty for us to give at least a passing notice to our traditional festival. In her paper, "The Genesis of Thanksgiving," Helen Harcourt has contrived to weave around the well worn topic a new interest by her manner of telling us what she herself has thought over. If "everything has been said, everything thought," the dictum applies to all things as well as to Thanksgiving, and we may be grateful for a waft of fresh personality if we may not get a fresh point of view.

"Come back two hundred years and see what the town of Boston was," is the alluring invitation of Mary J. Jacques, and she proceeds in a quite methodical way to tear down modern structures and replace them, to our "mind's eye," with the ancient abodes of the old Common Lane, Cornhill, Pudding lane, and Cow lane; significant names which recall the wit of our ancestors; more massive and concrete, so to say, than the delicate and elusive wit of the present generation, but some times quite as satisfying.

We have to announce the appearance of a new series of articles by the viscount de Fronsac, entitled "Heraldic Visitation of the Provinces of the Empire of America." The character of the magazine having always been largely genealogical, it is in line with its policy to furnish to its older subscribers matter in which they are particularly interested. We trust that these



papers will sustain the popularity of the author, a well known contributor to our pages.

A remarkable monument indeed, is King's Chapel, in Boston, the church which was sometimes Church of England and sometimes Unitarian. Mr. Henry Waterman gives us an entertaining article about this chapel, with four lines of poetry thrown in.

That we have a folklore of our very own may come to some of us as a matter of pleasing surprise. But America also, is growing old, and a grey hair is creeping among the fiery locks of its youthful tresses; why may we not count among our acquisitions some national tales? In her almost too brief paper, "Folklore of our Hearthstones," Miriam Cruikshank opens the path for further literature on this subject. Perhaps others may also find something to say herewith.

Besides the continuance of the several series of papers on special subjects, our November issue gives as a final touch, a little paper by E. L. Hansen, entitled "A Swiss Village in America," which takes us back again to the past, away from the noise and fret of the twentieth century. And it is good to be so taken away, from time to time.

One or two papers that have necessarily been crowded out of this issue, will appear in our November number.



# Americana

• Illustrated •



National Americana Society  
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NOVEMBER, 1909

# AMERICANA

FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN, Editor

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COLONIAL GOVERNORS' MANSION



# AMERICANA

November, 1909

## ANCIENT ABODES OF ANNAPOLIS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

**I**T is an easy run from the National Capital to Annapolis, capital of Maryland, and home of the United States Naval Academy, so it is often visited by distinguished foreigners. No matter how they are impressed by the naval section, they seldom fail to remark the eighteenth-century atmosphere which still clings to the residential portion of the town. They never imagined that so gentle a city could exist in the bustling United States of America.

When told that the city celebrated its two hundredth anniversary last year, they are no less astonished; wondering how, being so favorably situated as a port of commerce, it could escape the march of progress. Some guides tell them that Annapolis is resting on its past fame as "The Paris of America," adding that by all accounts, she needed a century of rest, for she was such an active city once, the home of renowned statesmen, writers, artists and wits, who kept her in a constant whirl.

The optimist resents this theory, and declares that Annapolis, with its new Naval Academy, and its lately acquired electric line, should resume its place among important cities. But the foreign visitor is still impressed with the fact that we have at least one aristocratic city owning many well preserved landmarks. He learns that some of us have a reverence for such, endeavoring to cherish them, not let them go to ruin. Ruins, in the eyes of your average United States American, denote an inclination to shiftlessness.



Annapolis has an atmosphere that is charged with mellow memories. It is worth your while to slip away from your noisy, nervous city and give yourself over to the peace and impressions of the old place. You will go back a better man for having dreamed over its romances, thrilled over its war stories and reflected upon the great men who lived there. It will make you a better American, and, at the same time incline you to think well of even the Tories of the town. For, on the whole, they were pretty good men, even if they were, to our thinking, on the wrong side.

To impress upon you why the city has this charm, it should be stated that not until the spring of 1908, did a street car of any kind enter the city. The citizens did not miss them, and visitors delighted to walk through the romantic streets, or give themselves over to the tender mercies of the sleepy negro hackmen. But now a modern electric line connects Annapolis with Baltimore and Washington, and between these progressive cities Annapolis is going to make a harvest on visitors to her historic spots—to say nothing of to the Naval Academy. Inside the Naval Academy grounds the visitor first learns of historic homes. Here, they tell that the Dulaney mansion, built about 1750, was bought in 1808 by the United States and served as the home of the commander of Fort Severn. Daniel Dulaney, the Elder, was an able jurist and the father of Daniel Dulaney, “most renowned lawyer of provincial times.” The only instance of Daniel the Younger being defeated in debate was in the newspaper controversy that took place between him, under the name of “Antilion” and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, under the title of “First Citizen.” Carroll’s defense of the public rights of Maryland citizens made him Dulaney’s intellectual equal, though previous to this time, Dulaney was considered the peer of controvertists. However, Carroll was not unduly elated by his success; knowing that a sterner battle than that through the press would have to be fought before the great public question was settled, as he intimated to his friend, Samuel Chase, who congratulated him on having settled the matter for good and all; steel bayonets not quill pens would soon be used to do that. This prophecy was made about the year 1772, when the newspaper duel was drawing to an end.





But Maryland cherished the fame of her Dulaneys, no less than that of her Carrolls, and every landmark connected with them was her special pride. When the Naval Academy was established at Annapolis, 1845, the site of Fort Severn was taken for it, and the Dulaney mansion became the home of the superintendent of the same. Until 1883, it continued to be used for the successive superintendents, the centre of gayety. Then, an unromantic board of naval officers had it razed to make room for a more modern home for the superintendent. Old Marylanders were intensely indignant at this vandalism, and saw to it that Congress should call the offenders to account. Congress did punish the superintendent and his confederates to Marylanders' satisfaction; by reprimanding them and refusing to make an appropriation for the completion of a new building until a new superintendent was installed.

Another historic mansion on the site of the Naval Academy profited by the storm raised by the demolishment of the Dulaney residence, and when several years ago plans were drawn for an entirely new Naval Academy group of buildings, the enterprise calling for the sweeping away of many old ones, care was taken that it did not include the Colonial governor's mansion, which has housed, at different times, the academy library and the superintendent of the academy. This building was once the St. James of America. It is an historical fact that the governors of Maryland were more acceptable to their people than were those of Virginia or any other colony. And thus it was that open-hearted hospitality prevailed at Annapolis, and while courtliness was not lacking, courtesy that is prompted by broad-mindedness was paramount. The famous old rooftree which often vibrated with the tread of dancing feet, was erected about 1750 by one Edmund Jennings, a leader in Annapolis society and a favorite of the crown. In 1753 he rented the place to Governor Sharpe who occupied it until he was succeeded by Governor Eden—a brother-in-law of Lord Baltimore. Eden purchased the mansion in 1769, adding to it wings and a long room. It was then surrounded by a handsome court with luxuriant garden and velvety lawns sloping down to the wharf. Seldom was this wharf without a visiting craft, for Annapolis was Venetian-like when it

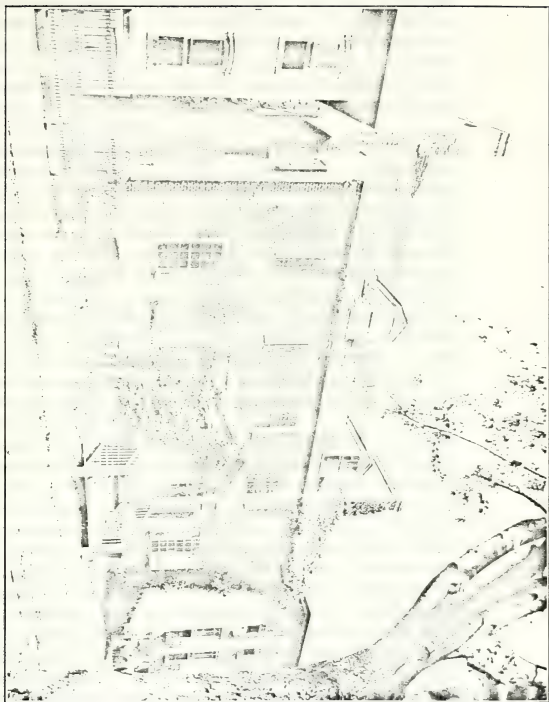


came to paying and receiving visits. The servants' quarters and outhouses were set at a respectful distance from the mansion, according to the prevalent plantation style. Governor Eden was the last royal governor to abdicate the colonies. He was a social favorite, and when he took his departure as the representative of the English King he carried the good will of the people, to whom he had endeared himself by his gentle sway. The Council of Safety had decided that as governor he must execute the duties of his office, or else incur the displeasure of the crown; and, therefore public safety and peace required that the honorable governor leave the province, but that he was at liberty to take his time and go in peace with his effects. Thus, it was amid many courtesies that the beloved ruler departed, understanding that his banishment held nothing personal in it. Shortly after the close of the Revolution he came back to Annapolis, and there he breathed his last messages to his friends, in the month of September, 1784. It was strange that the next occupant of this mansion should be Thomas Johnson, the first governor of the State of Maryland, who was inaugurated on March 21st, 1777. It was he who had the honor to nominate Washington commander-in-chief of the Continental armies. This old roof-tree also sheltered Lafayette when he visited Annapolis in the year 1824.

Neighbor to the mansions of the Dulaneys and the colonial governors was that of the Stewarts who figured so conspicuously in that teapot tempest which helped develop a storm that lashed both sides of the Atlantic. Boston gloried in its "tea-party," but less than a year later Annapolis outdid her in her patriotism. For its citizens not only forswore the detested taxed beverage, but also burned the vessel which bore it to their harbor, and that with the full consent of the ship's owner, Mr. Anthony Stewart, and his beloved wife, Margaret, for whom he had christened the craft—"The Peggy Stewart."

Mrs. Stewart was ill when her namesake rode up the Severn, its sails shining beneath the golden October sun; its grace accentuated by the broad blue river and the flame-colored forests on the shores. Peggy Stewart, the woman, stood at her chamber window and watched Peggy Stewart, the ship, ride slowly in to port. She heard the voices of passionate men and brawling





THE PEGGY STUART HOUSE



women, (the latter never of her class), clamor for the destruction of the ship bearing the taxed tea. By and by, Charles Carroll appears upon the scene and prevails upon Anthony Stewart to accede to the request of the mob and burn the vessel which fell to such base uses as bringing in a taxed cargo. For almost five days, from the arrival of the brig on October 14th, 1774, to October 19th, Mr. Stewart had held out against the hot-tempered populace, and then, knowing that his home and his family would be in danger did he not comply, he, with his own hands, helped set fire to the Peggy Stewart.

And the sequel to this story is that not a single woman pilgrim comes to the old town without asking to be shown where Peggy Stewart, the woman, lived. And Maryland women have their Peggy Stewart Chapter which keeps green the memory of both woman and ship. But Peggy Stewart, the woman, found it hard to stifle her sobs on that day when she looked upon the flames leaping greedily over outspread sails and flying colors; though she might have smiled cynically when her husband related that some of the ladies of the town, too much affected by the vapours to abstain from their favorite beverage, had been detected in the act of drinking it on the sly, whereupon, their lords and masters mixed ground tobacco with the contents of the caddies, and in a most heroic manner converted the ladies to "patriotism."

The homes of three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence stand in Annapolis. All are in excellent state of repair, and bid fair to outlive the lettering of the original manuscript of the Declaration, which is slowly becoming indistinct as it reposes in a safe in the State Department at Washington. The home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland's most distinguished signer, is situated on a bluff with terraced gardens sloping down to the spa which flows into the Severn at this point of the city. The best way to view this old home is to hire a boat and row in the river below it. And as you gaze upward to its silent eminence, it inspires philosophical thoughts on the uncertainty of the career of houses as well as of people. For once this place rang with merriment; once it sheltered some of the most brilliant minds of the new world, and bade welcome the





fairest women and most gallant men in that part of the country. To pass within its portals gave one the seal of society. But now! Its occupants are those given to silence, fasting and prayer—the Redemptorist priests of the Catholic church—who were donated the property by the grand-daughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, in the year 1852. The chapel which originally stood on the plot of St. Mary's church, was given to the Catholic church by the Marchioness of Wellesly, who had received it through her grandfather, Charles Carroll. The Carroll family were firm Catholics, and their name is conspicuously linked with the Catholic church in the United States.

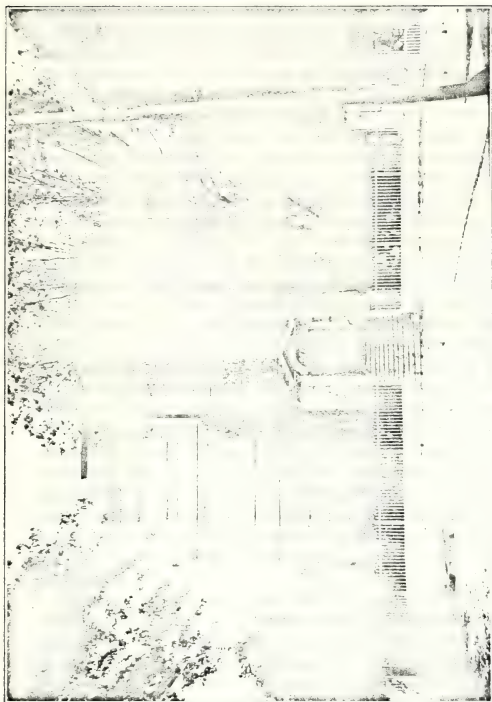
Many romances still cling to the stern-looking mansion upon the river bluff, and the one which is oftenest recited in old Annapolis, especially by such love-lorn maidens as happen to fall in love with impecunious cadets studying at the Naval Academy, is that of Mary Caton and her poor English lover. His name was Richard Caton, and he was unknown to fame and fortune. Thereupon, when wealthy and eminent Charles Carroll of Carrollton learned that he aspired to the hand and heart of his eldest daughter, Mary, he met the fair lady's pleadings with this dark question—when his protests that the young man could not fittingly support a wife fell on barren ground:

“If he gets in prison, how will he get out?” The tone of the question implied that it was unanswerable; but Mary, extending her small white hands before her stern father's eyes, replied—“These hands shall take him out!” The gesture was eloquent, and before those frail, loving hands, the will of Carroll broke.

He was a generous man, and did nothing by halves; so, when he gave his daughter to Mr. Caton, he settled a princely fortune on them. This couple afterwards gave to the world three of the most beautiful women who have ever bowed to society. In England, they became noted as “The three beautiful Caton sisters,” and when they settled in life, it was as Lady Stafford, Duchess of Leeds, and Marchioness of Wellesly, respectively. Charles Carroll was the last of the “signers” to answer death's roll call. He died in 1832, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. When he laid the cornerstone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—which was the cornerstone of all railroads on this continent—he said—



ANCIENT ABODES OF



HOME OF SAMUEL CHASE, A "SIGNER"



"I consider this the most important event of my life, next to my signing the Declaration of Independence."

The home of Governor William Paca, another signer of the famous Declaration, was built in Annapolis about 1782. It is a spacious residence, with wings as large as ordinary dwellings, nestling against its main structure. The garden, while not boasting of its eighteenth-century splendor and area, is still made enchanting with trees, flowers and shrubs. Here one may come and muse on the glories of the departed, for the estate is now used as an hotel, and is called Carvel Hall, from the fact that the place has long been known as the Manner's House mentioned in the historical romance, "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill. In the days of William Paca, who was a member of the Provincial Legislature, and of the Continental Congress, governor of the State of Maryland, and judge of the United States District in Maryland at various times, the grounds of the Paca Mansion boasted its spring house and artificial brook from which flowed two healthful springs through the garden. The waters were sipped before breakfast with no less ceremony than the spring-sipping at famous resorts. Nearby was the two-story summer house tower, smothered with woodbine, a favorite retreat of the old who rested there after their water cure, and of the young lovers who stole down through the dewey grasses on moonlight nights. A high stone wall, festooned with vines and guarded by sweet-smelling shrubbery, hid the garden from the curious eyes of those who passed along the quaint street. Truly, a place for romance, and as such it impressed young Mr. Churchill, when he was a cadet at the Naval Academy girt round with less romantic walls.

The home of Samuel Chase—the third signer of the Declaration which Annapolis gave to the country—is known as the handsomest old house in the town. It is a three-story edifice, the first of the kind to be erected in Annapolis. Its foundation was laid in 1770, and Mr. Chase so feared that attorney William Hammond, who was building nearby, would shut out his splendid view of the river, that he bargained with him for the consideration of ten thousand dollars, not to erect anything which would be detrimental to the beauty of the Chase house. This deal proved to be



Hammond's undoing. He was building the house for his prospective bride, and on receiving this windfall of ten thousand dollars, he became so busy planning for extra furnishings that he failed to call on his ladylove for a fortnight, or more. At first she pined; then she waxed indignant, when she learned that he was so engrossed with business that he had forgotten love, and she dismissed him. Hammond finished the house about 1780, but never occupied it, for he was doomed to bachelorhood. The mansion was afterwards purchased by Jeremiah T. Chase, Chief Justice of Maryland.

The interior of Samuel Chase's old home is the admiration of all visitors. Its main hall is about fifteen feet wide and runs back for fifty feet to the garden in the rear. The staircase is divided on the second story by a platform with an arched window. A second flight of steps leads to a gallery supported by Ionic pillars. In this house, which Samuel Chase, the signer, fitted with mahogany doors, silver door-furnishings, magnificent wood carvings, sculptured mantels, which portray scenes from Shakespeare, and artistic furniture to carry out his beautiful idea of what a home of refinement should be, now live indigent ladies of the Protestant Episcopal church. They keep it in stately simplicity, and their lives are gilded with glories of the past as they recite again and again stories of its palmy days, when it was occupied by Samuel Chase, and later by governor Edward Lloyd who administered from 1809 to 1811.

Another mansion noted for its magnificent carvings is that known as the Brice house. It was built shortly before the Revolution by Edmund Jennings, a wealthy citizen, who made it a present to his daughter who married one of the Brices of Maryland. The house is of English brick, with a "long room" overlooking what was once a charming garden. When we gaze upon this house which takes up what metropolitans would term "a sinful waste of ground," we do not doubt the statement that the cellars of the mansion have at one time held over fifty thousand dollars worth of wines, kept for the entertainment of its guests.

On Charles Street stands the old home of William Pinkney, statesman and soldier. It is inhabited by persons who take pride in keeping it as becomes its fame. William Pinkney began life





as a poor boy. He became a protege of Samuel Chase, under whom he studied law. He rose steadily in the estimation of the great men of Maryland, and later of those of the new nation. He served his country as minister to Great Britain and Russia, respectively; as Attorney General during Madison's administration; as a commander in the War of 1812; and, in the latter days of his career was elected a senator from his proud state of Maryland.

Opposite the Pinkney house, lived the Jonas Greens. Here the famous Jonas published THE ANNAPOLIS GAZETTE from 1745 until his death 1767. The publication was kept up by his widow and descendants until 1839. Mrs. Jonas Green was probably the first "newspaper woman" in America. In the same quarter of the town as the Carroll Mansion is located the most famous inn of Annapolis. It was known as Mann's Coffee House, later as the City Hotel. It is changed somewhat since its most palmy days, but the memory of its famous guests is kept fresh. In one of the wings, room 9, Washington rested when he came to Annapolis to tender his resignation as commander of the victorious army. Space does not permit the relating of all the historical memories which cling to this old inn. One should pay a visit to it, and while on the ground listen to the stories of Washington's "sporty days," when he came to Annapolis to attend the races; and how later he returned a dignified general; the hero of the throngs that came to the old city to see him play the last act in his military drama.

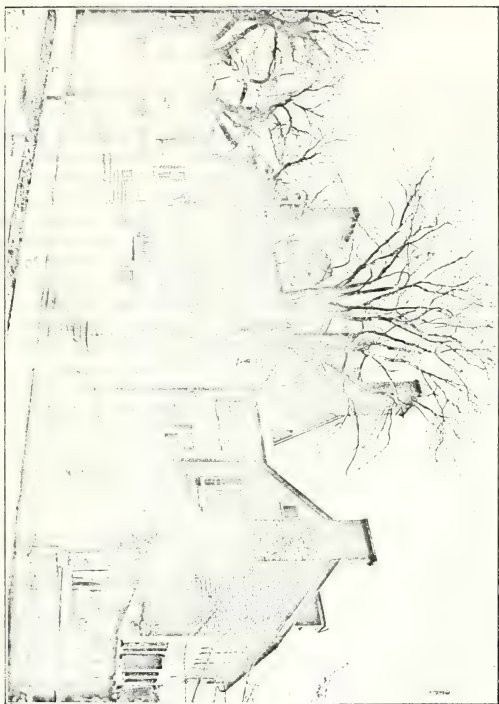
On the grounds of St. John's College—often dubbed the West Point of Annapolis—stands McDowell Hall, which was originally designed for an executive mansion for Governor Bladen, in 1743. It was to eclipse all other such mansions, but its grandeur grated on the nerves of the people; and when the governor attempted to levy an extra pound of tobacco on every taxable person in order to defray the expenses of the edifice he struck a snag. They not only refused to pay this tax, but forced the legislature to abandon the idea of completing what they termed "Bladen's Folly." For over forty years it remained unfinished, but after the Revolution the state made it a gift to St. John's



College, thus converting it from a monument of folly to a temple of wisdom.

In Annapolis they will tell you where Luther Martin, "the Bulldog of Federalism" lived. He who fought for Burr in his trial for treason and for Justice Chase in that of impeachment. They will point out where Reveredy Johnson was born, and where at the age of eighty, this splendid statesman met his death-blow by a fall from the steps of the executive mansion. You will stroll past where Wilson Peale, the great portrait painter, made his studio and where he exhibited his pictures, and learn that Annapolis claimed him as one of her many famous citizens. Then, when you come to the mansion of the present governor of Maryland you feel as though it is time to speak of modern affairs, though already, this stately home is recorded among the historic roof-trees of the old town. Maryland has been fortunate in the personalities of her governors, and when the historian of the period since the Civil War touches upon the tenants of the governor's mansion in the shadow of the historic State House, he can honestly enthuse on the hospitalities of these latterday gentlemen.





HOME OF WILLIAM PACA, A "SIGNER"



## THE GENESIS OF THANKSGIVING.

BY HELEN HARCOURT

**A**LWAYS and everywhere, since the days of Christianity, occasional days of thanksgiving to God for special blessings have been appointed by church or state. But it remained for the youngest among the great nations of the earth to claim the honor of having established a national holiday of yearly occurrence, on which the whole people should unite in rendering thanks to the Great Ruler for his unfailing love and mercy. But even with this nation it was not always so, not indeed, until a comparatively recent date, although from the very beginning of the settlement of America, special days set apart for thanksgiving were more frequent than elsewhere the world over. In 1578, by common consent of the people, not by official proclamation, a day for general thanksgiving was observed, and on this occasion were preached the first Christian sermons, and was solemnized the first celebration of the holy communion in America. Again in 1607, also by agreement among the colonists, another such day was set apart for the public giving of thanks. These two celebrations, by the general and domestic character, approached more nearly to the Thanksgiving day, as we know it today, than any others of those far away times.

It was Governor Bradford of Massachusetts who set the example of using his official authority in ordering a public Thanksgiving to be observed in his little colony. It is just two hundred and eighty-seven years since this first official proclamation was issued to the Pilgrims of Plymouth, commanding them to meet together in the "meeting-house" for the purpose of rendering thanks to the Father whom, for the first time, they had been for the past year, allowed to worship according to their own consciences, without the fear of violent interruption.





Their first winter of 1620 had been of terrible experiences; of hardship, privations and death, but with the coming of genial spring the clouds had rolled away, and a period of peace and comparative plenty had come to the sturdy settlers. Therefore, in gratitude for their many blessings, Governor Bradford appointed three days in November, 1621, the time of the genial "Indian summer," for a celebration which, while never losing sight of its religious character of praise and thanksgiving, should also be an occasion of rejoicing and feasting. To this great celebration the astute Governor invited their Indian neighbors, with whom they had thus far been on terms of friendship.

Edward Winslow has left a quaint description of this first official Thanksgiving in America. "Our harvest having been gotten in," he writes, "Our Governor sent four men a fowling, so that we might, in a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered in the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowle as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a weeke. At which time, among other recreations, we exercised our army, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest, their greatest king, Massasolt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our Governor and upon the Captain, (Myles Standish), and others".

The "army" which was thus "exercised," consisted of twenty-five men, and they were put through the drill and manual of arms by their now famous captain, finishing the exhibition with such feats of markmanship as inspired respect and awe in their savage visitors, just as the wily captain had intended that it should. The feast begun on Thursday, ended on Saturday with the state dinner, which was the real Thanksgiving feast to which all else had been leading. The women of the little colony had done wonders with the limited means at their command, and the tables, at which sat fifty-five white men and ninety-one Indians, groaned beneath their tempting dishes. Foremost among them all were the "wilde turkies of which there was great store," an example that has been followed throughout the United States to this day, so much so that a Thanksgiving dinner without a turkey is a *rara avis*, and only to be tolerated of necessity.



Two years later, after a severe drought followed by copious rains, another Thanksgiving day was observed in New England. Again in 1631, a failure of the crops and consequent scarcity of provisions caused serious apprehension, and February the twenty-second was set apart as a day of special fasting and prayer for relief. Before the arrival of the appointed day, a ship from England cast anchor in the harbor, carrying an abundance of good cheer for all, and so the day of intended fasting was changed to a day of thanksgiving.

After this impromptu thanksgiving of 1631, an annual day for giving thanks to God seems to have become the custom in Massachusetts. Gradually the observance spread to New York and Pennsylvania and throughout New England. To Massachusetts, that grand old state, the bulwark of freedom in the troublous times that preceded the Revolution, belongs not only the honor of having proclaimed the first official Thanksgiving, but of suggesting its propriety for the whole new United States of America. For it was one of her distinguished citizens, Samuel Adams, who reported to the Continental Congress on the first of November, 1777, the form of a national thanksgiving proclamation. This form was adopted and proclaimed by Congress, but the same form was not again used, nor has any set form been since adopted. For obvious reasons it has been deemed best to leave to each president to form his own Thanksgiving proclamation according to the trend of current events. Two things only have become fixed, the proclamation itself, and the date to be observed, which now is invariably the last Thursday in November, in this, as we shall presently see, following an illustrious example.

Eight times during the progress of the Revolutionary War the Continental Congress appointed special days of thanksgiving, and twice during the same trying time General Washington named thanksgiving days for the army. The book of Common Prayer, which was revised in 1789 for the use of the Protestant Episcopal church in America, directed the first Thursday in November, (unless another day was appointed by the civil authorities), "to be observed as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the fruits of the earth."



The first presidential proclamation of the young republic's national thanksgiving was suggested by Alexander Hamilton, then secretary of the treasury in Washington's cabinet. He broached the subject in August, 1789, and the idea was received with such favor by his associates that the president reported it to the congress in the following month of September. Here too, the suggestion was received with pleasure. Representative Boudinot moved that "In view of the blessings so abundantly lavished upon our country by Almighty God, a day of solemn thanksgiving be set apart by the president." Sherman of Connecticut seconded the motion, but many others violently opposed it, because they said, "the proposition savored too much of monarchical institutions." Half pily for the reputation of common sense of the American Congress, these fanatics were greatly in the minority, and the resolution passed. Accordingly, President Washington issued a proclamation appointing the last Thursday in November, the twenty-sixth, 1789, as the first national Thanksgiving day. But the proclamation was not repeated until the appointment of February nineteenth, 1795, as another general day of Thanksgiving. It had not yet occurred to the lawmakers to set apart one day in every year for this purpose.

It is a curious study to note the various ideas propounded in the Congress, (this body was always spoken of in those days as "the" Congress) as to the proper mode of celebrating the day, in addition to the religious services to be held in the churches. As to the latter all were in accord. But after these thanksgiving services,—what? For the capital city a monster parade was suggested, composed of distinguished men, statesmen, soldiers, civilians, and government employees, headed by the great president himself. Many of the members, however, led by Thomas Jefferson, opposed this plan as undignified, and it was finally abandoned. Jefferson, supported by Vice-President Adams, contended that the day would be most appropriately observed as one of special religious and domestic celebration, and that it ought to be consecrated to family re-unions, as was the early New England custom. This beautiful and sensible view was finally adopted, and the example thus set, like that of the turkey, has happily prevailed ever since throughout



the United States. This decision was hailed with delight by the mothers of the land, and by none with more pleasure than by the beloved wife of the honored president, "Lady Washington", as she was reverently termed. At once began preparations for a good, old-fashioned colonial love feast at the presidential mansion, which, be it remembered, was at this time located in New York. Every prominent member of the government received an invitation, and not one was declined. Needless to state, there was a fair sprinkling of the fair sex in attendance.

All over the Union the idea of a national Thanksgiving day was hailed with delight, and the presidential feast was only one among thousands, less stately, it is true, but none the less joyous and hospitable. From that notable day onward, family re-unions and religious services have been the key-note of the American Thanksgiving day. But not always was the feast observed on the last Thursday of November. Not again, in fact, until thus proclaimed by President Lincoln in 1863. In the following year this day was made a legal holiday and the national Thanksgiving day by act of Congress.

Who has not heard the phrase, "No citizen of the United States should refrain from turkey on Thanksgiving day"? But how many can name its author as well? The quaint saying has come down to us from the first national celebration, and this is its origin. A party of congressmen gave a banquet in honor of the day. The table was bountifully laden with meats, vegetables, game and fruits, but strange to say, not a single turkey was to be seen. It was Hamlet with Hamlet left out. No one but the chef could say how it happened. The hosts and their guests looked on the turkeyless table in dismay. Some one proposed to go on with the dinner without the Thanksgiving bird, but the suggestion was voted down with hoots and groans. Instead, an immediate adjournment was agreed upon, and the company amused themselves as best they could while the recent chef did penance by keeping the dinner hot while roasting several fine, fat turkeys.

It was then that the brilliant Alexander Hamilton came to the front in the discussion of "to eat or not to eat, a turkeyless Thanksgiving dinner," with the now famous assertion that "No citizen of the United States should refrain from Turkey on Thanksgiving day."





## RISE OF THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

BY VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC

**I**N South Carolina and Virginia the attachment to the crown had not been quenched even after the imposition of the new republican model in 1787. In South Carolina during this war there were manifested the greatest animosities between the two parties. Here were perpetrated the greatest atrocities in a warfare of mutual extermination. Yet after the triumph of the revolutionary faction in 1783, no colonial legislature dealt so leniently with the unfortunate royalist families who remained. And this was because, in the southern colonies, the entire population had been more favorable to a royal form of government.

April 11, 1783, peace was proclaimed by congress. On the nineteenth it was announced by Washington to the army, Sept. 3, France, Spain, and Holland had concluded their treaty of pacification. Nov. 23, the British fleet sailed from New York, which had been held ever since the Battle of Long Island in 1776.

The American colonies which were named by Britain as "free, sovereign and independent states" were acknowledged each as a nation. The royal charter of each was its constitution of government. But the revolutionists very soon turned on the royalists who remained in the colonies and destroyed every vestige of these charters.

As for these yankee democrats, on account of their greed and lack of honor, their French allies "held them in the greatest contempt for their venality and baseness."

These people after coming into supreme control turned against the aristocracy remaining in the colonies—even those members who had been dupes of their promises and had proffered aid. They repudiated all the indebtedness of the government to its own citizens, so that Robert Morris, who had pledged his for-



tune to the cause, died in a debtor's prison; Governor Langdon of New Hampshire with scores of others were reduced to poverty; General George Rogers Clarke, who had conquered the west, was in such miserable poverty that he entered the military services of a foreign prince; John Paul, alias Jones, the ablest sea-captain and the founder of their navy, followed Clarke, and a nephew of Washington died with the rank of colonel in the armies of Greece. The few families of eminence that survived the insidious machinations of Congress against the aristocracy owed their survival to territorial grants they had held from the crown in the colonies—for all those who had pledged their property in defense of the new states were robbed by their government, in the repudiation of all indebtedness towards its defenders.

Not only this, but they proceeded gradually to alter, abridge or modify the charters which they had claimed to defend, or else interpret their meaning in such a way as to destroy their significance in every state. The revolutionary government of France, which was modeled closely after the one set up in America, proceeded along the same lines, and, as Glasson says: "Destroyed the feudality and the obligations subsisting between it and the people."

The English government itself, at the close of this war, when making the Treaty of Peace of 1783 with the American commissioners at Paris, out of revenge, most likely against the royalists for their first opposition to the London parliament, insisted on no terms to prevent their suffering from further depredations in America. But the people in control in England ever since the Revolution of 1688 dethroned the Aryan aristocracy have degenerated slowly in the grander traits of rulership. Supported by the wealth of a colossal empire whose forward movement has not yet lost its momentum, although relaxed in vital energy by this displacing of classes, the power of England seems to be greater by this inflation. But as Tyndal says in his "Life of the Earl of Stafford": It remains to be seen whether the many (the Anglo-Saxon democracy) can retain what the few (the Franco-Norman, or Gothic, aristocracy) have won." They have



commenced by losing the richest empire in America the world has ever seen.

The cardinal principles of the royalists as United Empire Loyalists are included in the three articles of the Minute Men, viz.: I. To defend the Royal Prerogative and Honor and Dignity of the Crown in the Colonies. II. To defend the Constitution of the Provinces against any infringements by the London Parliament, or the Colonial Democracy. III. To combine together for these purposes, and choose their leaders and obey them.

These minute men fought against the pretensions of the London parliament in America until 1778 when that parliament rescinded all its acts of interference with the royal prerogative in the colonies and with the provisions of the colonial charters, or constitutions. Then the minute men disbanded and demanded a settlement of the matter from Congress, that they had supported until this. But Congress refused, and the greater number of the minute men, reorganized as Loyalists, turned their arms against those who had forsaken their allegiance, while others retired into private life—especially those of the Stuart adherents who were not disposed to go so far as the others for the sake of the usurping house of Hanover.

In 1778 Sir Henry Clinton with authority from the king to recognize the United Empire Loyalists, issued a royal commission for such purpose to form a council for the "Associated Loyalists of America" to William Franklin, governor of New Jersey; J. S. Martin, Governor of North Carolina; General Timothy Ruggles, and Honorables Daniel Coxe, G. Ludlow, Edward Lutwyche, George Romer, George Leonard, Anthony Stewart and Robert Alexander.

The Presidents of the various colonial branches in 1779 were: Sir William Pepperrell, Massachusetts; Sir John Wentworth, New Hampshire; Honorable George Rowe, Rhode Island; General James de Lancey, New York; Honorable David Ogden, New Jersey; Honorable Joseph Galloway, Pennsylvania and Delaware; Honorable Robert Alexander, Maryland; Major James R. Grymes, Virginia; Honorable Henry Eustace McCulloch, North Carolina; Attorney-General James Simpson, South Ca-



rolina; Honorable William Knox and Lieutenant-Governor John Graham, Georgia. The regiments raised and officered by them were The King's Rangers, The Royal Fencible-Americans, New York Volunteers, King's American Regiment, Prince of Wales' American Volunteers, Maryland Loyalist Regiment, De Lancey's Battalion, Second American Regiment, King's Carolina Rangers, South Carolina Royal Regiment, North Carolina Highland Regt., King's American Dragoons, Loyal American Regt., American Legion, New Jersey Volunteers, British Legion, Loyal Forresters, Orange Rangers, Pennsylvania Loyal Regt., Guides and Pioneers, North Carolina Volunteers, Georgia's Loyal Rangers, West Chester Volunteers, Loyal New Englanders, Associated Loyalist Militia, New Hampshire Loyalists, Hamilton's New York Battalions.<sup>2</sup>

For Canada there were raised by the loyalists (French and Scotch) two regiments of their Seigneurial Guard; the first, under the Colonel, Baron de Longueuil, was directed to the relief of Fort St. Jean-Iberville, the second, sometimes known as the Royal Immigrant Regiment, commanded by those Scottish Seigneurs—former officers of the old 79th Cameronian Highlanders—who had had seigneuries conceded to them by Governor Murray after 1763—assisted Governor Sir Guy Carleton in the successful defence of Quebec.

The two greatest exploits of arms of the loyalists—apart from those of the regular troops in the field—were the defense of Savannah and the defense of Fort St. Jean. The loyalists organized in Savannah, Georgia, in 1778, under command of General Prevost, who came from St. Augustine in Florida for the purpose. The next year the royal governor, Sir James Wright, baronet, returned from England and took supreme command. General Lincoln, commanding the republican force in the vicinity, determined to capture Savannah, the royalist stronghold, and combined his movements with a great French fleet under the Comte d'Estang, which carried also an army of the veteran troops of France. In the attack which followed, the heavy cannon of the French, swept the ramparts of Savannah and silenced all the cannon of the royalists. Then the French

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2. Ryerson's "Loyalists of America." Vol. II, p. 182.





and republican troops were massed and advanced to carry the intrenchments by the bayonet, as the royalists refused to surrender. But the royalists feared not; they grasped their muskets and sabres with stout hearts and iron hands, stood to the shock and beat back the numerous foe, so that the French were glad to return to their fleet and the republicans to their quarters in Carolina. From that success, the royalists advanced and obtained possession of all of Georgia as far north as Augusta, and held the province until the treaty of peace of 1783 delivered it over to the enemy, in spite of their protests of possession.

The most important action, from its effect of preserving Canada to the crown, was the defense of Fort St. Jean, September 5, 1775. The American Generals, Montgomery and Schuyler, with two thousand men appeared before Fort St. Jean, on their way to capture Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. The English of the lower class in the country encouraged the insurgents; the French of the lower class were inclined the same way and were prevented from going over to the enemy in a body only by the priests, who feared for their own rights under a revolutionary and puritanical regime. The seigneurs and officers of the noblesse, both French and Scottish, the latter of whom had received seigneurial grants from Governor Murray, raised a seigneurial guard of two contingents, one of which, mostly Scottish, was directed towards Quebec; the other, mostly French, under the Baron de Longueuil, was sent to relieve Fort St. Jean. The arrival of this little company of *elite* at the fort raised the spirits of the garrison, whose officers were induced thereby to make a vigorous defense. This Seigneurial Guard did most of the fighting during the forty-five days of resistance which held the American army back in the marshes of the Richelieu. It was among them only that any were killed in sortis.

And when by lack of succor, and of provisions, the place surrendered finally, the delay had enabled Sir Guy Carleton to put Quebec in such a condition of defense that it held the disaffected in the country quiet and beat off the last efforts of the foe. From this time and until after the conclusion of the peace of 1783 Canada became the objective point of settlement for the 45,000 American loyalists who were directed towards Canada by land



and sea with their wives and children and such poor relics of their former affluence, which they could carry with them from the clutches of an insolvent and cruel foe. Towns sprang up in the old province where they settled; the new provinces of New Brunswick (1784) and Ontario (1791) were created by them; refinement, wealth, and above all loyalty to principle—the best heritage—followed in their footsteps. They and the French royalists

“have proved a barrier to the growth of any annexation party.”  
 “Although no noble monument has been raised to these founders of new provinces . . . yet the names of all are written in imperishable letters in provincial annals . . . and one who traces to this source is as proud of his lineage as a Derby or a Talbot of Malahide, or an inheritor of other noble name.”<sup>3</sup>

“They were an army of leaders, for it was the loftiest heads that attracted the hate of the revolutionists. The most influential judges, distinguished lawyers, capable and prominent physicians, most highly educated of the clergy, the royal councillors of the colonies, crown officers, people of culture and social distinction.”<sup>4</sup>

“They were the gentry (noblesse) of the American colonies.”<sup>5</sup>

As a gentry, a noblesse, they were incorporated in Canada with the constitution and principles for which they had fought and which the crown and parliament had guaranteed, as well as by Act of the Sovereign Council of Quebec, Nov. 9, 1789, to wit:

“In presence of the Governor, Lord Dorchester, and Royal Councillors, the Honorables William Smith, Hugh Finlay, Thomas Dunn, J. G. Chossegros de Lery, F. Baby, Charles de Lanaudiere, Lecompte Dupre, etc., his Lordship intimated to the council that it was his wish to put a Mark of Honor on the families that had adhered to the unity of the Empire and had joined the Royal Standard in America before the Treaty of Separation of 1783” . . . “The Council concurred and it was ordered that the several Land Boards take course for preserving a Registry of all persons falling under description aforesaid so that their posterity may be distinguished from other settlers.”

They were entitled to write the letters “U. E.” (United Em-

3. Bourinot's "History of Canada," p. 292-297.

4. Robert's "History of Canada," p. 202.

5. Lecky's "History of England."



pire) after their names as an inheritance of distinction to their posterity in the family name of the original loyalist and as a means of taking precedence of others of the same rank—an U. E. Seigneur, before a seigneur; an U. E. gentleman, before a gentleman.

Besides this creation by law of a precedence for the Order of the United Empire, the agreement of the British government that the constitution of Canada by the Act of 1774 should not be altered and by the Act of 1778 that the meaning of the Anglo-American constitution should not be infringed, recognized virtually the right of representation in the council of the province of the colonial aristocracy; it confirmed the laudable practise on the part of the governor of keeping a registry for the colony and the king of the best families for appointment in the council. The lords of manors and patrons in New York, the lords of manors in Maryland, the landgraves and caciques in Carolina, the European noblesse and chivalry established in landed tenure in the other colonies and in Florida, the relics of the aristocracy deriving from the Order of the Empire of Charles V., whose first creation in America was the duchy of Veragua in Central America to the grandson of Christopher Columbus from this time saw their hopes realized in Canada.

In framing the model of government for Canada in 1791, based on this constitution—any model is null not so based—Lord William Pitt prepared for the honest practise which all colonial charters demanded, and which the houses of lords and commons acknowledged anew in passing the bill. This bill provided for sittings in the upper house in Canada to be annexed to hereditary honors in the colony. But the ministry in England and the governors sent over from England made no effort to put this acknowledgment in practise, and the politicians of Canada, ever fearful of the aristocracy, worked to oppose it and to ostracise and keep from public position the descendants of the patricians and founders of the country.

In 1879 the descendants of these various orders of nobility, knighthood and chivalry in the old colonies, United States and Canada, took up the movement of their organization—although a movement had been suggested as early as 1798. The old



order of the Empire of Charles V. in America was reorganized under the name of the Aryan Order of the Empire and reserved for the descendants of the royalists of 1776-83, known as the Order of the United Empire, the Seigneurs of Canada, the Barons of Nova Scotia, the patroons and lords of manors, of New York and Maryland, the Landgraves and Caciques of Carolina, and other patrician families established on landed tenure in America. It was decided that "none but those of the White Aryan race shall be eligible, notwithstanding what their other claims may be." The first chancellor of the order in 1879 was the late Frederic Forsyth, Viscount de Fronsac, who was in turn succeeded by General Alex. P. Stewart of Mississippi, General John B. Gordon of Georgia, Sir Edward Warren of Paris, and Harvey Leonadas Byrd, M. D., president of the Baltimore Medical College and a descendant of the renowned Sir William Byrd of Westover, Virginia. It counted among its early members Dr. Olando Fairfax of Richmond, Virginia; Dr. Leprohon of Montreal, French Consul at Portland, Maine; Thomas Supplee, of Ohio; W. L. Ritter of Baltimore. In 1891 the Chancellorship fell to Dr. Joseph Gaston Bulloch of Savannah, Georgia, who published a pamphlet on the order the next year. In 1894 the State of Georgia granted the council the privilege of incorporation.

But the order was attacked by the Republican press throughout the United States; it was accused of desiring to restore an empire, and of organizing an aristocracy on the principle that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches"; it was condemned for recognizing the truths of history and the laws of Nature. But it had gathered together the widely scattered of the legitimist families from the obscurity of their private life and had endowed them with a corporate existence. Already in the British Empire the proper place, where these various orders of the colonies have a legal and constitutional recognition, was made manifest by those of the United Empire Loyalists in St. John, New Brunswick, forming a branch society in 1883 under the presidency of Sir Leonard Tilley, lieutenant-governor of the province, who was succeeded later by Sir John C. Allen, the chief-justice.





In 1896, on a large scale, Frederic Gregory Forsyth, Viscount de Fronsac, at Montreal, on May 18, with a brief from the Aryan Order, laid the foundation of the United Empire Loyalist Association of Canada and was succeeded in the presidency of the general body by Sir William Johnson, Baronet of Chambly, grandson of the great Sir John Johnson, Baronet, who led his battalions of loyalist troops into Canada in 1783. The next year, 1896, by letters from the Viscount de Fronsac to Colonel W. Hamilton Merritt of Toronto, a division was established there under presidency of the Honorable John Beverley Robinson, lieutenant-governor of Ontario, and grandson of the United Empire Loyalist, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Frederic Phillippse Robinson, baronet, who came to Ontario in 1783. In 1897 by the energy of Reverend J. B. Pyke, member of the general council at Montreal, the Nova Scotia division was established at Halifax under the presidency of the Honorable A. G. Jones, then (1905) lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. About the same time the descendants of the Seigneurs of Canada in the Aryan Order chose as their president Charles Coleman Grant, Baron de Longueuil, replaced at his death by his brother. Reginald d' Iberville Grant, Baron de Longueuil.

The movement of reorganization although participated in by Canadian descendants had taken place first in the United States, because, strange as it may seem, there were individuals there stronger and more independent in royalist belief and sentiment, at that time, 1879-80, than in Canada. They were the relics few and far between—but mostly in the Southern States,—of those royalist and cavalier families who had fought for the Stuarts under Charles I. and James II., and had been the “first to charge the foe, on Preston’s bloody sod” in the time of Prince Charlie. They were of the royalist minute-men of 1776-8, who, while guarding the prerogative of the crown in the colonial charter, refused to recognize the Hanoverian usurpation outside of those charters, and had gone to their homes in 1778 rather than fight against the colonies with the United Empire Loyalists, after the charters were assured. They had spurned with contempt the supercilious condescension of the court of George III. that was offering them “pardons” if they submitted to its insolent



and illegal domination in the colonies. But they were royalists and turned with even greater scorn from the propaganda of the republic.

But the foundation for the order itself in the United States had been destroyed by the overthrow of the colonial charters in the republic. It had a right of existence and of representation however in the British Empire, as a constitutional quantity.

During the administration of Lord Aberdeen, the herald-marshal, in the name of the seigneurs of Canada, opened communication with that individual to know what arrangements had been made at the receptions at Ottawa, for the seigneurial precedence. Aberdeen did not deign a reply until he was rudely awakened by a command from his superior, the colonial secretary, to answer the demand of the Seigneurial Order. Then he replied stating that he had "referred the matter to the Canadian government." Absurd,—to a set of politicians who exist solely as a franchise under a constitution, a part of which is the Seigneurial Order itself! Lord Minto, (who had united with these republican politicians and others of that ilk to insult the king's commander in Canada, Lord Dundonald, by signing his dismissal because he had done his duty contrary to the wishes of these politicians) seemed to be ignorant that there was anything in Canada but himself and them. But in the meantime the Aryan Order of the Empire in all its branches, perfecting its organization, founded on the constitution, supported by the legitimate prerogative of the crown, and by the vast majority of all the people of the Province of Quebec—who stand by the exact interpretation of the same constitution because it guarantees their religion, law, and language in exchange for their allegiance—is forming a physical force to employ in maintenance of its legal rights. And these rights, in this constitution, by the full strength of the Crown and Majesty of the Empire, by the very oath and mandium of the Sovereign, are bound to be sustained.



## A FAMOUS AMERICAN CHURCH

BY HENRY WATERMAN

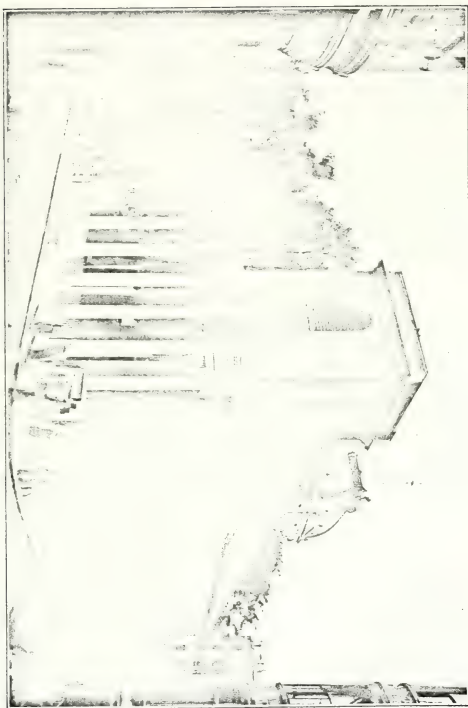
PRESIDENT Eliot is reported to have recently told a young man contemplating a trip abroad that he would do well to go sightseeing in his own country. It is a suggestion worth heeding for while the old world has no end of things worth while America also has its quota. Books are written about the cathedrals of England and the Continent while churches quick with interest for wide-awake Americans are almost neglected.

In the latter class King's Chapel in Boston easily ranks among the foremost for it has the double distinction of being the first Episcopal church in New England and the first Unitarian church in the United States. It is a landmark in the capital city of New England and yet it is passed daily by thousands who know nothing of it save that it is a church.

Measured by the standards of Europe King's Chapel has no great age but as age goes in this country it is venerable. The building was begun in 1749 and on the eleventh of August in that year the corner stone was laid by the royal governor, Shirley who, upon his death was buried in a vault beneath the church and whose coat of arms may still be seen within the edifice. The architect was Peter Harrison who studied under Sir John Van Brugh and was also the architect of Christ's church in nearby Cambridge and of the Redwood library at Newport, Rhode Island. Harrison came over with George Berkeley, sometime dean of Ripon and later bishop of Cloyne. In Newport Harrison found a wife whose surname was Felham but whose Christian name is in doubt, some authorities giving it as Arabella and others as Elizabeth.

Harrison was not entirely wedded to his art for in partnership with his brother Joseph he dealt in wine, rum, molasses, and ma-





KINGS' CHAPEL, BOSTON





hogany at Newport. It is stated in Perkin's Life of Copley that Harrison went back to England to assist in the decoration of Blenheim castle. At any rate he returned to Boston and in Boston he died.

King's Chapel is an excellent example of the school of architecture which based its work upon the Greek temple style as opposed to what may be called the New England Meeting House school of which the Old South in Boston is a specimen. Writing to the Rev. Mr. Craner under date of September 15, 1749, Harrison says that he hopes that no "material alteration is made in execution" as such a course would very likely be the means of the destruction of the symmetry of the whole. "The Body of the Building," he says, "is as plain as the Order of it will possibly admit of, but if the Steeple is fully decorated and I believe will have a beautiful Effect. The inside is likewise designed plain and as regular as can be contrived from the Dimensions you limited me to."

The steeple by which Harrison evidently laid great store was never built as the building fund proved insufficient. The portico was not finished until 1789 and a part of the funds for that purpose were raised by giving an oratorio at which George Washington was present and gave five guineas. Harrison submitted two plans for windows, one calling for a single row and the other for a double. The latter plan was adopted and gave the Rev. Mather Byles of the Hollis street church a chance to add one to his long list of witticisms. "I have heard of the canons of the church but never before have I seen the port holes." The stone for the edifice was brought from Braintree and was taken from the surface of the ground.

The erection of the building was largely due to the activity of the Rev. Mr. Craner who was a staunch royalist and went away with the British upon the evacuation of Boston, taking with him the church vestments, the plate, registers, and records, a part of the latter not being recovered until 1805 when they were given back to the church by a kinsman of the reverend gentleman. Associated with Mr. Caner in the erection of the building were Peter Faneuil and Sir Harry Frankland whose romantic marriage with fair Agnes Surriage is a delightful incident in our early history.



Faneuil was made treasurer of the building fund, but died before half of it was subscribed. Faneuil's own pledge was for two hundred pounds and the society was obliged to sue his brother Benjamin as the latter evidently thought he could use the money to better advantage, himself. Governor Shirley gave one hundred pounds and Frankland fifty. Each of these later increased his pledge by one hundred pounds. Charles Apthorp subscribed two hundred pounds, old tenor, an amount which he later increased to one thousand pounds, old tenor. Martin Brimmer, the first of that name in America, gave fifty pounds, old tenor.

When the building project was first talked about the society wished to take some land at the east which was covered by a part of the Latin school and there was some lively opposition. The matter was finally settled by the parish building a new school-house across the street on land now occupied by the Parker House. This affair drove one Joseph Greene into venting his feelings in these lines:

"A fig for your learning! I tell you the town,  
To make the church larger, must pull the school down."

"Unhappily spoken," exclaims Master Birch,

"Then learning it seems stops the growth of the church."

The first bell on King's Chapel cracked while tolling for the evening service, May 8, 1814, and was recast by Paul Revere and Sons. At least one person did not fancy the work of the Reveres for he wrote a letter to the patriot containing these words: "It is highly necessary that you should do something to HARMONIZE the sound and give it greater power of VIBRATION, if ever you wish to have your name celebrated as a Bell Founder."

The writer of this strong advice modestly left his name unsigned.

The interior of the chapel is plain, as Harrison said it would be, but it is interesting. At the left of the entrance is a memorial to William Vassal, one of a prominent old Boston family, erected by a great grandson, Florentine Vassal of Jamaica. At the right is a tablet to the memory of the young men of King's Chapel who gave their lives for the Union cause in the Civil War. On



the walls are also tablets to other members of the parish, among them Charles Pelham Curtis, long the treasurer of the society, and William Price, a patron of the church. Manasseh Cutler attended Christmas services at King's Chapel in 1765 and has left on record that there was "a very gay and brilliant assembly" present and that several anthems were rendered. "This is the most grand church in town" he says.

King's Chapel was no doubt "the most grand church" in Boston at one time. The present structure had two predecessors each of which occupied about the same spot. The first administration of prayers of the Church of England in Boston was in the Town House, May 30, 1686, and the first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated on August 2, following. Ninety-six persons throughout the Province contributed toward the building of the first chapel and the remainder of the two hundred and eighty odd pounds was given by Sir Edmond Andres on his departure for England and by British officers who came later. The first service in the original chapel was held June 30, 1689.

From the beginning King's Chapel was an affront to the Puritan inhabitants of Boston. It stood for royalty and popery and they would have none of it. When Andros tried to buy land old Judge Sewall and his fellow Puritans would not hear to it and the court coterie appropriated a corner of the burial lot, an act that one writer called a "bare-faced squat."

Communicants were called "Papist Dogs and Rogues" and windows in the chapel were broken, although it must be said that this latter offence was charged up to the boys in the adjacent Latin school by Puritan apologists. Yet it is also true that the doors and walls of the chapel were daubed with filth and there is no doubt that the Puritan element made things as uncomfortable as possible. While King's Chapel drew its congregation largely from the royal governors and their followers there were those who found in the service an outlet for those qualities against which Puritanism resolutely set its face, and it is quite likely that many chose the Chapel for the reason that connection with it relieved them from that prying, busybodying spirit which no fair person can deny was one of the unlovely phases of the Puritan theocracy. The departure of the Rev. Mr. Caner



with about all that he could lay hands to, also left the parish without a pastor. A properly qualified priest was practically out of the question, and in the days following the evacuation of Boston the town was not a comfortable place for royalists. However, before the close of the Revolution—in September, 1782—the wardens and vestry of the church, Dr. Thomas Bulfinch and James Ivers, extended a call to James Freeman, a young graduate of Harvard College and then living at Walpole, Massachusetts, to act as reader for six months. The following Easter he was chosen pastor, and there at once sprang up between pastor and people a spirit of warm sympathy. Attempts were made to have Mr. Freeman ordained, but they ended in failure, probably for the very good reason that he was not sound in the Episcopal faith. Within two years after going to the Chapel he announced that there were tenets that he could not subscribe to. To be plain he was imbued with the rising faith that we now call Unitarianism and happily for him the congregation was disposed to follow him. Changes were made in the liturgy from time to time and at length eventuated in the complete omission of the Trinitarian doctrine.

The defection in King's Chapel left but two Episcopal parishes in the town—Christ Church, from which tradition says the lanterns shone for Revere, and Trinity. On the other hand the event gave to town and country the pioneer church of a new movement. As in the days of the royal governors King's Chapel stood for a faith which Boston had rejected, so now it became the home of a faith which was to dominate Boston for a period, a faith that is moribund, yet a faith whose effect upon the history of New England is manifest. Centuries were not required to build King's Chapel as they were to build some of the great religious shrines of Europe, but among the great churches of the world King's Chapel has its place.





## HISTORY OF SLAVERY

### SLAVERY IN ANCIENT GREECE

BY MRS. C. F. MACLEAN

**T**HROUGH all history Greece stands for the superlative in national achievements, and Greek is almost a synonym of perfection, when used as an adjective for literature and art. Ancient Greece at once recalls Salamis and Thermopylae, Marathon and Plateae.

With the first reference to Greek art there is evoked the vision of the Parthenon and of the type of physical perfection of woman—the Venus of Milo, yet in making sweeping historical deductions we should not forget that success casts its glamour over every great event, and remains all pervading. After a battle armies are said to be victorious owing to greater bravery and the genius of their leaders; nations to survive through stronger national character and greater political knowledge. Yet often in the world's history it has been a comparatively insignificant cause which has decided the position of conqueror on land, and sunshine or storm has given victory or defeat at sea.

Frequently the subjugated people has given to the conqueror scientific knowledge and artistic skill that have formed not only the inspiring but even the essential foundation that has enabled the victorious nation to achieve fame that has come ringing down the ages, without having accorded to the preceding efforts of the vanquished country its meed of recognition.

In writing of Phoenicia one historian has stated: "In art and science, in everything that concerned the higher culture, the Phoenicians seem to have been little more than carriers from east to west of Egyptian, Assyrian or Babylonian ideas." Through her geographical position Greece profited by all that the Maritime ventures of the Phoenicians brought from the East.



more than any one single country of the ancient world. Egypt gave her an alphabet, and at the age when her art reached its highest development there had already been brought to her that knowledge of all that the Asiatic peoples had yet achieved which contributed perhaps in an essential degree to bringing the art of Greece to its perfection.

One historian claims for the Greeks "that they set the stamp of their original genius on every thing, they completed all knowledge they possessed whether natural or acquired and left the indelible Hellenic stamp on government and social institutions, as well as on literature and art."

Even with increasing historical data at this distance of time it is perhaps impossible to judge what proportion of the knowledge Greece contributed to the world's store was natural and what acquired, but the impression that the essential quality of Greek genius was the ability to appropriate and assimilate all that other nations had originally possessed and otherwise acquired seems to be strengthened with wider research. After knowledge has been transformed and perfected it is difficult to decide on its original source. The setting up of any one nation on the highest pedestal as the only one that has conceived and perpetuated the primal influences that have brought the world from barbarism to various degrees of civilization is to err as crudely as to assign all the world's progress to the individual deeds of heroes. The extravagant worship of Greece and Grecian genius that has come down to us from the time of the revival of learning has been not a little unfair to their contemporary peoples, especially the Hebrews and the Egyptians. As regards political ideas and particularly political ideals, all the world acknowledges the debt to Greece, for with the revival of learning those ideas and those ideals, whether original with Greece or not but preserved through Grecian literature brought the world out from the ignorance and the oppression of barbarism.

There are two distinct periods of Grecian history which historians have designated as the heroic and historic. Between those two periods are centuries of which no definite record remains, and concerning whose events not even the most enterprising investigator ventures any positive statement. With the



knowledge of this second period the great political and social changes that took place in the unrecorded centuries are recognized, but no causes creating them can now be given. In the heroic age of Greece the kings were not absolute rulers as in Asia. A council of nobles, a popular assembly of the people which ratified or rejected the laws proposed by the king and council, and perhaps more powerful than these, the traditional customs of the people, gave to those earliest ages of Greece "the conditions that have been the moulding influences of all later civilizations." In this heroic age family life was patriarchal, and the head of the family was as a king, benign in his rule. The position of a free born woman was high—very much higher than in the historic ages, and polygamy was unknown among the Greeks.

No number of years that elapse after college days can dim the transcendent beauty of the pictures, even slowly evolved with the aid of Greek grammar and dictionary, of those heroic times when Nausica with her attendant maidens repaired to the river bank and the loyal Penelope gazed afar over the highway as she sat at her weaving. With the comparatively full knowledge of the historic period, as regards the social life of the Greeks no such visions of superlative beauty united with lofty moral ideals come to us.

In those periods two opposing political systems contended for supremacy in Greece, the oligarchic system of Sparta and the democratic system of Athens. This rivalry and contention brought on the wars within their own country, and contributed not a little to the final subjection of all Greece to the legions of Macedon under the leadership of the conqueror of Asia, Alexander.

These two systems of government resulted in two different social systems, with opposite customs and ideas. The government of an oligarchy, as a result of its periods of triumph and ascendancy has left no political or intellectual permanence, while on the other hand, the world has resounded through centuries with the results of the triumphs of democracy, when Athens, under Pericles, reached its highest national and political position and Grecian art attained its apogee. Their influence has



resulted in the best permanent possessions in the political and intellectual life of the world to-day.

In the very earliest stages the Hellenes possessed no slaves. In the Homeric period slaves are captives who serve their captors. In Homer also are accounts of the sale of slaves. When, as the result of civilization predatory excursions had grown less frequent there was no method of obtaining slaves except by purchase. Later on the Hellenes became ashamed of enslaving their countrymen, and then these were often set free for a ransom which wealthy citizens paid. Then the traffic in barbarians increased.

When the historic period is reached we have definite information concerning slavery as it existed in the different states of Greece. The Helots were slaves in Sparta. Historians agree that when the Dorians invaded Sparta there resulted three distinct orders of the population. The Dorians alone were Spartiatea or citizens of Sparta as opposed to mere Lacedæmonians, and held all the political power.

To preserve this power they reserved for themselves all the best land of the country they had invaded. The older population settled chiefly on the mountain slopes around the Spartan lands, were called Periœki; they were free farmers without share in the government, but also they gave no military service.

The Helots cultivated the lands of the Spartans who held all the best land but as serfs of the commonwealth. These Helots could not be sold or be moved from the land. They were required to produce a certain amount through their labor on this land belonging to others, and if by careful cultivation that amount was exceeded they were entitled to the surplus. Their condition was somewhat better than that of slaves under an individual master but even that fact helped to remind them that they had been a free peasantry. It was this remembrance more than any special ill-treatment, and the natural hatred held for a foreign invader, which made the Helots a constant menace to the Spartan commonwealth. When in a later century Sparta extended her conquests to Messenia the Dorian population there in turn was reduced to the condition of Helots. So powerful and numerous did the Helots of Sparta become that at one time





when they were in revolt against the other two classes in the state, Athens sent a force to the assistance of the dominant classes in Sparta, but the Spartans refused the proffered aid in no courteous manner. During one of the many stormy periods of the history of Athens a rebellion of the slaves there resulted in the slaughter of three thousand aristocrats, and then the city felt compelled to manumit the slaves, and to reinstate those degraded to the condition of slaves through crimes. That state of affairs did not continue, for there were slaves thereafter in Athens as well as in all the other Grecian cities and commonwealths. There has been much discussion among historians as to the credibility of ancient writers when the question of population is considered, and the relative number of its different classes. The great critic Hume considers that in nearly every instance the statements of the ancient writers about the population of cities and countries, and also of the number of combatants engaged in the famous battles of the ancient world are greatly exaggerated. However, there is no disagreement as to the statement that the proportion of slaves to the freemen during the historic period of Greece was very large. When nine thousand Athenian citizens went forth to meet the Persians at Marathon their slaves accompanied each one to bear their shields, while large numbers of slaves remained in Athens engaged in their usual occupations. At the time of the preparations to resist the second Persian invasion the proportion of slaves to freemen was four to one at Athens to ten to one at Corinth and Aegina.

Many details about the daily life of the Greeks are yet subjects of scholarly investigation and argument, but so many facts have been proved that we can form a fairly complete picture of their modes of living and of their opinions concerning the other communities in their own country.

Through many ages the city was the political unit recognized and perfected in Greece, and the only type of social organization of the Greeks.

As in political institutions so in customs and usages Sparta and Athens were ever in opposition, therefore the opinions the Athenians express about the manners and customs of the Spar-



tans, and the views held by Sparta of the standards recognized in Athens should all be received with the saving grain of salt. Perhaps in nothing does this hold true more than in the Athenian judgments of the Spartan ideas and ideals in regard to the training of children and the position of woman in that commonwealth. Neither one has much that is commendable to offer to posterity, but the supposition that the Athenians often misrepresented the Spartans has its foundation in a knowledge of human nature, because ever and always when an individual or a community violates what are considered by others as essential conventions a fair criticism or even a plain statement of facts is not to be expected. Broadly stated the Athenians claimed that the children of Sparta were treated no better than domestic animals. Certainly Spartan ideals were to make of the male human animal a perfect physical being in order to have a capable fighting machine, and of the female human animal one capable of being the mother of a perfect physical being. Yet it is also true that in all Greece the physical considerations in every relation of life were dominant. One writer says: "It must not be denied (can not it is more probable the writer meant) that in the period of their greatest refinement sensuality, if not the mother, at all events was the nurse of the Greek perception of the beautiful." If such were the truth concerning the most ideal expression of the national life, it certainly must have been the rule in all the ordinary personal and social relations. There is nowhere proclaimed by the Greek writers a higher ideal of the marriage relation than the duty that a man owed to the state to insure it the possession of future citizens, and to leave behind him those who would continue the worship of the gods, and who would also be obliged to pay homage at his tomb.

After the birth of a child the first festival held in honor of the event was on the fifth day, when the midwife or other attendant carried the infant about the hearth as an essential ceremony of the festival. It was on that occasion that the father first announced his intention to acknowledge the child and rear it, or to have it placed in an earthen vessel, and exposed. Then its fate was to be either rescued and adopted by a childless seeker after an infant, or to miserably perish. In Sparta it was decreed



that every imperfect infant should be thus disposed of, even though contrary to the desires of the father. On the other hand Helots not only refused to have their imperfect infants thus disposed of, but raised the children of paupers at the expense of the state. As regards the law and custom concerning the disposition of infants in Athens one historian naively says: "Still exposure was not so frequent in regular marriage as has been usually supposed; at least this unhappy fate fell mostly upon female children who could even be condemned outright to death at the father's pleasure." The Greek writers give as the reason for such disposal of children—especially female infants—"that people desired to escape the trouble of rearing them, or to avoid a too great subdivision of the inheritance." However, it was not until the tenth day that the mother's mind would be set at rest as to the fate that awaited the infant in her arms, because it was not until then that the father was legally bound to announce the child as his own, and to give it a name. This was one of the most attractive of the many festivals which enlivened Greek life. If a female infant did escape instant death at her father's command or a lingering one through starvation at the appointed shrine and grew up to womanhood, there was not much for her that to a modern mind would make life of value.

In Sparta, as a maiden she was obliged to attend a gymnasium, and to undergo those exercises which developed her to physical perfection. It is conceded however, that a Spartan maiden was allowed some liberty, and was not strictly secluded from the society of the youths of Sparta. That liberty was doubtless owing to the desire of the Spartan youth to make sure he was getting a good bargain when he chose a mate; one as highly developed as a beautiful animal as he was himself.

However much liberty was granted a Spartan maid certain it is that once married no more was ever accorded her. No married women accompanied the maidens to their training ground. Small wonder then, that the Athenians considered the Spartan maidens forward in speech and rude in behavior, or that without the restraining influence of the presence of older women they became so. Nature has all manner of ways of revenging herself for a disregard of her laws.



About the amount of liberty accorded the women of Athens and the other cities of Greece which looked to Athens for a standard of manners and customs authorities differ greatly. It is conceded that at least in the later centuries customs were modified by intercourse with other nations, and through causes inherent in human nature. Of one fact there is no doubt; that in Athens a maiden never was permitted to attend a gymnasium. In fact it is proved that she was little else than a prisoner until her marriage. In an earlier age of Athenian history it is averred that in the early hours of the morning the Greek matrons and even the maidens with their women slaves repaired to the beautiful fountains to bring hence in the graceful jars the cool sparkling water. Just when and how this custom was abandoned is not known but later on it was considered unbecoming a respectable free woman to be seen at the fountains and the pleasant duty of the morning visit there was left entirely to the slaves. Not only was a Greek maiden kept within the confines of her domicile, but she was even restricted to that portion of the house assigned to the matron of the family and their slave women, not being permitted to enter the apartment occupied by her father or brothers, and most writers agree that into this apartment—and it was composed of several rooms and hallways—a maiden was not allowed to enter even during the absence of the men of the family. It is not even certain that the part of the Greek domicile given over for the use of the matrons and the maidens and their attendants gave any view upon the street. While in Sparta maidens received physical training which was given no where else in Greece, in no portion of the commonwealth did they receive any intellectual training whatever. In his Ideal Republic Plato decreed that maidens should attend separate gymnasia, and even be given some intellectual training, but of course not with the youths of his ideal state. Even with the revolutionary ideas of liberty for the Greek maiden thus qualified, it is to be doubted if any of the ideals the great philosopher advanced met with as much opposition at that time as his suggestion that those destined to be only housekeepers and mothers would be benefitted by any sort of instruction given outside of the home. While at six years of age a boy was taken





from the care of his mother and nurse and sent out to school and gymnasium, and at twenty took his place as an independent citizen and thenceforth mingled in all the busy life of the beautiful city, a Greek maiden had no instruction except that given her by her mother and her nurse, no occupation beyond that furnished at the domicile, and in those portions of the house reserved for her mother and herself.



## THE MEN BEHIND THE CHISEL

A COTERIE OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN SCULPTORS

BY HENRY WILSON CARLISLE

“**N**O event has ever taken place in this country of equal artistic importance with the unveiling of the heroic equestrian statue of General Sherman by August Saint Gaudens,” commented an eminent artist and critic.

It is generally conceded that this famous statue has taken its place among the half dozen masterpieces of its kind in the world. Certainly, it marks the height of our achievement in the plastic art. Yet, scarcely a hundred years ago our first professional sculptor was born. And it was not until 1847 that the first bronze statue was cast in the United States. So, during the past half century, but especially in the last quarter, we have developed the nucleus of our latent genius with the modelling tool and chisel. When one considers the distinguished position held by American sculpture at the Paris Exposition in 1900, the remarkable advance is indeed a unique as well as proud chapter in the annals of art. With the studio sanctum closed to it, the public, in general, does not understand how colossal is the sculptor's work, or how patiently he has labored to build the result which stands completed before it, in bronze or stone. The public is rarely privileged to secure an intimate knowledge of the man who quietly performs the difficult task of transforming an immaterial dream into a concrete reality through the medium of a shapeless mass of clay. And this article will treat of the personalities—the human interest element, as it were,—which inspired the creative brains and guided the master hands of our prominent contemporary sculptors, rather than attempt a critical appreciation of their art.



There is no more interesting character in all metropolitan art circles than the dean of American sculptors, John Quincy Adams Ward. This master of perennial youth as well as of the plastic art was born in Urbana, Ohio, on June 29, 1830. Despite his seventy-eight years, he has retained the flush of youth on his cheek and his vitality remains equal to a heroic equestrian statue. No sculptor has contributed more work to New York City, which is literally sentineled with the offsprings of his talent. Every visitor to Central Park is familiar with Ward's "Indian Hunter," "The Pilgrim" and "Shakespeare," while most every public square in the metropolis is adorned with a product of his studio. As modest of bearing and as enthusiastic as a youth at the beginning of his career, Mr. Ward evinces a profound, optimistic belief in the future of this country's art. He is typically American, never having studied abroad, although he once had his trunk packed ready to sail for Italy, when a young man. Rome was the early Mecca of sculptors before Paris was "discovered." But he finally decided to remain at home, fearing foreign influences upon his personality. Since then he has made numerous trips to Europe for recreation and observation. Mr. Ward seemed born to play with form. From his earliest childhood his hands sought to shape the images he saw about him, in a favorite clay bank near his father's house. Quickly perceiving the significance of the youth's talent, his sister proposed that John become a sculptor. The suggestion was warmly welcomed by the lad, who immediately set out for the studio of H. W. Brown, a well known sculptor of the antebellum days, then in Brooklyn. After a short course of study he became an assistant to Brown with a salary of \$300 per year. He remained with his master in this capacity for seven years, receiving during that period an invaluable training in the practical elements of his profession. But when Brown was commissioned to make the equestrian statue of Washington which stands in Union Square, New York, Mr. Ward executed nearly all of the work. So the young assistant, realizing his powers, decided that it was time to establish his own studio.

While in Mr. Brown's employ Mr. Ward had done a number of designs for sword hilts and other similar presentation gifts



which the advent of the Civil War made popular. For the next two years his bread winning consisted of such pot-boiling work. But during spare moments he found time to set up the original model of his now famous "Indian Hunter." In order to gather accurate data and to secure truthful atmosphere for the completion of this statue, Mr. Ward spent several months among the tribes of the northwest. After the piece had been finished and cast in plaster it was placed upon exhibition, occasioning quite a sensation. A few days later, August Belmont gave Mr. Ward an order for a statue of the former's brother-in-law, Commodore Perry. From that day to the present time Mr. Ward has never been without a commission.

During the years following the Rebellion the country demanded permanent tributes, in stone and bronze, to its heroes. As a result Mr. Ward devoted his efforts exclusively to portrait statuary, seldom essaying the more alluring grace of the nude or hearkening to the mystic voice of symbolism. When asked to designate his best work, recently, the genial dean replied in the spirit of dissatisfaction and the never ending search for the ideal so characteristic of the true artist, "My next commission." His contemporaries, however, speak with most enthusiasm of his "Washington," in front of the Sub-Treasury Building on Wall Street, and of the "Indian Hunter," while perhaps the most popular of his many achievements is "Henry Ward Beecher," in the City Hall Square of Brooklyn. At present Mr. Ward is engaged on an equestrian statue of General Hancock for Philadelphia. This will be the swan song, as it were, of the venerable dean of American sculptors, for it is to mark the close of his long, active career in his beloved profession. Within a few months, Mr. Ward will retire to spend his remaining days in leisure and recreation.

### DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

The clever carving of a turnip into the grotesque likeness of a frog revealed to Daniel Chester French, then a youth of nineteen, what was to be his life's work. Unlike his fellow artists, who usually gave evidence of their talent in puerile years, Mr. French





displayed no exceptional gifts as a child. He was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, April 20, 1850, coming from aspiring New England stock. His father, a public spirited man, who held numerous public offices, was a lover of poetry and outdoor life, and related to Daniel Webster and John Greenleaf Whittier. Upon the sudden discovery of his son's talent, the elder French borrowed some modelling materials which he placed in the hands of the embryonic sculptor. Clay models of the various animals on the farm soon filled Daniel's room. Then the youth attempted a portrait bust. There was no longer any question of his ability so he entered the studio of J. Q. A. Ward where he remained only a month.

Few men have entered upon such a difficult career as that chosen by Mr. French, with such meagre training. Rarely, nowadays, is an artist entirely self-taught, but Mr. French had absolutely no academic preparation for his life-work. He seems to have been gifted not only with exceptional talent but also with that invaluable perception which enabled him to penetrate to the essentials of every problem presented to him. As a result it is not altogether surprising that the untutored youth should have successfully executed his first important commission at the age of twenty-three. This was the well known "Minute-Man" at Concord.

A short sojourn in Italy followed the completion of this statue, but quickly realizing the detrimental influence of foreign environment upon his work, Mr. French wisely decided to return to his native shores. Several pretentious groups were produced during the next several years including the figures and pediment for the St. Louis Custom House, the Philadelphia Court House, and the Boston Post Office. These commissions gave the rising young sculptor a broad experience as well as added materially to his reputation. Then in 1888 he was given an order for a statue of General Cass of Michigan to be placed in The National Hall of Statuary at Washington. Mr. French sought the artistically congenial atmosphere of Paris while executing this work, and the few months spent there were destined to exert a refining influence upon all his subsequent products. With his peculiar susceptibility to the best elements in art, he quickly



assimilated all the wholesome qualities of the Parisian school, at the same time retaining all of his own virile personality and Americanism.

The notable achievements following this period, during which Mr. French came into full possession of his matured powers, included "The Angel of Death and the Young Sculptor," first exhibited at the Columbian Exposition, the John Boyle O'Reilly monument in Boston, "General Grant," Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; "General Hooker," in Boston, "Alma Mater," for Columbia College, and the famous groups for the new Custom House of New York City, recently completed.

#### THE DEBUT OF **FREDERICK MACMONNIES**

One of the most versatile of our sculptors, Frederick MacMonnies, is also one of the best. During the ten years spanning the most active period of his career he gave to the world more works of art than the average sculptor in an entire lifetime. And if he has never attained to Olympian heights, it is to his credit that he has never produced a failure.

Mr. MacMonnies was born in Brooklyn, September 28, 1863. His talent was inherited from his mother who was a niece of Benjamin West, the noted painter. As a youth MacMonnies was obliged to earn his living in the capacity of a clerk in a jewelry store. During the evenings, however, he diligently pursued his art studies and at the age of sixteen attracted the attention of Saint Gaudens who took the promising lad into his studio. This was a rare stroke of good fortune. For five years MacMonnies assisted the great American master of the chisel, receiving the best possible instruction, while at night he continued to draw from the nude at the National Academy of Design and Art Students' League.

In 1884, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. MacMonnies went abroad, exceptionally well prepared to receive all that Europe had to offer him in the realm of art. A short while was spent in Paris, until an epidemic of cholera sent the young sculptor to Munich for several months. Then his former master recalled him to New York for a year to assist upon important commis-



sions. Again, in 1886, Mr. MacMonnies set sail for Paris to delve more deeply into the secrets of his art. At the end of a year his arduous study was crowned by the highest prize open to foreign students. But reduced to his last pecuniary resources it became necessary for him to refill his purse in New York. Still the alluring voice of Paris called to him and when another twelve months had rolled by he found himself established in a studio there.

The year following was spent upon one effort, a statue of Diana, which won the young sculptor his initial spurs, being awarded a mention at the Salon. Mr. MacMonnies' first independent work came shortly afterwards, consisting of three life-size figures of angels for Saint Paul's Church, New York. Saint Gaudens was so impressed with the successful handling of his protege's first commission, that he became instrumental in securing other orders for him. In 1890 MacMonnies executed the portrait of James L. T. Stranahan of Brooklyn. This piece won a second medal at the Paris Salon the following year, marking the greatest honor ever conferred on an American sculptor by the Salon.

Then in 1892, at the suggestion of his friend and former instructor, Saint Gaudens, Mr. MacMonnies was entrusted with the main fountain for the Columbian Exposition, which had been designated as the most important sculptural decoration for the Fair. It was a colossal undertaking for any man trained by a lifetime of experience, and Mr. MacMonnies was only twenty-seven years old. With characteristic resourcefulness he rose to the occasion. The fountain was one of the finest examples of the plastic art designed for the Exposition grounds. It firmly established the young sculptor's reputation, for when not yet thirty he was recognized as one of our most gifted artists with the modelling tool.

The most notable products of Mr. MacMonnies' prolific talent are "Sir Henry Vane," for the Boston Public Library; "Nathan Hale," for New York; "Shakespeare," in the Congressional Library; "Victory," at West Point; "The Humanities;" "Bacchante," in the Metropolitan Museum; the Memorial Arch and the "Horse Tamers," for Prospect Park, Brooklyn.



## GEORGE GRAY BARNARD

When the contracts for the Pennsylvania State Capitol were awarded a few years ago, the four large sculptural groups included in the scheme of decoration were given to George Gray Barnard. It was an exceptionally big commission, for the appropriation allowed \$300,000, and it fittingly climaxed the unusually interesting career of a son of the Keystone state.

Mr. Barnard was born in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, in 1863. Early in life his family moved to Muscatine, Iowa, where the sculptor passed his boyhood. There is much of the largeness of the great West in the work of this artist, much of the strength and self-reliance bred in that vigorous young empire beyond the Father of Waters. They were qualities which proved invaluable, for Fate had decreed that the sculptor was to be developed in the hard school of adversity. A self-taught taxidermist at the age of fifteen, he had acquired a collection of some fifteen hundred specimens in this craft. Then he began to model animals in clay, later essaying a portrait of his little sister. The bust aroused much enthusiasm in his village, but it was deemed much wiser that the youth should learn a practical trade instead of being encouraged to follow art. So the boy was apprenticed to a jewelry designer. The longing to manipulate the plastic clay, nevertheless, had been too actively aroused to be denied permanently, and soon the dreaming apprentice left home for Chicago, ostensibly to seek a larger field in his trade. After months of conscientious deliberation the youth decided to hazard his fortunes in the wake of the Muse, turning his back upon the lucrative allurements of his trade. It was the beginning of a life-long struggle. At the end of a year and a half of study, Mr. Barnard received his first order, a bust of a little girl. This work brought in \$350 with which the sculptor courageously set out for Paris in 1883.

By closest economy he managed to exist the first year abroad on \$89. For an entire decade the determined young man waged a bitter battle against starvation. But if these were trying years they were also productive ones. In 1894 all of his works of this period were exhibited in Paris. At a single bound he rose





from obscurity to recognition. Artists and critics alike proclaimed the heretofore unknown American a genius. Two years later he returned to New York. While his fellow artists were of one accord in the warmth of their appreciation, the general public at first failed to discern Mr. Barnard's rare gifts. Gradually however, he came into his own, and is now conceded to be one of our contemporary masters in his chosen field. The most widely known of his work is unquestionably that remarkable psychological study, "The Two Natures," now in the Metropolitan Museum.

### CHARLES HENRY NIEHAUS

When the statue of Benjamin Harrison was unveiled recently in Indianapolis, there sat on the review platform a tall, thin man, modest of appearance and with a lean, rugged countenance, albeit kindly and sympathetic. He was not one of the orators of the day, yet he said more when the drapery fell from the bronze likeness of the late President than the most brilliant speaker of the occasion. And his estimate of Benjamin Harrison, the man, will transcend with more convincing eloquence to posterity than the strongest eulogy penned for the event. This quiet, reserved man was Mr. Charles Henry Niehaus, sculptor, who made the statue. His career has been a picturesque struggle up from poverty to one of the few prominent sculptors of America. After a preliminary course of study in Cincinnati, where he was born in 1865, he spent three years in the Royal Academy of Munich on the scant annuity of \$200. Then he traveled through Europe to see the masterpieces of the Renaissance, finally landing in London with only a few shillings in his pocket. Unknown in the great metropolis, the young American experienced serious difficulties. His funds soon gave out, as did his shoes which developed such obvious apertures that the resourceful Mr. Niehaus was obliged to blacken his gray socks in order to lessen the conspicuity of his financial condition. When he reached his last cent, he invested in a postage stamp to mail an appeal to a friend in Manchester, England, who had promised him commissions, but had failed to consummate the arrange-



ments. In the dire distress of want, the sculptor demanded the work or sufficient funds to get home. The procrastinating patron came to the rescue with a number of commissions, including a bust of Disraeli. These put Mr. Niehaus on a fairly substantial monetary basis and won him the beginning of his reputation.

He returned to his native city contemporaneously with the assassination of Garfield. The sentiment following this tragic event provided memorials to the slain President. The State of Ohio appropriated funds for a statue to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington and public subscription provided for another to be erected in Cincinnati. Mr. Niehaus won both awards, but had difficulty in convincing the committee in charge of his ability to execute the final work on account of his youth. An amusing episode occurred at the unveiling of the Garfield statue in Cincinnati. Mr. Niehaus presented his invitation to a pompous policeman guarding the entrance to the review platform. The over-zealous representative of the law looked at the young sculptor dubiously, and demanded to know what right he had to a seat on the stand. Mr. Niehaus modestly informed him that he was the creator of the statue, to which the officer replied with a derisive laugh and ordered the young man to move on. But fortunately, at this critical moment, a newspaper representative identified the sculptor and he was permitted to witness the ceremonies attending the unveiling of his work from the review-stand.

Following the Garfield commissions came one for William Allen, the gift of Ohio to the Hall of Statuary in the Capitol at Washington. With this substantial recognition Mr. Niehaus was enabled to go abroad once more, establishing a studio in Rome where he remained for several years.

In 1885 he located permanently in New York City, but for ten long years no one entered his studio with a commission. Mr. Niehaus managed to survive this trying period, however, and has since been a most prolific producer, rapidly rising to fame and affluence. It is his ambition to crown his life work with a second statue of Lincoln, and one of his late friend, Joseph Jefferson, for both of whom Mr. Niehaus cherishes a deep sense of affection and reverence.



## KARL BITTER

If not one of our greatest sculptors, Karl Bitter is certainly one of our most popular. Possessing a high order of executive ability, as well as exceptional artistic talent, he has thrice received the distinguished honor of serving as official decorator of World's Fairs in the United States. A native of Vienna, Mr. Bitter early took up the study of form at the Academy of Fine Arts in the Austrian capital. At nineteen he was drafted into the army, but sensitive and fiery of disposition, he resented the harsh treatment of a lieutenant, and deserted. Escaping to Germany he entered the studio of Kaffsack until he learned that the Austrian government was preparing to extradite him, when he fled to America. He arrived here at the age of twenty-two, in 1889, friendless and without funds. It was necessary for the young foreigner to seek means of support immediately, so he became a skilled workman with a firm of architectural decorators. Shortly afterwards he had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Richard M. Hunt, the architect, who took an interest in him and later proved a valuable patron.

Only a few months had elapsed since his arrival in this country when the competition for the bronze gates of Trinity Church, New York, was announced. Mr. Bitter decided to try for one of the awards. It seemed the height of presumption for a young workingman to compete against numerous experienced sculptors who were eager to secure the same commissions. His fellow associates laughed at him, but it turned out a Bitter laugh for them (if the pun be permitted) for strange to relate, the unknown workingman, scarcely more than a boy, who had dared to submit a design, was given the order. It was a signal achievement with which to start a career. As a result, he was enabled to establish his own modest little studio. Fortune continued to smile and he was soon obliged to seek more commodious quarters.

Then came the Columbian Exposition, offering such ample opportunity to our sculptors and mural painters. Mr. Hunt, who designed the Administration Building, sought the services of his friend to supply the plastic decorations. This brought



him a commission for similar work in connection with the Liberal Arts Building. Following the exposition Mr. Bitter did a vast amount of sculpture, including the enormous reliefs for the Broad Street railroad station in Philadelphia.

Again at the Pan-American Exposition Mr. Bitter was selected as official decorator. This entailed the superintending of the work of thirty-five artists and a hundred assistants for a year, involving the expenditure of \$250,000. The result proved both a financial and artistic success. Mr. Bitter's personal contribution of a heroic equestrian statue, "The Standard Bearer", was generally acclaimed to be among the very best ever designed for an exposition. Once more at St. Louis, in 1904, he successfully accomplished the difficult task of official decorator for the exposition.

Mr. Bitter's most satisfactory work has been in decorative subjects of an exaggerated heroic spirit, although in a few memorials he has struck a quiet, reserved, mysterious note in a very effective and impressive manner.

#### SOLON BORGLUM

Within the last decade there has been awakened a more general interest in animal life in this country. It has found a voice in the painting and sculpture of recent years, ushering in a new field of art on this side of the Atlantic. In speaking of our most salient exponent of this subject matter in the plastic medium one critic has said: "The ironical fate which decrees that a prophet shall be without honor in his own country has permitted the high achievement of the American sculptor, Solon Borglum, to be more loudly heralded and widely recognized in Europe than in America. Such is not to be wondered at in the instance of those of our artists whose study abroad causes their work to be dominated by French and classical influences to such a degree that it loses its American character, but in the case of Mr. Borglum the circumstances are somewhat extraordinary, for he stands pre-eminently as a sculptor of American life in one of its most distinctive phases, and the spirit and form of his art have remained essentially American. His groups embody in marble and bronze





the free, primitive life of the great West, and in the freshness of their inspiration, show no trace of thought that is alien to America."

Mr. Borglum was born in Ogden, Utah, in 1868, of Danish parents, who later settled in Omaha. The boy was an acknowledged failure at books, but delighted in the companionship of his father's horses and the freedom of the prairie. At the age of fifteen, he went with his brother, Gutzon, now also famous as a sculptor, to stock a ranch in California. Here he lived the full round of the cowboy's life. When his brother decided to return to civilization at the end of a year, Solon chose to remain. He had determined upon the career of a ranchman. Soon he became foreman of his father's ranch at Loop River, Nebraska, remaining in this capacity until he was twenty-four. Then, at the urgent solicitation of his brother, he decided to take up art. Leaving the ranch, Mr. Borglum began a battle with poverty in Los Angeles, California. Through the proceeds of his paintings he realized sufficient funds to enable him to enter the art school at Cincinnati. It was there that he discovered his latent talent for sculpture. Securing admission to the United States Stables in the Queen City, he modeled his initial group, which won him a prize of \$50 at the end of the school year. During the next school term he was given a larger award and a scholarship. Then Mr. Borglum determined to go to Paris. In a poor, barren room in the Latin Quarter, serving both as a domicile, and workshop, he executed his first pretentious effort "Lassoing Wild Horses". This group was not only admitted to the Salon, but elicited enthusiastic praise. His well known "Stampede of Wild Horses", now in the Cincinnati Museum of Art, quickly followed. Many of Mr. Borglum's most interesting works have been inspired by the primitive Red Man, whom he understands with rare sympathy, and admires immensely. Among the best groups in this field are his "Desolation," depicting a squaw mourning at the grave of her husband, and "On the Border of White Man's Land", showing an Indian and his horse peering over a cliff at the approach of a train of pale face emigrants.

It is impossible in a single article to record a full or just record



of the achievements of our contemporary sculptors. Nor is it possible within the limited space to include mention of all the prominent wielders of the modelling tool who deserve consideration for the excellent work. But in this somewhat cursory survey, sufficient has been given, it would seem, to indicate the trend of our development in the various distinctive phases of the plastic art, with, perhaps, a hint at the promise of the immediate future. When we recall our wonderful strides from the kindergarten school to the van-guard of this field within half a century, practically, we have every assurance of soon witnessing a great sculptural era in America.



## CIVIL WAR REMINISCENCES

RECORDED BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN

**O**N the 30th of November, 1862, the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Regiments of Connecticut Volunteers broke camp at the Centerville racecourse, Long Island, N. Y., and marched buoyantly down Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, to the East River. Here, seven companies of the Twenty-third and seven companies of the Twenty-eighth, about a thousand men in all, embarked on the steamer "Che-Kiang," or, in our language, the "Sea-King." Whither we were going none of us certainly knew; it was whispered among the boys that we were to form a part of the military expedition to be commanded by General Nathaniel Banks, and that was our only clew. Company F of the Twenty-third Connecticut Volunteers, of which I was a member, was among the troops that embarked on the "Che-Kiang" on that bleak, cold day in November, 1862.

Barring the usual seasickness, the first few days of the voyage to the southward were pleasant, and to most of the boys the novelty of being on the great, blue ocean was fascinating; but on the 5th of December, when off Cape Hatteras, a terrific storm burst upon the "Che-Kiang." "The vessel"—I now quote the words of another—"the vessel, with its freight of a thousand men, refused to obey the helm, and wallowed helplessly in the trough of the sea, shivering under the mountainous waves; while flash after flash of lurid lightning revealed the terrors of the situation." Men trembled who never trembled before; men knelt in fervent prayer on the sea-washed decks of the "Che-Kiang" who had not, perhaps, prayed since the innocent days of "Now I lay me down to sleep"; and many whose lives had been far from exemplary vowed future obedience, if only the storm would abate and the imperiled vessel reach her destination in safety.



Alas! how few of those solemn vows were remembered, or if remembered, were performed. The "Che-Kiang," with her precious human freight, weathered the storm; and after an uneventful voyage of a few days touched at the Tortugas, at the southwestern extremity of Florida.

From the Tortugas the steamer made a quick passage through the placid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, with its myriad of porpoises, which seemed to be rolling round and round in the blue waters like so many wheels, but which were simply coming to the surface of the water, showing for a moment only a small portion of the back, and then suddenly disappearing. To men unaccustomed to the sight it was one of extraordinary interest. At Ship Island, in the northern part of the Gulf of Mexico, the men on the "Che-Kiang" disembarked. Here they remained long enough to recover somewhat from the effects of their rough sea voyage. Re-embarking on board steamer, the men of the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Connecticut proceeded by way of the Mississippi River to New Orleans. It was on the 17th of December, 1862, that these two regiments pitched their white tents at Camp Parapet, which was one of the outer defences of the Crescent City, on the north. On the 11th of January, 1863, the seven companies of the Twenty-third Connecticut which had taken passage on the "Che-Kiang," in command of the colonel of the regiment, crossed the Mississippi River to Algiers, where they took the cars on what was then the Opelousas and Great Western Railroad to Brashear City, distant about ninety miles almost due west from New Orleans. The Twenty-third Connecticut was expected to join General Weitzel in an attack on the Confederate gunboat "J. A. Cotton," up the Teche; but for some reason they did not do so.

Brashear City is situated on an island formed by Lake Chenimache, Bayou Boeuf and the Atchafalaya River. During the Civil War it was a village containing perhaps thirty or forty buildings of all kinds. The population could not have ever exceeded 600 in its most prosperous day. This place, with its high sounding name had been General Bank's depot of supplies for his entire army, and a large quantity of military stores had been gathered there. In an immense frame building which stood on





the shore of Berwick Bay a million and a half dollars' worth of Government stores, so it was said, had been piled.

When the bulk of General Bank's troops went to Port Hudson to take part in the now famous siege of that Confederate stronghold, the officers of many of the regiments which were to engage in the siege left their personal baggage in an old sugar mill in the lower part of the village. The private soldiers, also—some of them, at least—left their knapsacks at Brashear City, in one of the old sugar mills. This private and government property must, of course, be faithfully guarded, and protected from capture by the Confederates, who, in small bands, swarmed western Louisiana. To these facts add another, that Brashear City was the military key to western Louisiana, and hence of great strategic importance, and one can readily see that it was no insignificant duty that was assigned to the Union troops occupying that point. On the 4th of March, 1863, the three companies of our regiment which did not take passage on the "Che-Kiang" at Brooklyn on the 30th of the previous November, arrived at New Orleans. They had been shipwrecked on their voyage southward on the Bahamas.

On the 11th of January, 1863, the three shipwrecked companies, A, H, and I, rejoined the regiment at Brashear City. The occasion was made one of rejoicing. At Brashear City the Twenty-third Connecticut remained, performing guard duty, until the 9th of February, when the regiment was ordered to strike tents and march to the railroad. The various companies were then distributed, as a guard, along the whole length of the Opelousas and Great Western Railroad, from Berwick Bay to Jefferson, nearly opposite the Crescent City. Headquarters were established at La Fourche Crossing, about 30 miles to the eastward of Brashear City. The different companies of the regiment were posted substantially as follows: Company E, Captain Lewis Northrop in command, at Bayou Ramos. Company A, Captain Alfred Wells, at Bayou Boeuf. Company K, Captain S. G. Bailey, at Tigersville. Company I, Captain W. H. May, at Terrebonne. Company B, Captain James H. Jenkins, at Bayou La Fourche. Company H, Captain A. D. Hopkins, at Raceland. Company C, Captain Julius Sanford, at Bayou des Allemands.



Company F, Captain D. T. Johnson, at Boutte Station. Company G, Captain G. S. Crofut, at St. Charles, and Company D, Lieutenant S. M. Nichols, at Jefferson.

About the 1st of March Companies E and I were ordered to headquarters, and Company A was ordered to reinforce Captain Sanford at Bayou des Allemands. By the 1st of April, Company B was transferred to Napoleonville, south of Donaldsonville, and Company A to Labadieville, still further south. Boutte Station, to which Company F was ordered, was situated about 30 miles to the westward of New Orleans, and was so designated because of the principal man of the settlement, a Mr. Boutte. Of the sojourn of Company F at Boutte Station I will now tell you something. The station consisted of about a dozen buildings, all told. The former residence of Mr. Boutte was occupied by the captain and the other commissioned officers of our company. The men, for the most part, occupied the other and smaller buildings; a few, however, living in tents. I had very comfortable quarters in one of the smaller dwelling-houses; comfortable, that is to say, so far as the quarters were concerned. The mosquitoes, however, were so numerous and troublesome during the nights that the only way we could sleep at all was by inclosing our bunks with mosquito netting. The extreme closeness of the air in those netting-inclosed bunks, on a hot night in the summer time, can perhaps be imagined by the reader. I sometimes debated the question, in my mind, which was the greater evil, the mosquitoes or the stifling air of the inclosed bunks, each containing two persons. But the mosquitoes were not the only pests at Boutte Station; it was no uncommon thing for the boys to be awakened in the night by a slimy lizard crawling across the face or neck, or some other part of the body. Some of these lizards were said to be poisonous, while others were considered harmless; and after we boys had learned to distinguish the one from the other, the lizard problem was considerably simplified. Nevertheless, I very much prefer sleeping and living in a part of the country where lizards are unknown as regular company. The chameleons of Louisiana, a species of lizard, I believe, were very interesting to the Yankee boys from the North; and these chameleons abounded at Boutte Station. The boys often caught them,



and then watched them as they actually assumed the color of the object on which they were placed, a leaf or stick, perchance; and more than one letter written home from camp at Boutte Station contained a detailed account of these strange little reptiles and their ways. But not by night only were the mosquitoes troublesome at Boutte Station; along toward evening, particularly, they were a veritable torment—so much so, indeed, that while on guard or picket after sunset, the boys had to completely inclose the face and neck in mosquito netting. It really seemed to me some evenings that I should be eaten alive by these infernal insects, for, notwithstanding the netting, the mosquitoes were very active with their proboscides. The recollection of my experience with mosquitoes while on guard in the evening is made the more vivid by the fact that one evening, when these insects were unusually troublesome, and while walking my beat with my musket in the most comfortable position possible, General Banks and one or two of his staff suddenly appeared. Upon being informed who they were that had so unexpectedly made their appearance, I at once brought my musket to a present arms, with an explanation of my seeming lack of respect for superior officers. Every word of my explanation was punctuated with a violent stroke of first one and then the other of my hands at the mosquitoes, which seemed to be taking a most contemptible advantage of my preoccupation with my distinguished visitors. I shall never forget the remark of General Banks, as he watched me in my frantic efforts to defend myself from the ferocious assaults of the Louisiana mosquitoes: "Never mind about presenting arms, my boy; make yourself as comfortable as possible," and with these words he and his staff officers moved away, all the time, however, slapping right and left to escape being eaten alive by the busy insects swarming about them.

But mosquitoes and lizards were not by any means the only nor the largest pests we encountered in the lowlands of Louisiana; alligators were plentiful, and sometimes not only troublesome, but dangerous. They were so silent in their movements, and their color seemed to blend so completely with the color of their environment, that usually, before one was aware of their



presence, they would suddenly appear as though they had then and there sprang into existence. If an alligator's fast had not recently been broken, there was good reason for the boys to look well to their means of self-defense. I distinctly remember that one day while on guard near an old, abandoned farm wagon a short distance from the camp (it was on the apology for a road leading to the Mississippi River), an alligator suddenly appeared in the roadway, having stealthily emerged from the nearby woods. It was the first alligator of any considerable dimensions I had seen in the south; and I am free to confess that I was not a little startled at the sight of the animal. He seemed to be coming straight for me, Andrew M. Sherman. As he half walked and half crawled toward me, he seemed a most hideous object. I discharged my musket at his body. This, as I anticipated, brought several of the boys of Company F from camp with their muskets. It took them but a moment to grasp the situation; but it took a good deal longer than that for us to place that ugly alligator *hors du combat*. We fired bullet after bullet into the animal's seemingly impervious body; we beat him about the head with our musket stocks; we ran our bayonets into him; we pelted him with the biggest stones the region afforded, but these various modes of attack were apparently ineffectual. At length, one of the more thoughtful of the boys sent a well-directed bullet into his savage eye and another into his gaping mouth, and our efforts were soon rewarded by seeing the huge animal slowly yield up the ghost. Of course, we had to measure him, and he measured, from the tip of his tail to the tip of his nose about nine feet. His carcass was leisurely dragged off into the adjacent woods, and there left for future inspection by the incredulous.

I must say a word about the water we had to drink at Boutte Station. It was what was familiarly known as "tank water". As the name indicates, it was rainwater that had been caught in an immense wooden tank. Some of these tanks held several hundreds of gallons. This tank water, after standing for a few weeks, became so foul as to be unfit for a human being to drink; indeed, no farmer would for a moment think of offering it to his cows to drink. And yet, we had to drink it, except we walked a





distance of four miles to the Mississippi River, and enjoyed the luxury of a drink from the "Father of Waters." This we occasionally did; of which, more will be said. The tank water, which was of necessity our regular beverage, aside, of course, from coffee, after remaining in the wooden tank a few weeks, became filled with what are sometimes termed "wrigglers" (this may not be the scientific name for them, but it is, however, a highly suggestive one), a tiny insect of remarkable rapidity of movement. Once in a while the boys would climb up the side of the tank on a ladder or box, so as to look over the top into the water, and we would then strike with a stick or stone on the outside of the tank, and behold! the water would suddenly become alive with the disturbed wrigglers. It verily seemed as if there were millions of them in motion. In a few moments the wrigglers would assume their usual place around the inner sides of the tank, and become entirely quiescent, until again disturbed by some curious Yankee soldier. Although the water was drawn from a wooden faucet near the bottom of the tank, the water was almost invariably tepid and unwholesome; and the wonder is that the company were not prostrated with sickness of some sort during the nearly four months we were encamped at Boutte Station. You may be assured the boys did not drink any more of that foul water than they were absolutely obliged to; and if the entire company had taken to using whiskey as a drink, it would, as it seems to me, have been perfectly justifiable under the circumstances. And I will not deny that some of the boys drank fully as much whiskey as tank water. To walk to the Mississippi River and get a drink from that swift-flowing stream was considered a great treat; and yet, when I tell you that the water we dipped from the "Father of Waters" was scarcely less unhealthful than the aforesaid tank water, you will doubtless wonder why we preferred it. The explanation is as follows: The Mississippi River, as you may be aware, runs at the rate of from seven to ten miles an hour; one of the consequences of which is that the water is decidedly muddy. It is a red mud, and so full of red mud is the water, that if a cup is dipped from the river and permitted to stand for a short time, there can be seen at the bottom of the cup a thick, reddish sediment. Not-



withstanding this, the boys drank the water from the Mississippi with great relish. Why? Because it was comparatively cool, and because there were no nasty wrigglers in it. If the boys who drank the river water had thereafter "no sand", it certainly wasn't because the beverage was lacking in that essential ingredient of human character. It is still a question in my mind, which of Lincoln's boys in blue faced the greater peril, those at Port Hudson and Vicksburg, or those doing duty in the lowlands of Louisiana (some portions of which are from six to ten feet below the surface of the Mississippi River), with its malarial atmosphere, its unwholesome water and its disease-imparting mosquitoes and poisonous reptiles.

While Company F was encamped at Boutte Station, one of the members of our company and I were permitted to visit Brashear City—and I have among my Civil War souvenirs the pass given us by our company commander. I think you will be interested to read a verbatim copy of it:

"Boutte Station, O. G. W. R. R.,

"La., May 24th, 1863.

"Pass

"Mr. John Woodruff and Andrew Sherman from Boutte Station to Brashear City and return on the 26th.

"D. T. Johnson,

"Capt. of Comp. F, 23d Regt.

"& Dept. P. M."

I have, also, two letters, written from Boutte Station; one is dated May 6, 1863, and the other is dated May 22, 1863. It is needless for me to remark that I prize these letters very highly; not alone for the interesting data they contain, but for the host of pleasant memories they revive—memories of a period of my life when the words of the poet following were marvelously true:

"Hope with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,  
Shows from a rising ground possessions nigh,  
Shortens the distance or o'erlooks it quite,  
So easy 'tis to travel with the sight."

In the latter part of May, 1863, orders came to our company to prepare at once for removal to Brashear City; and at twelve



o'clock on one Monday morning we boarded the cars, and at about five o'clock on the evening of the same day we were at our destination. In a few hours our tents were pitched, and our regimental camp was once more arranged.

The bulk of General Bank's troops were laying siege to Port Hudson; and in their absence, General "Dick" Taylor, a son of ex-President "Zack" Taylor, by the way, resolved to drive from western Louisiana the Union soldiers left there chiefly for guard duty. A small Union force was, therefore, concentrated at Brashear City to meet General Taylor, including a battery from Rhode Island. Colonel Charles L. Holmes, of our regiment, was placed in command of the troops at that point. Three companies of our regiment were advantageously posted along the line of the railroad leading from the east into Brashear City. It was expected, however, that the principal resistance to the Confederates would be made at Brashear City.

On the 1st of June, 1863, the Confederates attacked with a small force the hospital at Berwick City, another settlement with a high-sounding name, on the opposite side of a bay (Berwick Bay) about an eighth of a mile in width, which separates Brashear City and Berwick City. Company K of our regiment instantly embarked on a small steamer lying at the village wharf, and was soon followed by Companies G, I and C. This force, in command of Captain George C. Crofut, of Company G, advanced rapidly, and drove off the Confederates on the double-quick; afterward covering those who were engaged in removing the Union sick and wounded and the government property. Colonel Holmes was soon prostrated with sickness, and he was not again able to perform the duties of a soldier. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Worden being ill, the command of the regiment then devolved upon Major David H. Miller. Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Stickney, of the 47th Massachusetts Volunteers, now assumed command at Brashear City. Under the severe discipline of the commanding officer our regiment knew no rest. Despite the warning given to Lieutenant-Colonel Stickney, by Major Miller, that "Colonel Stickney, you are killing the men of my regiment,"! the men at Brashear City were kept moving every day, and lay upon their arms almost every night;



and the result was that in ten days half the entire number of soldiers at Brashear City were on the sick list. On the 3d of June our company received orders to fall into line with guns and accoutrements. Because of the impaired physical condition of many of the men, Lieutenant Henry Middlebrook, who was in command of Company F (the captain being at the time provost marshal of Brashear City), announced that anyone who did not feel able to march could remain in camp; and some four or five fell out of the ranks. We then, in command of Lieutenant Middlebrooks, marched to the wharf in the village, where we took a small steamer across Berwick Bay to Berwick City. Companies H and K soon followed us across the bay.

Our forces further up in the country had captured, a few days previously, a large number of cattle and horses, and they had been driven down to Berwick City for safekeeping. It having been reported that the Confederates purposed attempting their recapture, we were sent across to foil the attempt. Soon after crossing, we saw at some distance above Berwick City the Confederate force drawn up in line of battle, apparently awaiting attack from us. For some reason, perhaps the fear of our artillery on the Brashear City side, the Confederates did not attack us; and as the Union force was, as I remember it, much smaller than that of the enemy, our commanding officer deemed it the better part of valor not to bring on an engagement. So we contented ourselves with guarding the cattle and horses, and preventing their recapture by the needy Confederates. This we did by gathering them at the lower end of the village, under the cover of our guns on the Brashear City side.

Among the incidents of the day in Berwick City were the following: One of our men who ventured too near the Confederate lines, had a horse shot from under him; several negroes who had accompanied the Union forces across the bay were killed by the enemy. The Confederates cherished a special dislike for negroes in any way affiliated with Yankee soldiers. During our stay in Berwick City I procured a bridle, captured a horse, and rode bareback to my heart's content. In capturing the horse I strayed upon the enemy's picket line; and having left my musket with one of my comrades, and being, therefore, in a defenseless state,





I had a narrow escape from capture. Some of the boys who had watched me said afterward they thought I was "a goner." Peter Hughes—"Bishop Hughes," we used to call him—a jolly son of the Emerald Isle, who belonged to my company, wishing to have, as he expressed it, "a little fun," tied a red handkerchief to the end of his bayonet and audaciously waved it in the face of a big steer; whereupon the steer became infuriated and ran toward Hughes with evidently murderous intent. At all events, Hughes took to his heels, and barely escaped being gored to death by his four legged pursuer. Hughes was thoroughly frightened. In subsequently relating the incident to the boys in camp, he invariably concluded with: "Och! begorra! but Oi'll niver flag a cow agin!" and I don't believe he ever did. It was this same comrade who expressed himself so emphatically with regard to the quinine with which he was dosed in the hospital, whither he had been taken for some illness. The quinine must have been given him in large doses, with the usual ringing sensation in the head; and it may have produced other unpleasant sensations, for after his return to the company for duty, his displeasure found vigorous expression in the words: "D—n the kenan! D—n the kenan!" Another characteristic of Comrade Hughes, which clings like a thistle to my memory, was his inability to keep step in marching; with the inevitable consequence that the comrade in front of him was not infrequently obliged to sing out: "Keep off my heels, will you?"

About the middle of June, 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel Stickney, having been informed that the Confederates were coming down the Bayou La Fourche, from the Plaquemine district, took all the men he thought could be spared from Brashear City, and moved down to La Fourche Crossing, about thirty miles to the eastward, toward New Orleans. Companies B and E of our regiment were already at the former place. Then our company was drawn up in line preparatory to starting for La Fourche Crossing; I fell in with the rest of the boys. Our commanding officer, Lieutenant Middlebrooks, upon seeing me in the ranks, said: "Andrew, you can't go; you're not able;" and notwithstanding my reiterated wish to accompany the boys, I was not permitted to go to La Fourche Crossing. The fact is, I was just



out of the local hospital, and was very much reduced in strength from the disease so prevalent among the boys in the lowlands of Louisiana. So I remained at Brashear City, with what result, we shall see.

Soon after the arrival of the reinforcements taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Stickney to La Fourche Crossing, the Union force there was attacked by the Confederate cavalry; but the enemy were repulsed after a sharp engagement. At about five o'clock on the evening of June 21st, the Confederate infantry and artillery, in command of General "Dick" Taylor, attacked our forces at La Fourche Crossing, the latter of whom were behind breastworks thrown up for the occasion. The Union forces were supported by several pieces of light artillery, planted just inside the breastworks. The Confederates, full of whiskey and gunpowder (as was ascertained by an examination of their canteens left on the battlefield in front of the Union breastworks), which made them utterly regardless of life, came up to the very mouths of our cannon during the engagement, and, placing their hands upon them, demanded their surrender. The audacious Confederates were either shot down or bayoneted where they stood. The engagement at La Fourche Crossing, which lasted about thirty minutes, was a hot one; and demonstrated the fact that Connecticut nine months troops could fight with honor to their State and country.

I have been told by comrades who took part in the fight at La Fourche Crossing, that on the following morning the Confederate dead and wounded were found in windrows on the field in front of our breastworks. Our loss was comparatively small, owing, doubtless, to the fact that the Union troops were behind breastworks; but among the killed and wounded were some of the flower of our regiment. Company F did not escape. The comparative numerical weakness of the Union force forbade a pursuit of the enemy. On the 22d of June the Confederates sent into our lines a flag of truce; and over a hundred of their dead and wounded were delivered up to them. We captured about fifty prisoners. Of the engagement at La Fourche Crossing, we, at Brashear City did not, of course, learn until some time afterward. On the 23d of June Lieutenant-Colonel Stickney, in pur-



suance of orders from headquarters, fell back with the forces under his immediate command, including the bulk of the Twenty-third Connecticut, on New Orleans, thus uncovering Brashear City, and leaving the meagre force there at the mercy of the enemy. The Twenty-third Connecticut were encamped in New Orleans until June 26th, when they were ordered to Camp Fair, Metairie Race-course.

*(To be concluded.)*



## FOLKLORE OF OUR HEARTHSTONES

BY MIRIAM CRUIKSHANK

**W**HEN Mr. Harris of Uncle Remus fame put into published form the tales familiar to every child fortunate enough to have possessed a southern mammy, he did an incalculable benefit to his country's literature. But the folklore of the plantation only covers one corner of a very large field. Superstition is as widespread as humanity itself; America is a polyglot nation; and with all her boasted practicality, can claim as a birthright a share in the customs and myths of many lands.

A very matter of fact and housewifely creature, wedded by one of those curious tricks humorous minded fate sometimes plays, to a man of wide reading and vivid imagination, once lamented, in the writer's hearing, the presence of swallows' nests in her chimney. "Other people cover the chimney tops with wire net," she added, "but Mr. M—— will not allow it. He says that the swallows bring luck to the house and are the birds of consolation. For my part I think they only bring vermin, but I fancy they will always stay here." Investigation proved that the belief in the luck brought by the swallows is very prevalent in some sections; yet few who hold to the faith know the hoariness of their creed.

Skim the pages of ancient history and you will find that in Rome the swallow was held sacred to the Penates, and therefore to injure one would be to bring wrath upon your house. Study the legends of Scandanavia, and you will learn that one of these birds hovered about the cross of Christ crying "Svale! Svale!" (Console! Console!) so it was called svalow—the bird of consolation. There is no living creature more protected by sentiment than the robin redbreast. To kill him is looked upon as a dese-





eration; to hold him captive is wanton cruelty. His nest is guarded, his depredations forgiven, he is given a place in poetry, in fiction, in fancy, hard to explain, except this one. Down through the ages has come the story that a robin flying over Calvary plucked a thorn from the temple of the Man of Sorrows, and a drop of blood bursting forth fell on its breast, dyeing it red forever. Another tradition, which Whittier has embodied in a poem, tells that the robin carries water drop by drop in its bill, to the souls in torment, and as it leans over with its merciful gift, the flames scorch its breast. Then too it is believed that if a robin finds a dead body it will cover it with leaves, or at any rate it will cover the face. This idea has been very prettily introduced into the nursery tale of *The Babes in The Woods*.

One of the commonest superstitions among people of many different classes is: that a bird flying into the window presages a death in the family. In America it seems that any bird may bring the grim warning, but older tradition says that no bird need be feared except one that is ordinarily typical of ill-omen. Several crows fluttered about the head of Cicero, on the day he was murdered, Macaulay tells us. One of them even made its way to his chamber and pulled away the bedclothes. There are a dozen and one beliefs concerning the crow and his cousins the raven, the jackdaw, the magpie and the jay, but the last named is looked upon by the southern negro as his satanic majesty's special emissary. Every Friday he goes to his master to report the week's happenings, and his recital occupies him until Monday morning. Hence the presence of one of these saucy feathered creatures on Saturday or Sunday is always a matter of comment.

Said a quiet, scholarly looking man in spectacles, not long since "I would not kill a cat under any consideration. Maybe there is a streak of crass ignorance in my makeup, but I am as thoroughly convinced that calamity would follow such an act on my part, as would be any Aelurus-worshipping Egyptian, under similar circumstances." And when he had thus made confession, several of his hearers admitted to cherishing beliefs of one sort or another anent pussy. There was one who knew she washed her ears with unusual vigor just before a rain; a second who believed if she sneezed once on the morning of a wedding it meant



good luck to the bride, but that three sneezes at any time argued a cold to run through the family; a third was convinced that a black cat following you brought good luck. When no one laughed this last speaker volunteered the further information that—if the cat was *all* black, and you put it under a bushel measure, sat on the measure and wished, the wish would surely come true. Now cats have been “familiar” and witches since medieval times. Cats were worshipped by the Egyptians as symbols of the moon, and according to one of their traditions Diana assumed the form of a cat and thus excited the fury of the giants. A cat in the days of Rome’s glory was a symbol of liberty, and their goddess of Liberty was represented holding a cup in one hand, a broken sceptre in the other, with a cat at her feet. “Some ——— are mad if they behold a cat,” says Shakespeare, and who among you has not known someone who was not filled with an unaccountable shrinking and aversion in the feline presence. Moreover history is rife with examples of men who have shared this feeling. Henry III. of France swooned at the sight of a cat, as did the Duke of Schoenberg. Napoleon the Great had a morbid horror of these furry, purry, warmth-loving animals.

Dogs, the faithful friends of mankind have their place too in the common saws and saying. Five dog owners out of ten will assure you that their pets always lie down in front of the fire just before a change in the weather. The belief that dogs wallow in the dust when storms are brewing was held by early Roman writers; and when Longfellow wrote in the *Golden Legend*—

“In the rabbinical book it saith  
The dogs howl when with icy breath  
Great Sammael the angel of death,  
Takes thro’ the town his flight.”

he was but voicing a very current belief.

Did you ever stop to think how many there were among your kinsfolk and acquaintance who had a special feeling for or against certain pieces of jewelry or precious stones? A jeweller in a busy town remarked the other day to a hesitating customer, “I have sold fourteen amber necklaces within a week on the recommendation of one woman. She bought one herself to help her



tonsilitis and has never ceased telling people of the completeness of her cure." Amber, according to the pretty myth that is as old almost as creation itself, is a concretion of birds' tears. The lachrymose birds, who were responsible, were the sisters of Meleager, who never ceased weeping for their brother's death. Be that as it may the faith in its curative properties is almost universal; there is even on record a young physician, the ink upon whose diploma was hardly dry, who gave an amber necklace to his sweetheart, as a safeguard for her delicate throat. The strings upon strings of coral that are brought across the ocean every year are cherished as much for their magical properties as for their beauty. For coral, be it known, is a talisman against enchantment, witchcraft, thunder and the perils of flood and field, and—a string of red coral worn about the person is a certain cure for indigestion!

There is a very pretty custom nowadays for the lover to give his betrother a ring set with her birthstone rather than the more conventional diamond. The December girl who wears a turquoise given by loving hands, is sure of happiness and good fortune. Should that giver ever be in peril she will know it, for the stone will pale. Back in the fourteenth century one Rabbi Benoni wrote a book upon gems, their meanings and properties. Among other things, he tells us—that agates quench thirst, and that one held in the mouth allays fever; that a crystal induces visions, promotes sleep, and ensures good dreams; that onyx contains an imprisoned devil which wakes at sunset, and causes the wearer disturbed sleep with ugly dreams. Some of all this we hear nowadays in one form or another, but for the mind that yearns after mystery there is some satisfaction in knowing the antiquity of the beliefs.

It would take a volume of space to recount the superstitions that are connected with trees, plants, flowers, the itching of hands, feet or nose. The veriest tyro in the diviner's art knows that no grass will grow in the shade of the aspen tree, and that its leaves must tremble until doomsday because its wood was used to make Calvary's cross.

In many of our remote country districts may still be found the wielder of the witch hazel fork. Usually he is an old man, who



has long outlived whatever usefulness he may once have possessed; but he goes about his calling with all the dignity of a modern Merlin. Grasping his magic twig firmly with both hands, he moves over the bit of land where gold, coal, or a spring of water is suspected of being hidden. At the right spot the fork turns in his trembling hands, and gleefully he commands that the digging must begin. Curiously enough he is often right, for with all his vaunted progress and prowess nature's laws are still sometimes mysterious to scientific man.

It is pretty safe to assume that five people out of every ten refuse to admit themselves as being among the superstitious. Pressed a little, perhaps two out of the superior five acknowledge to one or more fancies or feelings, but declare that such things have no *real* effect upon them. Your scientific palmist, who divides all humanity into seven types says it is all a matter of finger tips and lines. If the former are pointed and the latter curved you will have plenty of imagination and possibly plenty of talent. You will hunt for four leaf clovers, pick up pins pointed toward you, cherish rusty horseshoes, look at the new moon with money in your hands and fight shy of thirteen at table, Friday expeditions and meetings with funerals.

If on the other hand your tips are square and your lines straight you will pass such things by as of little moment, unless perchance you belong to the elementary type, when you will have all the superstition of the first class with none of its culture. A recent article on the artistic temperament by a well known operatic manager would seem to bear out the truth of some of these assertions. The creative genius, whether artist, musician, actor, or author holds some characteristics in common with the cook. Among these two extremes will be found many who look for signs and portents, carry beloved mascots, and at high noon every day, clasp their images of the little god Billikens to their bosoms for seven seconds, believing they thus help happiness come their way.







PRESIDENT LINCOLN



## HAWTHORNE AND LINCOLN<sup>1</sup>

BY CHARLES OSCAR PAULLIN

A DESCRIPTION of Lincoln written by Hawthorne may be fittingly recalled in the year 1909, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great emancipator. The occasion of its composition was a visit that Hawthorne paid, in the spring of 1862, to his devoted friend, Horatio Bridge, chief of the bureau of provisions and clothing of the navy department at Washington. During the month that he spent near the seat of war, he saw President Lincoln, General McClellan, and the members of the cabinet; he visited the White House, Willard's Hotel (which he called "the centre of Washington and the Union"), and the Capitol; he made excursions to Alexandria, Harper's Ferry, and the headquarters of McClellan at Fairfield Seminary; and he went to Fortress Monroe, having been appointed a member of a civil commission "to examine into things in general" in that locality. On his return to Concord he prepared an article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "Chiefly about War Matters," in which he described the principal places and personages that he had seen, and made some most original observations in respect to them.<sup>2</sup> The name of the writer was not disclosed to the public, he being designated only by the signature, "A Peaceable Man."

The article was written in Hawthorne's inimitable style—crystalline, delicate, graceful, and pervasively humorous. His shrewd comments on the statesmen at Washington, however, were so sharp and unsparing that Mr. James T. Fields, the editor of the *Atlantic*, felt it necessary to suppress many of them. The chief part of Hawthorne's description of Lincoln was therefore omitted. In 1872, however, Mr. Field, in his book entitled "Yes-

1. The quotations of this article are from the books of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, who kindly permitted the author to publish them.

2. See the *Atlantic Monthly*, (July, 1862), volume V, pages 43-61.



terdays with Authors," published the expunged paragraphs, which he prefaced with the following interesting explanation:

"After his return home from Washington Hawthorne sent me, during the month of May, an article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, which he entitled "Chiefly about War Matters." The paper, excellently well done throughout of course, contained a personal description of President Lincoln, which I thought, considered as a portrait of a living man, and drawn by Hawthorne, it would not be wise or tasteful to print. The office of an editor is a disagreeable one sometimes, and the case of Hawthorne on Lincoln disturbed me not a little. After reading the manuscript, I wrote to the author, and asked his permission to omit his description of the President's personal appearance. As usual—for he was the kindest and sweetest of contributors, the most good-natured and the most amenable man to advise I ever knew—he consented to my proposal, and allowed me to print the article with the alterations. If any one will turn to the paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* (it is in the number for July, 1862), it will be observed there are several notes; all of these were written by Hawthorne himself. He complied with my request without a murmur, but he always thought I was wrong in my decision. He said the whole description of the interview and the President's personal appearance were, to his mind, the only parts of the article worth publishing. 'What a terrible thing,' he complained, 'it is to try to let off a little bit of truth into this miserable humbug of a world!' President Lincoln is dead, and as Hawthorne once wrote to me, 'Upon my honor, it seems to me the passage omitted has an historical value,' I will copy here verbatim what I advised my friend, both on his own account and the President's, not to print nine years ago."<sup>3</sup>

Hawthorne's description of Lincoln does indeed possess historical value, for it is one of a very few, if not the only, detailed, authentic, and contemporaneous pen-pictures of the President that exists. It is not a flattering likeness, or indeed a sympathetic one, but it is a truthful portrayal made by an acute observer and finished artist. The unaltered description, which may be now found in Hawthorne's complete works, published by

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3. Fields, James T. *Yesterdays with Authors* (Boston, 1872), page 98.



Houghton, Mifflin and Company, read as follows: "Of course there was one other personage, in the class of statesmen, whom I should have been truly mortified to leave Washington without seeing; since (temporarily, at least, and by force of circumstances) he was the man of men. But a private grief had built up a barrier about him, impeding the customary free intercourse of Americans with the chief magistrate; so that I might have come away without a glimpse of his very remarkable physiognomy, save for a semi-official opportunity of which I was glad to take advantage. The fact is, we were invited to annex ourselves, as supernumeraries, to a deputation that was about to wait upon the President, from a Massachusetts whip-factory, with a present of a splendid whip.

"Our immediate party consisted only of four or five (including Major Ben Perley Poore, with his note-book and pencil), but we were joined by several other persons, who seemed to have been lounging about the precincts of the White House, under the spacious porch, or within the hall, and who swarmed in with us to take the chances of a presentation. Nine o'clock had been appointed as the time for receiving the deputation, and we were punctual to the moment; but not so the President, who sent us word that he was eating his breakfast, and would come as soon as he could. His appetite, we were glad to think, must have been a pretty fair one; for we waited about half an hour in one of the antechambers, and then were ushered into a reception, room, in one corner of which sat the Secretaries of War and of the Treasury, expecting, like ourselves, the termination of the Presidential breakfast. During this interval there were several new additions to our group, one or two of whom were in a working-garb, so that we formed a very miscellaneous collection of people, mostly unknown to each other, and without any common sponsor, but all with an equal right to look our head-servant in the face. By and by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passageway, and in lounged a tall, loose-jointed figure, of an exaggerated Yankee port and demeanor, whom (as being about the homeliest man I ever saw, yet by no means repulsive or disagreeable) it was impossible not to recognize as Uncle Abe. Unquestionably, Western man though he be, and Kentuckian by birth, President





Lincoln is the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen, physically, of what the world seems determined to regard as our characteristic qualities. It is the strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitudes, that he, out of so many millions, unlooked for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities, unknown to those who chose him, and unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the way open for him to fling his lank personality into the chair of state,—where, I presume, it was his first impulse to throw his legs on the council-table, and tell the Cabinet Ministers a story. There is no describing his lengthy awkwardness, nor the uncouthness of his movement; and yet it seemed as if I had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street; so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, though with a certain extravagance which, possibly, I exaggerated still further by the delighted eagerness with which I took it in. If put to guess his calling and livelihood, I should have taken him for a country schoolmaster as soon as anything else. He was dressed in a rusty black frock-coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, still unmixed with gray, stiff, somewhat bushy, and had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning, after the disarrangement of the pillow; and as to a night-cap, Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies. His complexion is dark and sallow, betokening, I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House; he has thick black eyebrows and an impending brow; his nose is large, and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined.

“The whole physiognomy is as coarse a one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States; but, withal, it is redeemed, illuminated, softened, and brightened by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity, that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. A great deal of native sense; no bookish cultivation, no re-



finement; honest at heart, and thoroughly so, and yet, in some sort, sly,—at least, endowed with a sort of tact and wisdom that are akin to craft, and would impel him, I think, to take an antagonist in flank, rather than to make a bull-run at him right in front. But, on the whole, I like this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it; and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place.

“Immediately on his entrance the President accosted our member of Congress, who had us in charge, and, with a comical twist of his face, made some jocular remark about the length of his breakfast. He then greeted us all round, not waiting for an introduction, but shaking and squeezing everybody’s hand with the utmost cordiality, whether the individual’s name was announced to him or not. His manner towards us was wholly without pretence, but yet had a kind of natural dignity, quite sufficient to keep the forwardest of us from clapping him on the shoulder and asking him for a story. A mutual acquaintance being established, our leader took the whip out of its case, and began to read the address of presentation. The whip was an exceedingly long one, its handle wrought in ivory (by some artist in the Massachusetts State Prison, I believe), and ornamented with a medallion of the President, and other equally beautiful devices; and along its whole length there was a succession of gold bands and ferrules. The address was shorter than the whip, but equally well made, consisting chiefly of an explanatory description of these artistic designs, and closing with a hint that the gift was a suggestive and emblematic one, and that the President would recognize the use to which such an instrument should be put.

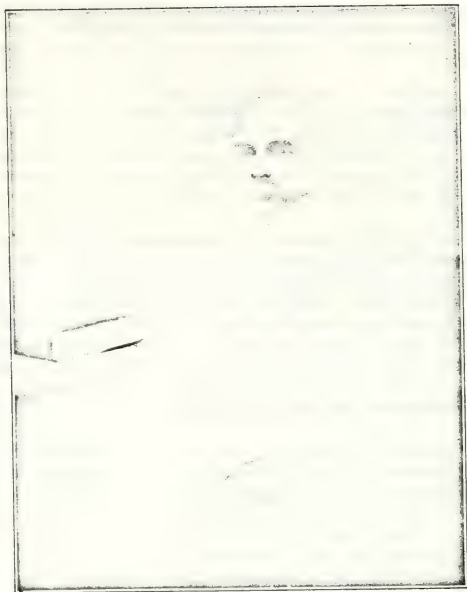
“This suggestion gave Uncle Abe rather a delicate task in his reply, because, slight as the matter seemed, it apparently called for some declaration, or intimation, or faint foreshadowing of policy in reference to the conduct of the war, and the final treatment of the Rebels. But the President’s Yankee aptness and not-to-be-caughtness stood him in good stead, and he jerked or wiggled himself out of the dilemma with an uncouth dexterity



that was entirely in character; although, without his jesticulation of eye and mouth,—and especially the flourish of the whip, with which he imagined himself touching up a pair of fat horses,—I doubt whether his words would be worth recording, even if I could remember them. The gist of the reply was, that he accepted the whip as an emblem of peace, not punishment; and, this great affair over, we retired out of the presence in high good-humor, only regretting that we could not have seen the President sit down and fold up his legs (which is said to be a most extraordinary spectacle), or have heard him tell one of those delectable stories for which he is so celebrated. A good many of them are afloat upon the common talk of Washington, and are certainly the aptest, pithiest, and funniest little things imaginable; though, to be sure, they smack of the frontier freedom, and would not always bear repetition in a drawing-room, or on the immaculate page of the *Atlantic*.

“Good Heavens! what liberties have I been taking with one of the potentates of the earth, and the man on whose conduct more important consequences depend than on that of any other historical personage of the century! But with whom is an American citizen entitled to take a liberty, if not with his own chief magistrate? However, lest the above allusions to President Lincoln’s little peculiarities (already well known to the country and to the world) should be misinterpreted, I deem it proper to say a word or two in regard to him, of unfeigned respect and measurable confidence. He is evidently a man of keen faculties, and, what is still more to the purpose, of powerful character. As to his integrity, the people have that intuition of it which is never deceived. Before he actually entered upon his great office, and for a considerable time afterwards, there is no reason to suppose that he adequately estimated the gigantic task about to be imposed him, or, at least, had any distinct idea how it was to be managed; and I presume there may have been more than one veteran politician who proposed to himself to take the power out of President Lincoln’s hands into his own, leaving our honest friend only the public responsibility for the good or ill success of the career. The extremely imperfect development of his statesmanly qualities, at that period, may have justified such





NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE





designs. But the President is teachable by events, and has now spent a year in a very arduous course of education; he has a flexible mind, capable of much expansion, and convertible towards far loftier studies and activities than those of his early life; and if he came to Washington a backwoods humorist, he has already transformed himself into as good a statesman (to speak moderately) as his prime-minister."<sup>4</sup>

Hawthorne, it is believed, was the first to point out that Lincoln was essentially a Yankee, although it was not known until many years later that his ancestors came from New England. Hawthorne also hit upon the most remarkable element in Lincoln's character, his capacity for development, for rising level to every service to which he was called, no matter how exacting or exalted it might be.

The foot-notes that accompanied the original article in the *Atlantic* were written anonymously by Hawthorne, although on their face they seemed to be the work of the editor. They disclaimed all sympathy with the heresies expressed in the article. Many of Hawthorne's friends were incensed at the impudence of the supposed editorial comment. Even so subtle a critic as Henry James was deceived. Emerson, however, was able to detect the author of the notes from his style of writing. The note explaining the omission of the paragraphs from the description of Lincoln read as follows:

"We are compelled to omit two or three pages, in which the author describes the interview, and gives his idea of the personal appearance and deportment of the President. The sketch appears to have been written in a benign spirit, and perhaps conveys a not inaccurate impression of its august subject; but it lacks *reverence*, and it pains us to see a gentleman of ripe age, and who has spent years under the corrective influence of foreign institutions, falling into the characteristic and most ominous fault of Young America."<sup>5</sup>

4. The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne (Boston, 1889), Volume XII, pages 308-314.

5. *Ibid*, pages 312-313.



## A SWISS VILLAGE IN AMERICA

BY E. S. HANSEN

**A**MONG the hills of southern Wisconsin, amid scenery not unlike that in many parts of Switzerland, lies the little Swiss hamlet of New Glarus. Though its Alpine quiet is now disturbed by the whistle of the locomotive, and new-world enterprise has to some extent invaded the place, New Glarus can still lay claim to public attention as being the most distinctively Swiss village in the United States. Here Americans and Americanisms have made the least inroad, and here customs are adhered to which one must go to Switzerland to see duplicated. As the cars were bearing me to the little hamlet I recalled the causes which led to the planting of this colony over a half century ago.

The period of fifteen years just prior to 1845 had been a time of remarkable prosperity for Switzerland. The cessation of wars had repopulated the country, trade was extensively carried on, manufactures were increasing each year, and an era of still greater prosperity seemed likely to dawn. But in 1845 came a crisis. Crops were a partial failure; over-production of manufactures had thrown many out of employment; and the country was becoming overpopulated, making the amount of land allotted to the head of a family less and less each year. Hard pressed by these conditions, seeing starvation but a little way ahead unless some remedy could be devised, it was a serious throng of people that one day assembled in the Canton of Glarus to consider emigration as a means of relief. Out of this and subsequent meetings grew the Emigration Society. It petitioned the Government for aid, which responded by making an appropriation of 1,500 florins for the purpose of sending two pioneers to the United States, and on March 8th, Nicholas Durst and Fridolin



Streiff left their homes for the western world. They started with instructions from the society to purchase 1,200 acres of land in some suitable locality. After a long sea voyage and a still longer one through the country, much of the time on foot, they located this tract of land in Green County, Wisconsin.

In the mean time those at home were preparing a colony, and on the 10th of April, 1845, a hundred and ninety-three persons were collected on a small canal in the Canton of Glarus, ready to seek a better fortune in America. They knew they were leaving a land of poverty for one reputed to be broad and fertile, where labor would be richly rewarded. Yet they did not leave their well-beloved mountains without a regret. As the time came for their departure, and most of them were to leave their native home never to return, the Swiss love of country was almost strong enough to induce many to remain behind and battle with poverty among the old familiar hills. But wives and children must be supported, or perchance a home was to be made where the chosen Alpine maiden was to be brought in due time, and so they all resolutely turned their backs upon Switzerland and embarked upon the long voyage. On the last day of June they reached Baltimore. But where was to be their home? No news was awaiting them from the two pioneers, so they set out for the Western country, seeing much that was new to the simple peasant life, riding on the railroad for the first time, and occasionally hearing of the friends who had set out before them. At last, after a roundabout and often aimless travel they reached New Glarus, and found the two pioneers making ready for their arrival.

But we are now nearing the village itself, and awaking from our reverie we look out upon a most beautiful landscape. Hills on all sides, clad in green, are separated by broad and fertile valleys. At a distance is the Little Sugar River, while as we pass along numerous small streams where cattle are seeking refreshment greet the eye. We are carried past large and handsome farm houses, surrounded by fine out-buildings, all telling of the prosperity which has resulted from the industry and thrift of this people. Almost the first building we see after alighting from the train is one of the oldest in the village, and the nearest



approach to the typical Swiss cottage. It is a small two-story building, with roof sloping toward the street, and eaves almost entirely lacking. But what gives the house such a picturesque and un-American appearance is the side-covering of small, scale-like shingles, rounded at the bottom, and curled, cracked and mossy from age. Standing as it does near the railroad, and just opposite a warehouse of modern agriculture implements, it looks strange indeed.

At the time of my first visit to New Glarus the old stone church was still standing, the first house of worship which these people erected. A picturesque structure it was, its white plastered walls rising from an eminence in the center of the village, in plain view from all quarters, and it is with a feeling of regret that I do not see it now. It has been replaced with one costing many times as much, a stately structure befitting this prosperous people; yet I wish that it might have been built somewhere else, so that the odd old building might have remained. In the new church I trust are still preserved the old forms and customs, for there was the only place in the United States where the ritual of the Swiss Reformed denomination was carried out precisely as in Switzerland. The church is in connection with the synod of Eastern Switzerland, and from there are imported all books required in the service, none of the kind being used elsewhere in this country. The forms of worship observed by these people are interesting to Americans. On Sunday morning at nine o'clock the first bell is rung, and from that time until ten the people gather at the church, the sexes sitting separately. At ten o'clock the second bell is rung, when the minister leaves his home for the church, the ringing continuing until he arrives. The congregation rise as he enters and remains standing until he has read prayers and announced a text. Prayers are always read, and are never extemporaneous. The services are interspersed with singing by a male choir. After the benediction is pronounced comes the most singular part of all. The women all leave the church first, the bell ringing the while, and the men standing until every skirt has passed the door, when they follow led by the pastor. According to tradition the origin of the custom is something like this: Many hundreds of years ago, when the Swiss were being





oppressed by the Austrians, the town of Nafels, in Glarus, was one day surprised by the enemy during church service. But a woman, leaving the church during the service, gave the alarm, and all through the day, history records, the women were active in aiding to gain a victory over the Austrians. Since that time female worshippers in the Canton of Glarus have been accorded the right to leave the church first, the men standing in deference until they pass out. Of course it would not be right to impeach the bravery and gallantry of the men of Glarus by supposing that they had any other motive in so doing. In connection with the church must be mentioned the great Swiss holiday, Kilbi. This name is claimed to have come—apparently through a long series of corruptions—from “Kirchwethe,” or “church-hallowing.” It begins on the last Sunday in September in each year, and is the annual re-dedication of the church. On Sunday afternoon target shooting and dancing are moderately indulged in, but Kilbi is at its height on the following day. On Monday morning nearly every one repairs to the village. Old acquaintances are renewed and mirth and good cheer prevail. About noon the music and dancing commence, and continue until the following morning. This is what the Swiss considers the height of enjoyment.

The way a dance is managed in New Glarus is a novelty to Americans. There are usually three managers at each hall, whose principal duty it is to see that the young men are provided with partners. To meet this demand, the most attractive looking of three is sent out with a gaily-decked carriage and team, stopping where nimble young lasses are known to reside, and inviting them to seats in the carriage. They usually need no urging, and a load is soon procured and taken to the place of amusement, and the conveyance is off again in another direction on a similar errand. In regard to marriages the Swiss are quite superstitious. Tuesdays and Thursdays are the only days of the week on which they will have the ceremony performed. Wednesday is regarded as especially unlucky. A minister is usually called upon to perform the ceremony, couples seldom going before a civil officer for the purpose.

A few days before the wedding the couple go together to the



homes of those they wish to be present and extend verbal invitations. After the two have been pronounced man and wife they are saluted by the young men and boys with a profuse discharge of firearms. The more noise they can make at such a time the greater the honor paid to the newly-married couple.

Passing down a side street we came to an odd, irregular little building, over a stairway at the side of which were the signs "Photographs" and "Family Groupz." A small show-case at the foot of the stairs contained a few crude specimens of the photographic art, and also a card bearing the inscription:

"portraits in oil collor  
will no fade even in the  
sonn exposed."

We ascended the stairway and were followed by a man who produced a key to the studio, revealing his identity as the artist himself. The room was a dingy little garret, almost destitute of anything needed in the art to which it claimed to have been dedicated. A few glass slides were lying about the room, and against the walls were rude efforts at oil painting and sketching. On being asked if he had any views of the village the artist invited us downstairs to look over his collection. We now saw that he was also engaged in another business—one not generally connected with an artist's studio. The doors below were curtained, and on entering we saw our friend's principal stock in trade in bottles ranged back of a counter and in revenue-stamped kegs about the floor.

The residences in New Glarus are for the most part very good buildings. Many of them are large, and built in the prevailing styles of architecture. They have considerable outside ornamentation, and in their painting display the Swiss liking for bright colors. From the adaptability of the region in which they located to dairy farming, as well as from native instinct, the Swiss have for the most part followed that business. In it they have proved most successful, and many of them have made considerable fortunes. In times of distress in Switzerland, they have sent financial aid to their countrymen. Each year a number of the people visit their native home, but few have returned to Europe



to live. New Glarus has been isolated to a considerable extent from the outside world, thus preserving its distinctively Swiss characteristics. Yet it has prospered. The people have been industrious and frugal, and have elevated themselves from absolute want to the comfort and competence which they left their native soil to seek.



# HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

BY BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, ASSISTANT HISTORIAN OF THE CHURCH.

## CHAPTER IX

### *The Testimony of the Three Witnesses.*

AS already stated, the exact time when the translation of the Book of Mormon was completed cannot be definitely ascertained.<sup>1</sup> But as soon as the work was finished the Prophet dispatched a messenger from the home of the Whitmer's at Fayette, where he then was, to his parents, who were still living near Palmyra, with the pleasing intelligence that the work of translation was completed, and asked them to come to him. This information the Prophet's parents conveyed to Martin Harris, who determined to accompany them to the home of the Whitmers. Accordingly, the little party started the next morning, and before sunset met with the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery at the residence of Peter Whitmer, the father of David.<sup>2</sup>

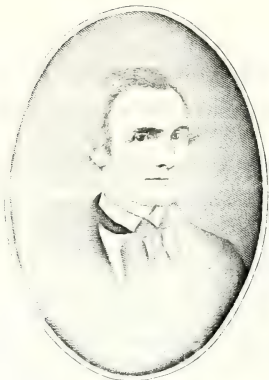
According to statements in the Book of Mormon itself, there were to be three witnesses who were to be granted the privilege of beholding the plates from which the book was translated and the associated sacred things. Speaking prophetically of the time

1. According to the history of the Prophet it was early in June, 1829, when David Whitmer took Joseph and his wife and Oliver Cowdery to his father's home near Waterloo, at the north end of Seneca Lake, to the neighborhood called Fayette. There the Prophet remained until the translation was completed and the copyright secured. Since David Whitmer arrived at Harmony "in the beginning of June", to take the Prophet and his wife and Oliver Cowdery to his father's home, and as Mr. John S. Gilbert (the chief compositor on the Book of Mormon,) says in a signed statement (New Witnesses for God, Vol. II, p. 122, note) that he commenced the work of setting the type for the Book of Mormon in August, 1829, the translation was completed between those dates, that is, between the early part of June, 1829, and August of the same year, as the work of translation was completed before the work of printing began.

2. History of the Prophet Joseph, (Lucy Smith) Chap. XXXI.



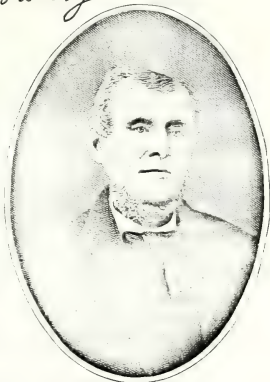




*Oliver Cowdery*



*David Whitmer*



*Martin Harris*

THE THREE WITNESSES



when the book should be brought forth, one of the prophets, the first Nephi, said:

“When the book shall be delivered unto the man of whom I have spoken, the book shall be hid from the eyes of the world, that none shall behold it save it be that Three Witnesses shall behold it by the power of God, besides him to whom the book shall be delivered; and they shall testify to the truth of the book and the things therein. And there is none other which shall view it, save it be a few according to the will of God, to bear testimony of his word unto the children of men; for the Lord God hath said, that the words of the faithful shall speak as if it were from the dead. Wherefore the Lord God will proceed to bring forth the words of the book; and in the mouth of as many witnesses as seemeth him good, will be established his word; and woe be unto him that rejecteth the word of God.”<sup>3</sup>

Moroni also, in the part he contributed to the book, declares that the one who shall bring forth the record “may show the plates unto those who shall assist to bring forth this work; and unto three they shall be shown by the power of God.”<sup>4</sup>

From these passages in the Book of Mormon itself, it appears that there are to be two classes of special witnesses to its truth, besides the one who shall bring forth the book:

1. Three Witnesses who shall behold the plates of the record “by the power of God.”

2. A “Few” others, “according to the will of God,” shall behold them, “that they may bear testimony to the word of God unto the children of men.”

There seems to be indicated this distinction between the first and second class of witnesses—between the “Three” and the other “Few.” The first are to see the plates under some circumstance attended by a demonstration of the power of God; while no promise of such a demonstration is given to the second class.

As these special witnesses, according to the prophecy, were to be chosen from among those who would assist in bringing forth the work, meaning the Book of Mormon, it is not surprising that Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris desired to

3. 1 Nephi, Ch. XXVII.

4. Ether, Ch. V 2, 4.



be the Three Special Witnesses, as they were most prominent in assisting to bring forth the work. They besought the Prophet Joseph Smith, therefore, to inquire of the Lord if they might attain unto this honor, and for an answer the following revelation was received for them:

“Behold, I say unto you, that you must rely upon my word, which, if you do with full purpose of heart, you shall have a view of the plates, and also the breast plate, the sword of Laban, the Urim and Thummim, which were given to the brother of Jared upon the amount when he talked with the Lord face to face, and the miraculous directors which were given to Lehi while in the wilderness on the border of the Red Sea; and it is by your faith that you shall obtain a view of them, even by that faith which was had by the prophets of old. And after you have obtained faith, and have seen them with your eyes, you shall testify of them by the power of God.”<sup>5</sup>

According to the statement of Lucy Smith, it was the day following the arrival of the above party from Palmyra that the Three Witnesses obtained their view of the plates; but neither in her work nor in any of our annals is the date of the occurrence given. Lucy Smith however, relates the following interesting detail connected with Martin Harris becoming one of the Three Witnesses:

“The next morning [i. e. following the arrival of the party from Palmyra], after attending to the usual services, namely, reading from the scriptures, singing, and praying, Joseph arose from his knees, and approaching Martin Harris with a solemnity that thrills through my veins to this day, when it occurs to my recollection, said: ‘Martin Harris, you have got to humble yourself before your God this day, that you may obtain a forgiveness of your sins. If you do, it is the will of God that you should look, upon the plates, in company with Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer.’”<sup>6</sup>

When the egotism and stubbornness of Martin Harris is taken into account, this preliminary admonition of the Prophet to him is eminently fitting and necessary and in harmony with all the

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5. Hist. of the Church, Vol. I, p. 53, also Doc. & Cov. Sec. XVII.

6. Hist. of the Prophet (Lucy Smith) Chapt. XXXI.



circumstances of Martin's character and the subsequent facts to be related.

Lucy Smith, continuing her narrative, says:

"Joseph, Oliver and David, repaired to a grove, a short distance from the house, where they commenced calling upon the Lord, and continued in earnest supplication, until he permitted an angel to come down from his presence and declare to them that all Joseph testified of concerning the plates was true. When they returned to the house, it was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Whitmer, Mr. Smith and myself were sitting in a bedroom at the time. On coming in Joseph threw himself down beside me, and exclaimed: "Father, mother, you do not know how happy I am; the Lord has now caused the plates to be shown to three more besides myself. They have seen an angel, who has testified to them, and they will have to bear witness to the truth of what I have said, for now they know for themselves that I do not go about to deceive the people, and I feel as if I was relieved of a burden which was almost too heavy for me to bear, and it rejoices my soul, that I am not any longer to be entirely alone in the work." Upon this Martin Harris came in: He seemed almost overcome with joy, and testified boldly to what he had both seen and heard. And so did David and Oliver, adding, that no tongue could express the joy of their hearts, and the greatness of the things which they had both seen and heard."

The Prophet's own account of the circumstances attendant upon the revelation to the Three Witnesses is both interesting and important. After making reference to the revelation already quoted which promised the three men named, Cowdery, Whitmer and Harris, that they should view the plates of the Book of Mormon, and the other sacred things named, the Prophet in his history says:

"Not many days after the above commandment was given, we four, viz. Martin Harris, David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, and myself, agreed to retire into the woods and try to obtain by fervent and humble prayer, the fulfillment of the promises given in the revelation, that they should have a view of the plates, etc. We accordingly made choice of a piece of woods convenient to Mr. Whitmer's house, to which we retired, and having knelt down





we began to pray in much faith to Almighty God to bestow upon us a realization of these promises. According to previous arrangements, I commenced by vocal prayer to our heavenly Father, and was followed by each of the rest in succession. We did not, however, obtain any answer or manifestation of the divine favor in our behalf. We again observed the same order of prayer, each calling on and praying fervently to God in rotation, but with the same result as before. Upon this our second failure, Martin Harris proposed that he should withdraw himself from us, believing, as he expressed himself, that his presence was the cause of our not obtaining what we wished for; he accordingly withdrew from us, and we knelt down again, and had not been many minutes engaged in prayer, when presently we beheld a light above us in the air of exceeding brightness; and, behold, an angel stood before us; in his hands he held the plates which we had been praying for these to have a view of. He turned over the leaves one by one, so that we could see them and discover the engravings thereon distinctly. He then addressed himself to David Whitmer, and said, "David, blessed is the Lord, and he that keeps his commandments." When immediately afterwards, we heard a voice from out of the bright light above us, saying: "These plates have been revealed by the power of God, and they have been translated by the power of God. The translation of them which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear."

I now left David and Oliver, and went in pursuit of Martin Harris, whom I found at a considerable distance fervently engaged in prayer. He soon told me, however, that he had not yet prevailed with the Lord, and earnestly requested me to join him in prayer, that he also might realize the same blessings which we had just received. We accordingly joined in prayer, and ultimately obtained our desires, for before we had yet finished, the same vision was opened to our view, at least it was again to me, and I once more beheld and heard the same things, whilst at the same moment Martin Harris cried out, apparently in ecstasy of joy, "'Tis enough; mine eyes have beheld!" and jumping up, he shouted hosannah, blessing God and otherwise rejoiced exceedingly."<sup>8</sup>

As a result of this revelation, given under such remarkable circumstances and demonstrations of the power of God, the Three Witnesses published the following statement to the world:

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8. Hist. of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 54, 55.



*The Testimony of Three Witnesses.*

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shewn unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes, nevertheless the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

*Oliver Cowdery**David Whitmer**Martin Harris*

NOTES: 1. SUBSEQUENT TESTIMONIES OF THE THREE WITNESSES.

*Oliver Cowdery*: Concerning the manner in which the plates and other sacred things were shown to him, beyond what is stated in the testimony of the Three Witnesses published in the



first and every subsequent edition of the Book of Mormon. Oliver Cowdery, so far as I know, has left nothing on record further than what he said at a General Conference of the Church held at Kaneshville, (now Council Bluffs, Iowa) October 21st, 1848. It was the occasion of his returning to the Church after an estrangement of eleven years, and renewing his covenants and fellowship with the people of God. He arose and said:

*"Friends and Brethren:* My name is Cowdery, Oliver Cowdery. In the early history of this Church I stood identified with her, and one in her councils. True it is that the gifts and callings of God are without repentance; not because I was better than the rest of mankind was I called; but, to fulfill the purposes of God, he called me to a high and holy calling.

I wrote, with my own pen, the entire Book of Mormon (save a few pages) as it fell from the lips of the Prophet Joseph, as he translated it by the gift and power of God, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, or, as it is called by the book, "Holy Interpreters." I beheld with my eyes, and handled with my hands, the gold plates from which it was transcribed. I also saw with my eyes and handled with my hands the "Holy Interpreters." That book is true. Signey Rigdon did not write it. Mr. Spaulding did not write it. I wrote it myself as it fell from the lips of the Prophet. It contains the everlasting gospel, and came forth to the children of men in fulfillment of the revelations of John, where he says he say an angel come with the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, kindred, tongue and people. (Rev. XIV). It contains principles of salvation; and if you, my hearers, will walk by its light and obey its precepts, you will be saved with an everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God on high."

9. Deseret News, 13th April, 1859. Also Mill. Star, Vol. XI, p. 43, et seq. It is charged by one G. J. Keen in an affidavit dated 14th April, 1885, that Oliver Cowdery joined the "Methodist Protestant Church" of Tiffin, Ohio; and that upon inquiry as to his former "connections with Mormonism and the Book of Mormon," and his willingness to "make public recantation", he replied that he had objections to doing that, but authorized the Committee who waited upon him to make known his "recantation;" and that afterwards in a public meeting at which he was received into fellowship, it is charged that he "admitted his error and employed forgiveness," and said he "was sorry and ashamed of his connection with Mormonism". The affidavit was published in *"The Naked Truth About Mormonism"*, Vol. I, No. 2, Oakland, Cal., April, 1888, A. B. Deming, author. Mr. Deming was a bitter Anti-Mormon, and the affidavit unsupported by corroborative proof must be held as very unreliable evidence. But even if it be held to possess evidential value, there is nowhere in it a specific denial by Oliver Cowdery of his testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon. The fact that Oliver Cowdery afterwards returned to the Church, at a time when that Church was making its Exodus from the United States into the western wilderness, and renewed his testimony to the Book of Mormon and his fellowship with the Church, and the fact that he persisted in that testimony until his death. (See New Witnesses for God, Vol. II, Chap. XVII) is rather strong evidence that even the alleged partial and indefinite "recantation" recited in the Keen affidavit, never took place.



*Martin Harris:* So far as any direct personal statement is concerned, Martin Harris is silent as to the manner in which the plates were shown to him; but Elder Edward Stevenson, of the First Council of the Seventy of the Church, who was much interested in Mr. Harris during the closing years of that gentleman's life, states that at a gathering of friends at his (Stevenson's) house, in Salt Lake City, Harris was asked to explain the manner in which the plates containing the characters of the Book of Mormon were exhibited. The response he made is thus described:

"Brother Harris, said that the angel stood on the opposite side of the table on which were the plates, the interpreters, etc., and took the plates in his hand and turned them over. To more fully illustrate this to them, [i. e. Stevenson's guests] Brother Martin took up a book and turned the leaves over one by one. The angel declared that the Book of Mormon, was correctly translated by the power of God, and not of man, and that it contained the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the Nephites, who were a branch of the House of Israel, and had come from the land of Jerusalem to America. The witnesses were required to bear their testimony of these things, and of this open vision, to all people, and he (Harris) testified, not only to those present, but to all the world, that these things were true, and before God, whom he expected to meet in the day of judgment, he lied not."<sup>10</sup>

*David Whitmer:* This witness made a statement to Elders Orson Pratt and Joseph F. Smith, in the course of an interview at Richmond, Missouri, on the 7th of September, 1878, in which he gives quite a minute description of the manner in which the plates and the other sacred things were shown to himself and Oliver Cowdery in the presence of Joseph Smith. Mr. Whitmer's account of the event as related by Elders Pratt and Smith is as follows:

*Elder Orson Pratt:* Do you remember what time you saw the plates?

*David Whitmer:* It was in June, 1829, the latter part of the month, and the Eight Witnesses saw them, I think, the next day or the day after (i. e. one or two days after). Joseph showed them the plates himself but the angel showed us (the Three Witnesses) the plates, as I suppose to fulfill the words of the book itself. Martin Harris was not with us at this time; he obtained a view of them afterwards (the same day). Joseph, Oliver and myself were together when I saw them. We not only saw the plates of the Book of Mormon, but also the brass plates, [a jew-

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10. (Letters of Edward Stevenson to *Mill. Star*, Vol. XLVIII, pp. 367-389.)





ish record carried by Lehi's colony from Jerusalem and frequently referred to in the Book of Mormon] the plates of the Book of Ether, the plates containing the records of the wickedness and secret combinations of the people of the world down to the time of their being engraved, and many other plates. The fact is, it was just as though Joseph, Oliver and I were sitting just here on a log, when we were overshadowed by a light. It was not like the light of the sun nor like that of a fire, but more glorious and beautiful. It extended away round us, I cannot tell how far, but in the midst of this light about as far off as he sits (pointing to John C. Whitmer, sitting a few feet from him), there appeared, as it were, a table with many records or plates upon it, besides the plates of the Book of Mormon, also the sword of Laban, the directors, i. e., the ball which Lehi had, and the interpreters. I saw them just as plain as I see this bed (striking the bed beside him with his hand), and I heard the voice of the Lord, as distinctly as I ever heard anything in my life, declaring that the records of the plates of the Book of Mormon were translated by the gift and power of God.

*Elder Orson Pratt:* Did you see the angel at this time?

*David Whitmer:* Yes, he stood before us. Our testimony as recorded in the Book of Mormon is strictly and absolutely true, just as it is there written.<sup>11</sup>

## 2. THE POSITIVE STRENGTH OF THE TESTIMONY OF THE THREE WITNESSES.

The testimony of the Three Witnesses was published in the first and also in every subsequent edition of the Book of Mormon. That testimony has never been refuted. From the very nature of the testimony it cannot be refuted. No one can rise up and say these men did not receive this revelation; that they did not see an angel from heaven; that he did not show to them the plates; that they did not see the glorious light in which the angel stood; that they did not hear the voice of God saying that the translation of the record was true, and was accomplished through the gift and power of God. No one can say any one of these things. An argument may be formulated against the probability of such an occurrence. It may be alleged that they were ignorant, uncritical, incompetent and therefore unworthy of belief. All this may be done, nay, it has been done; but no one can

11. (Mill. Star, Vol. XL, Nos. 49, 50, Report of Pratt and Smith, is signed by them and bears date of Sept. 17, 1878.)



stand up and say that he knows what they say is not true, that what they say they saw and heard, they did not see and hear.

### 3. THE ADHERENCE OF THE WITNESSES TO THEIR TESTIMONY.

The Witnesses themselves always adhered to the truth of their testimony. They never denied what they in their now celebrated testimony so solemnly affirmed. It was reported at different times during their life time that they had denied their testimony, and such statements are to be found in the earlier editions of such standard works as the American Encyclopaedia and in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. But those statements are not true; David Whitmer, who lived to a great age, eighty-four (he died the 25th of January, 1888), specifically denied the truth of these statements, saying: "It is recorded in the American Cyclopaedia and the Encyclopaedia Britannica, that I, David Whitmer, have denied my testimony as one of the Three Witnesses to the divinity of the Book of Mormon; and that the other two Witnesses, Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris, denied their testimony to that book. I will say once more to all mankind, that I have never at any time denied that testimony or any part thereof. I also testify to the world, that neither Oliver Cowdery nor Martin Harris ever at any time denied their testimony. They both died reaffirming the truth of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon."<sup>12</sup>

The evidence relied upon that they had denied their testimony to the Book of Mormon was the fact that they either left the Church or were excommunicated from it. Both Martin Harris and Oliver Cowdery, however, returned to the Church and died in full faith and fellowship. And while David Whitmer remained separated from the communion of the Church to the day of his death, he still adhered to the truth of his testimony, as is abundantly witnessed by his "Address to all Believers in Christ," published only about one year before his death. The trying circumstances under which the Witnesses persisted in maintaining the truth of that testimony is also known. Neither separation from Joseph Smith as a companion and associate, nor

12. ("Address to all Believers in Christ." By David Whitmer. A Witness to the Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Richmond, Mo., 1887, p. 8.)



excommunication from the body religious, brought into existence as a sequence, one may say, of the coming forth of the Nephite Record, affected them as Witnesses. In the Church and while out of it they steadfastly maintained what they first published to the world respecting the Book of Mormon. They never attempted to resolve the appearance of the angel, the exhibition of the plates, or hearing the voice of the Lord into hallucination of the mind; nor did they ever attempt to refer this really great event to some jugglery on the part of Joseph Smith. They never allowed even the possibility of their being mistaken in the matter. They saw; they heard; the splendor of God shone about them; they felt his presence. They were not deluded. The several incidents making up this great revelation were too palpable to the strongest senses of the mind to admit of any doubt as to their reality. The great revelation was not given in a dream or vision of the night. There was no mysticism about it. Nothing unseemly or occult. It was a simple, straightforward, open fact that had taken place before their eyes. The visitation of the angel was in the broad light of day. Moreover, it occurred after such religious exercises as were worthy to attend upon such an event, *viz*: after morning devotional exercises common to all really Christian families of that period—the reading of a scripture lesson, singing a hymn, and prayer; and after arriving at the scene of the revelation, devout prayer was again engaged in by the Prophet and each of the then-to-be Witnesses. The revelation then followed under the circumstances already detailed.<sup>13</sup>

## CHAPTER X

### THE TESTIMONY OF THE EIGHT WITNESSES.

A few days after the Three Witnesses obtained their view of the Nephite Plates, said plates were shown to the Eight Witnesses by the Prophet himself. Lucy Smith gives the most detailed account of the attendant circumstances. The day following the one on which the Three Witnesses received their testimony, the Palmyra party, consisting of the Prophet's father and

13. (The reader will find every phase of the testimony of the Three Witnesses discussed in great detail in *New Witnesses for God*, Vol. II, Chaps. XV to XX inc.)



mother and Martin Harris returned home; and now Lucy Smith's Statement:

In a few days we were followed by Joseph, Oliver and the Whitmers, who came to make us a visit, and make some arrangements about getting the book printed. Soon after they came, all the male part of the company, with my husband, Samuel and Hyrum, retired to a place where the family were in the habit of offering up their devotions to God. They went to this place because it had been revealed to Joseph that the plates would be carried thither by one of the ancient Nephites. Here it was that those Eight Witnesses, whose names are recorded in the Book of Mormon, looked upon them and handled them. \* \* \* After these witnesses returned to the house, the angel again made his appearance to Joseph at which time Joseph delivered up the plates into the angel's hands.<sup>1</sup>

This narrative is confirmed by the statement of Joseph himself with respect to delivering up the record to the angel. At the time the plates were first given into the Prophet's keeping he was informed that the heavenly messenger would call for them. He then recounts the efforts made to wrest the plates from him by his enemies, and adds:

But by the wisdom of God they remained safe in my hands, until I had accomplished by them what was required at my hand. When, according to arrangements, the messenger [the angel Moroni] called for them, I delivered them up to him; and he has them in his charge until this day, being the 2d day of May 1838.<sup>2</sup>

In the evening of the day that the Eight Witnesses saw and examined the Nephite plates, according to Lucy Smith, the Witnesses held meeting at the Smith residence, "in which all the Witnesses bore testimony to the facts as stated above," that is, to the facts stated in their testimony as here given and which appeared in the first and in all subsequent editions of the Book of Mormon.

#### THE TESTIMONY OF EIGHT WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jr., the

1. History of the Prophet Joseph (Lucy Smith) Ch. XXXI.  
2. History of the Church, Vol. I, Ch. III.





translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and *hefted*, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

CHRISTIAN WHITMER,	HIRUM PAGE,
JACOB WHITMER,	JOSEPH SMITH, SEN.,
PETER WHITMER, JR.,	HIRUM SMITH,
JOHN WHITMER,	SAMUEL H. SMITH.

The testimony of the Eight Witnesses differs from that of the Three Witnesses in that the view of the plates by the latter was attended by a remarkable display of the glory and power of God, and the ministration of an angel; but no such remarkable display of God's splendor and power was attendant upon the exhibition of the plates to the Eight Witnesses. On the contrary, it was just a plain, matter-of-fact exhibition of the plates by the Prophet himself to his friends. They saw the plates; they handled them; they turned the leaves of the old Nephite record, and saw and marveled at its curious workmanship. No brilliant light illuminated the forest or dazzled their vision; no angel was there to awe them by the splendor of his presence; no piercing voice of God from the midst of a glory to make them tremble by its power. All these supernatural circumstances present at the view of the plates by the Three Witnesses were absent at the time when the Eight Witnesses saw them. In this latter event all was natural, matter-of-fact, plain. Nothing to inspire awe, or fear, or dread; nothing uncanny or overwhelming, but just a plain, straightforward proceeding that leaves men in possession of all their faculties, and self-consciousness; all of which renders such a thing as deception, or imposition entirely out of the question. They could pass the plates from hand to hand, guess at their weight—doubtless considerable, that idea being conveyed in the statement, “we have seen and *hefted*, and know of a surety,



that the said Smith has got the plates." They could look upon the engravings, and observe calmly how different they were from everything modern in the way of record-making known to them, and hence the conclusion that the workmanship was not only curious but ancient.

Of these Eight Witnesses five of them, viz: Christian Whitmer, Peter Whitmer, Jr., Joseph Smith, Sen., Hyrum Smith, and Samuel H. Smith, all remained true throughout their lives, not only to their testimony, but faithful to the Church also, and were honorable, upright men. While the three of the Eight Witnesses who left the Church, or were excommunicated from it, viz.: John Whitmer, Hiram Page, and Jacob Whitmer, not one of them ever denied the truth of his testimony;<sup>1</sup> a circumstance of some weight in helping one to determine the value of the testimony to which, with those who remained faithful to the Church, they subscribed their names when the Book of Mormon was first given to the world.

It is to be observed that what may be called two kinds of testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon is found in the Statements of the Three and Eight Witnesses respectively: viz: what men would call miraculous and ordinary. Had there been but one kind of testimony the matter would have been much simplified for the objector. Had the testimony of the Three Witnesses been the only kind given; that is, if the plates had been exhibited to the Eight Witnesses in the same manner as they had been revealed to the Three, then, perhaps, mental hallucination might have been urged with more show of reason. Or, if the Three Witnesses had seen the plates in the same manner as the Eight did, in a plain, matter-of-fact way, without any display of the divine power, then the theory of pure fabrication, with collusion on the part of all those who assisted in bringing forth the work, would have more standing. But with the two kinds of testimony to deal with it is extremely difficult for objectors to dispose of the matter.

Anti-Mormon writers are much divided as to their treatment of

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1. A brief biography of each of these Eight Witnesses, together with an analysis of their testimony will be found in "New Witnesses for God", Vol. II, Chapters XX and XXI.



the testimony of these Eleven Witnesses. The early Anti-Mormon writers generally assumed a conspiracy between Joseph Smith and the Witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and hence accorded no importance to either group—the Three or the Eight.<sup>2</sup> Later, however, the force of the testimony of the Witnesses persisting, and pressing for an explanation which the theory of conspiracy and collusion did not satisfy, there began to be advanced the theory that probably Joseph Smith had in some way deceived the Witnesses and thus brought them to give their testimony to the world. Such is the attitude of Daniel P. Kidder, Author of “Mormonism and the Mormons,” published in 1842;<sup>3</sup> also of the Rev. Henry Caswell, Professor of Divinity in Kemper College of Missouri, Author of “The Prophet of the Nineteenth Century,” 1843;<sup>4</sup> also of Professor J. B. Turner of Illinois College, Jacksonville, Illinois, author of “Mormonism in All Ages,” 1842.<sup>5</sup> Governor Ford, of Illinois, states this same theory very circumstantially, in his “History of Illinois,” published in 1854, but modestly “leaves it to philosophers to determine whether the fumes of an enthusiastic and fanatical imagination are thus capable of binding the mind and deceiving the senses by so absurd a delusion.”<sup>6</sup>

A third class of Anti-Mormon writers—the latest in the field and who now doubtless hold the field against all others among intelligent readers—insist that Joseph Smith himself was deceived—“genuinely deluded by the automatic freaks of a vigorous but undisciplined brain.” So Lily Dougall, Author of “The Mormon Prophet,”<sup>7</sup> 1899, holds.

It remained, however, for the year of grace 1902 to witness the setting forth of these theories under the learned formulas of a scientific treatise, in which the testimony of the Witnesses received special consideration. Mr. I. Woodbridge Riley, the author of

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2. Thus Alexander Campbell in *Millennial Harginger*, Vol. II (1831), pp. 86-96. Also Howe's *Mormonism*, (1834). Howe thinks the Witnesses incompetent. “Nor will any one disagree with us, when we shall have proven that the Book of Mormon was a joint speculation between the ‘Author and proprietor.’ (Joseph Smith is alluded to) and the Witnesses,” Ch. VII, p. 96 (first Edition).

3. p. 54, 55.

4. p. 46.

5. p. 179.

6. *History of Illinois*, pp. 257, 8.

7. *Preface*, p. vii.



the work referred to, after quoting the account of the exhibition of the plates by the angel to the Three Witnesses, as related in the History of Joseph Smith, regards the duty before him to be to find to what degree the manifestations are explicable on the grounds of subjective hallucination, induced by hypnotic suggestion."<sup>8</sup>

Mr. Riley is positive and elaborate in his exposition of the theory of hallucination under hypnotic suggestion in accounting for the testimony of the Three Witnesses; but brief and markedly less sure of his ground in relation to the testimony of the Eight. Here he can only say that the "Bucolic Phrases" of the Witnesses—to the effect that they had "seen" and both "handled" and "hefted" the plates—"properly interpreted, suggest both visual and tactual sense illusion." He offers, however, as an alternative, the theory of "pure fabrication"; and the formal, collective statement of the witnesses he refers to as a document due to the "affidavit habit," characteristic of the times! This or "Collective hypnotization," must account for their testimony; and what Mr. Riley says for collective hypnotization is not convincing; it scarcely amounts to more than a suggestion, and is timidly put forth.

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8. "The Founder of Mormonism, A Psychological Study of Joseph Smith, Jr., by I. Woodbridge Riley, one time instructor in English, New York University," (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, 1902). It cannot be denied that Mr. Riley's book is an ingenious work, and bears evidence of wide erudition, and an intimate knowledge of the subject. Mr. Riley's treatise, a book of 426 pages, was offered to the Philosophical Faculty of Yale University as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His materials were also used in 1898 for a "Master of Art," thesis on the "Metaphysics of Mormonism." The book has an introductory preface by Professor George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale University, commending the work by laudatory praise of it. The author himself explains that his aim is "to examine Joseph Smith's character and achievements from the standpoint of recent psychology." He makes a pathological study of the ancestors of the Prophet, and reaches the conclusion that Joseph Smith's "abnormal experiences" (meaning his visions, revelations and visitations of angels) are the result of epilepsy. This is his working hypothesis in accounting for Joseph Smith, supplemented by what he considers is the Prophet's unconscious liability to self hypnosis, and his hypnotic power over others sufficient to make them partakers in his own vivid hallucinations. The hypothesis is an adroitly conceived one, and worked out on lines of sophistry that by many will be mistaken for sound reasoning. The whole theory is overthrown, however, by the work the Prophet achieved, the institution he founded, the Church, the religion he established, the philosophy he planted; all of which, to an epileptic, would be impossible. To Mr. Theodore Schroeder "the conclusions" of Mr. Riley "are very unsatisfactory because so many material considerations were overlooked by that author". "American Historical Magazine", Vol. I, p. 394. Note.

An extended review of Mr. Riley's book will be found in the author's work, "Defense of the Faith and the Saints," pp. 39-61.





It is just at this point that the two kinds of testimony found in the testimony of the Three Witnesses and the Eight, respectively, act and react upon each other in a manner quite remarkable. The "mental mirage" theory might offer a possible solution for the vision of The Three Witnesses, but what of the testimony of the Eight Witnesses—all so plain, matter-of-fact, straightforward and real? How shall that be accounted for? Here all the miraculous is absent. It is a man to man transaction. Neither superstition, nor expectation of the supernatural can play any part in working up an illusion or "mental mirage" respecting what the Eight Witnesses saw and handled. Their testimony must be accounted for on some other hypothesis than that of hallucination. And indeed it is. Some regard it as a mere fabrication of interested parties to the general scheme of deception. This, however, is an arbitrary proceeding, not warranted by a just treatment of the facts involved. Others, impressed with the evident honesty of the Witnesses, or not being able to account for the matter in any other way, admit that Joseph Smith must have had plates which he exhibited to the Eight Witnesses, but deceived them as to the manner in which he came in possession of them. Such is the conclusion of Tucker;<sup>9</sup> Rev. William Harris;<sup>10</sup> Daniel P. Kidder;<sup>11</sup> Professor Tumer also adopts the same theory;<sup>12</sup> as also does John Hyde.<sup>13</sup> The net result then of the Anti-Mormon speculations in relation to the Testimony of the Three Witnesses and the Eight is the theory of hallucination to account for the Testimony of the Three Witnesses, and pure fabrication, with the possibility of deception by Joseph Smith as to the existence of some kind of plates lurking in the back ground, to account for the testimony of the Eight Witnesses.

But the testimony of the Three and the Eight Witnesses, respectively, stands or falls together. If the pure fabrication theory is adopted to explain away the testimony of the Eight Witnesses, there is no reason why it should not be adopted to explain away the testimony of the Three. But every circumstance con-

9. *Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism*, p. 75.

10. "Mormonism Portrayed" (1841) pp. 4-10.

11. "Mormonism" (1842) pp. 52, 53.

12. "Mormonism in All Ages", p. 178.

13. "Mormonism, Its Leaders and Designs", pp. 269, 270.



nected with the testimony of all these Witnesses, as we have seen, cries out against the theory of "pure fabrication." It is in recognition of the evident honesty of the Three Witnesses that the theory of mental hallucination is invented to account for their testimony; as it is also the evident honesty of the Eight Witnesses that leads to the admission by many anti-Mormon writers that Joseph Smith must have had some kind of plates which he exhibited to the Eight Witnesses, though he may not have obtained them through supernatural means.

The theory of pure fabrication of the testimony of the Witnesses is absolutely overwhelmed by the evidence of their honesty. But why have the "pure fabrication" theory to account for the testimony of the Eight Witnesses, and the "mental hallucination" theory to account for the testimony of the Three? If the testimony of the Eight is pure fabrication is not the testimony of the Three pure fabrications also? Or, at least, is it not most likely to be so? For if conscious fraud, and pure fabrication lurk anywhere in Joseph Smith's and the Eleven Witnesses' account of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, would it not exist throughout the whole proceeding?

The Hallucination theory breaks down under the force of the matter-of-fact testimony of the Eight Witnesses, from which all possible elements of hallucination are absent.

The manifestation of divine power, through which the Three Witnesses received their testimony, destroys the theory of deception alleged to have been practiced by the Prophet on the credulity of the Eight Witnesses by exhibiting plates either manufactured by himself or some ancient plates accidentally discovered.

Such, then is the force of this direct testimony of the Eleven Witnesses to the truth of the Book of Mormon—the testimony of the Three and the Eight when considered together. It is so palpably true that it cannot be resolved into illusion or mistake. It is so evidently honest that it cannot be resolved into pure fabrication. It is of such a nature that it would not possibly have been the result of deception wrought by the cunning of Joseph Smith. There remains after these but one other theory. "The



Witnesses were honest." They saw and heard and handled what they say they saw, and heard, and handled.

NOTE: IMPROBABILITY OF COLLUSION BETWEEN JOSEPH SMITH AND THE THREE WITNESSES.

The persistence of these Witnesses in adhering to their testimony after their connection with Joseph Smith and the Church was severed, is strong evidence against the presumption of collusion among these young men to deceive the world. Suppose, for a moment, however, that such a collusion did exist. In that event, if the Three Witnesses fell into transgression—as they evidently did—and violated Church discipline ever so flagrantly, would Joseph Smith dare to break friendship with them by excommunicating them? Would he not, on the contrary, say in his heart: It matters not what these men may do, I dare not raise my hand against them: for if I do they will divulge our secret compact, and I shall be execrated as a vile impostor by the whole world. I shall be repudiated by my own people, and driven out from all society as a vagabond. At whatever cost I must cover up their iniquity, lest I myself by them be exposed to shame. Such, doubtless, would have been his course of reasoning; and had he with them conspired to deceive mankind, such, doubtless, is what would have taken place; for I maintain that men who would be base enough to concoct such a deception would also be base enough to expose it and become traitors when they became disaffected towards each other. But nothing of the kind took place. When these men violated Church discipline and would not repeat and forsake the evil they did, neither Joseph Smith nor the Church would any longer fellowship them but boldly excommunicated them.

By the act of excommunication, Joseph Smith virtually said to the Three Witnesses: Gentlemen, God has made you witnesses for himself in this age of spiritual darkness and unbelief, but you refuse to keep his laws, therefore we must withdraw the hand of fellowship from you. This may fill you with anger and malice; you may raise your hand against me and the work of God to destroy it; a wicked spirit may put it into your hearts to deny the testimony you have borne; but I know you receive that witness from God, I was with you when you received it, I saw the glorious messenger from heaven show you the plates; I, myself, heard the voice of God bear record to you that the translation was correct and the work true—now deny that testimony if you dare—this work is of God and he can sustain it even if you should turn against it; therefore, we will not fellowship you in your



insubordination—you are cut off from our association—do your worst! That is what, in effect, that action said; but though Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer became the pronounced enemies of Joseph Smith, and sought his overthrow, yet they never denied the testimony they bore to the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon. Through all the vicissitudes of life they remained true to that trust committed to them of God. In my opinion they dared not deny that which God had revealed; it drew with it consequences too weighty for them to meet. And the same conclusions must hold with reference to the three out of the group of Eight Witnesses who left the Church or were excommunicated.<sup>14</sup>

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14. New Witnesses for God, Vol. II, Chs. XIV to XXI inclusive.





# EDITORIAL

AMERICANA is issued monthly by the National Americana Society.

President and Treasurer—DAVID I. NELKE.

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Philosophers have difficulty in locating the soul. It seems possible that it is a refined, spiritualized set of nerves; the nervous system in a state of repose, so to speak, looking back on action after action is finished. And in the contemplation it

takes out what is beautiful and ideal, refusing

ESTHETICS AND the gross and ugly. Therefore, we are able

HISTORY to build visions of beauty for the future, form

hopes of felicity and cherish pictures made

up out of our more agreeable experiences; therefore, we are capable of culling from the related experiences of others delicate and lovely ideas that help to preserve in us our faith and imagination.

This dainty selection is a talent with some, who carry the gift of getting the best out of tales, recitals and histories to a point of perfection; like the *flair* of the butterfly for perfume. What makes a man good or bad is the amount of past and future he is capable of bringing to bear upon his present. If memories influence him, if ideals govern him he can no more help doing his best than a flower can help turning toward the sun. It is only when the present is the god of a creature that it becomes wholly lost to improvement. Perhaps then, we can measure the ideality of people by the interest they have in the picturesque aspects of history; by their preference for dwelling upon heroic figures placed in appropriate surroundings, rather than in those mathematical calculations that occupy columns in balancing the crowds here against other crowds there, in opposition. If statistics are necessary they are not inspiring except to the mercantile spirit. And who appreciates the esthetic quality of history passes lightly over its bald facts. But no sacrifice of



accuracy should be made, even to gain favor with a fastidious mind; there are things that insist upon being attended to; details that furnish the lath and plaster from which the great structure of an epoch must be built. Yet, no writer accomplishes a high purpose who does not "build better than he knows"—changing in his process the flying dust of his ugly bricks into the sun-gilt atmosphere that his readers may inhale with instinctive enthusiasm. History strikes fire out of sensitive souls; they glow and thrill, and feel the stirring of noble emulation. But it does more; it satisfies the eternal longing for other states of being than those we know personally; it lifts us above the petty surroundings of our limited existence into the wide and deep and serene sweeps of completed centuries where there is no more striving, but accomplishment mellowed by the touch of suns sunken below a far horizon. A good gift this; to possess an insight that passes the surface of truths to dive into their creating causes. Balsac said it was genius; but it is what all who care for it may have. Imagination is like a Virginia creeper, flourishing in any climate, and beautifying the poorest place. And the divination of philosophical truths is but a happy turn of imagination.

We are determined to claim for history a place among the fine arts; at least, among the esthetic arts. Used rightly, it stimulates the finer qualities of the intellect; and by example it furnishes a medium of expression for the latent heroism which every man has within him, only waiting for an opportunity to become manifest.

A more beautiful exposition of the religious needs of modern times could not be given than the creed of Dr. Eliot, of Harvard. Our daily newspapers have honored themselves in giving the whole article in their columns. It suggests a thousand happy

changes in the old straight and narrow conceptions of the Deity and of our relations of brotherhood in the church. But other subtleties may come out of it, yet. "The old order changeth, giving place to new" in the customs and observances that are social while tinged with religious faith. Among the throngs that will enter church edifices on the appointed Day of Thanks-



giving few, probably, will feel constrained by the rigid sense of dutifulness that made the Puritan Thanksgiving a terrible reckoning between a Higher Power and calculating recipients of his bounty. But not the less will there be waves of gladness, of optimistic feeling, of rejoicing in the present and hope for the future thrilling through the songs and anthems of our freer, franker generation. We dare now, to be ourselves, even if we are not like the rest; to sing the air that expresses our individuality. One has but to study for a few moments a modern American crowd to know that here are as many minds and characters as persons; no two habited alike, no two believing similarly; no two talking just the same tongue. Freedom—wonderful, spreading, sweeping freedom, that has disjointed the moral fetters that made bigots, that has separated the linked chain of human atoms until each is a thing apart, an entity to be reckoned with alone! This progress, all grown out of that living bit of parchment wrested by a prophetic, inspired clique from a stubborn king—the Magna Charta—is the one magnificent thing that all Americans may be thankful for, in common. We are the one nation on the globe where individuality is an acknowledged thing, a birthright and a commission in the ranks of life. From infancy to senility, the American is not a machine, but a person; responsible to himself and to the laws he establishes. It is divine. But it is awful, also. What said MaCaulay?—"They mean 'license when they cry liberty!'" He spoke of another nation, but it must be our object to avoid what might make the same words apply to ourselves. There is such an intoxicating quality in freedom that one who takes it for a daily beverage need have a steady head, a well balanced understanding. It is not a milk-and-honey diet for the nursery, and may not be given indiscriminately to an uneducated mass. Have we, as a race, achieved such control of our wilder instincts that we may safely trust ourselves to steer our own ship without reference to any precedent of past nations? Are we ready to be that high and fine but dangerous thing, a "law unto ourselves?" The suggestion must give the bravest spirit pause; for we have a name to honor, a heritage to live up to; despite all our seeming independence, we are not, we can never be, utterly and entirely free. Who is the slave of his soul is free only for noble action; and



who acknowledges the allegiance may allow his joy or his sorrows all the vent they crave; he can never degenerate into the thing whose "liberty is license."

The New Thanksgiving ought to be a sane, kind and honest observance. The day of goad, of enforced speeches of gratitude never really felt or understood, is past; and let us outlive it. But there is a sweet and gracious optimism that means much more to the modern mind. It can find its expression in practical acts of friendliness toward the people with whom we come into direct contact, for if we but realized it, it is these very people and not some far off and invisible Power, who need words and praise and appreciation. If our Thanksgiving were made a day of Gratitude toward all those living persons who have helped to smoothe our pathway, and of kindly thought of the dead who have bequeathed us the qualities that we are proud of and the gifts that we enjoy—then the Day would be something real and significant; a thing to hail and look back upon with very happy feelings. It is not all of us who have a family circle that we can gather around us at this season of family festivity; but if there are any who possess and neglect their privileges, what a vast void they are creating for themselves in their memory of happiness past! For the rest of us, those who in the improvidence of American family-hood, are only children, isolated atoms indeed, with too much freedom for comfort, without ties or attachments, the duty is plain; we have to grow ties, and accomplish attachments. We have to come out of our holes and laugh and talk with the rest of the world. We have to learn to keep Thanksgiving with our outer selves as well as with our hearts. For we are so constituted that material things mean more than prayer; and we know men by what they do and not by what they think. For our own part, we wish that on the last Thursday in this dull month, relegated by common consent to the realm of grey and dim atmosphere, there could come all over our immense country such a burst of tuneful fellowship, of an interchanged acknowledgments for favors received of one another, that the harmonious sounds would provoke a burst of light from the very sun, and bring upon our world the most genial day that a comfortable and prosperous nation has ever experienced in all records of the lives of men!





## LITERATURE

**Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times.** By Edith Tunis Sale. Sixty-seven illustrations and twenty-two coats-of-arms. Price, net, \$5.00. Philadelphia and London, 1909: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A most fascinating volume is here presented, something unusual and of permanent value. The object of the book is to give a description of the old historic houses of the state of Virginia, and incidently, a brief biography of the famous owners of them; but more is done, for the author is so warmly, one may say, so passionately attached to her mother state and its ancient glories that she carries her readers along with her and creates the illusion that we belong to the environment she creates. Entering, under her chaperonage, the lodge gate of Sabine Hall, and of Kenmore, Estouteville, Montpelier and the others, we wander breathless, through stately dining halls and magnificent salons, gazing at old carvings and tapestries, and bowing to the pictured beauties who smile proudly at us from their place on the crumbling walls. We hear again the tones of Lafayette, Nellie Custis and The Fitzhugh-Lees, and soft strains of music seem to float towards us, and the charming old minuet is danced once more before the eyes of our imagination. Little snatches of domestic life among the Carters, the Delaneys, the Tylers bring them all so vividly before us that it is as if we were invited to a five-o'clock tea with them, and had the opportunity to see them entirely without formality and in all the familiarity of friendship.

To have been able to write thus, the author must not only have entered in herself upon the epoch she describes, but have the gift of literary persuasion; that gift which is the sister of genius, inasmuch as it psychologizes the reader into accepting its lead. However "Yankee" or democratic we may be in sentiment, we are inevitably drawn into sympathy with the old Virginia aris-



toocrats that live in the pages of this book. Miss Sale begins by declaring boldly that life in colonial times in Virginia was "inimitable," in its happiness and harmony. That she is too optimistic, is more than possible, but it is manifest in every page that she believes what she says; and what is better, she almost makes us believe it also. In any case, Virginia is here shown in an aspect that wins the affection of every American, and draws him into closer relations with the section of the country which gave birth to so many eminent men, so many charming women. We wish, too, that the old houses could be preserved as landmarks of the ancient glory of the colonies; that the vandal hand of progress could be induced to spare the "true and the beautiful" in old Rhappahannock and Albermarle counties where genius has been born and worth survives. The writer idealizes her subject, but it is not the less photographic for being touched up with a loving brush. Any one who has been in Virginia will dwell with delight upon the scenes and pictures so glowingly given, while to those who are strangers to the old state, interest must be aroused that will induce a more intimate acquaintance.

Miss Sales has done her work well; the book is a gem, not only for its gentle, affectionate spirit, but for its exquisite portraiture. It is as valuable, in its way, as the letters of Recamier; less minute, but as full of suggestion. We need more books of this sort that may come as "rests in the intervals of our clarion music" of bustle and work. The publishers are to be complimented on the fine illustrating which doubly enhances the attraction of the volume. It will make a beautiful Christmas gift, and should furnish a solution to the query that will soon come to those who wish to make a dainty present to fastidious friends. Unlike many of the books that lie around as ornaments on the parlor table it is something to read, as well as something to admire.



## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Everything should put on a holiday garb for the month of December. So, conformably, we give two holiday papers, one "Christmas of Our Forefathers," by Frank H. Sweet; the other "The Christmas of Romance," by May C. Ringwalt. Other fine papers are "The Old Jumel Mansion," by Alice Phebe Eldridge, and "Winnagor," by Bessie White Smith."

At the present moment we are justly proud of our fine navy; the second in the world; it is difficult to believe that only a little more than a century ago our little fleet was a laughing stock to Europe. Charles Oscar Paullin gives us food for reflection in his paper, "The First Naval Voyage to Our West Coast."

Mrs. McLean's series of papers on "The History of Slavery" will be resumed in the January number, for which many excellent things are in preparation; among them an article by Dr. Eastman, of Amherst College.

One of the best papers in the December issue is a serious and well written article by Lindsay Roberts, entitled "Gladstone and America." He brings out prominently, the friendliness of the great English statesman toward the United States during our hard stress during the Civil War, and gives a calm and candid view of the situation as viewed by English eyes.

Viscount De Fronsac's long series on "The United Empire Loyalists" has its final instalment, and the "Civil War Reminiscences" of Andrew M. Sherman are finished in this number. We may hope for other papers from both these favorite contributors, for next year.



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DECEMBER, 1909

# AMERICANA

FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN, Editor

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December



GLADSTONE



# AMERICANA

December, 1909

## GLADSTONE AND AMERICA

BY LINDSAY ROGERS

THE year 1809 saw the birth of many famous men, and we in 1909 have been celebrating their centenaries. Two days before the close of the year William Ewart Gladstone was born, a man who was destined to influence scholarship, literature, commerce and politics, national and international, as no other man has in modern times. As a statesman, orator, man of letters, financier and diplomat, his fame is secure for all ages. It is in the last role, that of diplomat that he is most interesting to us, for, in addition to the general interest that diplomacy has, there is a special interest, due to the fact that during the whole time Gladstone was in public life, either as Member of Parliament, Chancellor of the Exchequer, or as Prime Minister, England was engaged with the United States in diplomatic negotiations of the most important character. The period 1856-1875 in the official intercourse between America and Great Britain was a crucial one. Several times the relations were strained almost to a breaking point, one ambassador was summarily dismissed, several were on the verge of having their passports handed them, and two were recalled by the Federal government on account of dissatisfaction with their conduct of its foreign affairs. Both nations emerged, however, from this all important period, when, in a great measure, the preservation of the Union was dependent upon the amicable attitude of the European powers, without





coming to the point of war. The peaceful inclination of the British Cabinet, the diplomacy of our representatives, the prudence which England had acquired by being worsted by us in two wars, powerful friends across the water who stood steadfastly by America,—all prevented a disastrous outcome to the complications which existed from time to time. It is the purpose of this article to show the part of William E. Gladstone in these negotiations, and to point out from his official acts and utterances what his attitude toward this country was.

The historian depicts results and judges an incident by its actual effect rather than possible consequences. Thus, many diplomatic incidents, fraught for the moment with danger and probable disastrous consequences, serious for a time, but momentary and smoothed over by the master hand of the statesman, have no important place in history. Several incidents of this character occurred between America and England during the period of which we are treating. The first of these was during the Crimean War. Crampton, the British ambassador was charged with being unduly active in authorizing and abetting recruiting agents, who were establishing stations in all the Eastern cities for the purpose of enlisting men for the war then going on; although this offense seems to be a trivial one it was nevertheless, a flagrant violation of International Law which the United States could not do otherwise than resent. Complaint was made against Crampton, and upon Lord Clarendon's sustaining him President Pierce declined to hold any further diplomatic intercourse with him, and he took his passport and left. Considerable animosity was engendered, England was without a representative at Washington, and further complications were imminent. The fire was smouldering and it needed but a breath to blow it into flame. The English newspapers were clamorously insisting on drastic action on the part of the Cabinet, namely the dismissal of Mr. Dallas, the American Minister. Mr. Dallas himself expected that he would be dismissed. He says: "It will not surprise me if I should turn out to be the last minister from the United States to the English Court." His dismissal in those days when International Arbitration was a thing of the future, would have meant war. On the 30th of July, 1856,



a resolution was introduced in the House of Commons to the effect "That the conduct of her Majesty's government in the differences that have arisen between them and the United States on the question of enlistment has not entitled them (the government) to the approbation of this house." It was doubtful at first as to whether it would pass. Mr. Gladstone, however, threw his powerful influence in support of the resolution, and made a memorable speech in its behalf. "I am bound to say," said he, "that neither has a cordial understanding with America been preserved nor the honor and fame of England upheld in this matter. . . . The honor of this country has been compromised." The resolution finally passed and apology was thus made to the United States. Friendly relations were restored and England again had a representative at Washington.

But the crisis was for a time acute, and it was in a great measure due to Gladstone's stand that dangerous consequences did not ensue. It was praiseworthy for the House of Commons to pass a resolution such as the one quoted above, and it was still more laudable for Gladstone to support the resolution so strongly and with such intense friendship for the United States.

It was during the Civil War, however, that there were the greatest opportunities for Gladstone to show his sentiments toward the United States, for a period more crucial, more replete with situations where relations were strained almost to a breaking point, cannot be found in the diplomatic history of this country.

The English people failed utterly in their estimate of the Civil War and its probable outcome. Their attitude has been the subject of much discussion and criticism. At first the feeling in Great Britain was one of indifference; there was a half hearted sympathy with the North but that was all. That the Union was on the right side of the moral question involved, was universally agreed, and whatever sentiment there was, was favorable to the federal government. When the result of the Battle of Bull Run became known, there was a great revulsion of feeling. The great body of Englishmen saw or thought they saw that the Union could not conquer the Confederacy, already



a great deal of damage had been done by the war, industrial conditions in England were at an exceedingly low ebb, and, as the only solution of the difficulty was the end of the war, they ardently prayed for that. To their minds it seemed absurd to expect other than that the Confederacy would establish its independence; this would mean the end of the war, and consequently this was their hope. The personal sympathies of the English were on the side of the Union; on the grounds of expediency they favored the Confederacy. This was the situation as to the mass of the people.

The official attitude of the government was distinctly neutral. On May 13, 1861, "The Queen's proclamation of Neutrality" was issued. By it the Confederate States were recognized as a belligerent power. While there is not a shadow of a doubt but that this was a hasty and premature action, nevertheless it did nothing more than recognize as belligerents, states which had already been acknowledged as such by the action of the Federal government itself. The Supreme Court of the United States has declared that it is a well settled principle of International Law, that the President's proclamation of blockade of April 19, 1861, was "itself official and conclusive evidence that a state of war existed." This proclamation of the English ministry could therefore cause no offense to the North. Their attitude was neutral, and the neutrality was rigorously maintained throughout the whole war. When Mr. Mason asked Lord Russell to recognize the Confederate States as an independent power, the latter refused absolutely. Officially the North could not complain of the attitude of the English government. Indeed Count Schlopis, President of the Geneva Arbitration Court has said:—"I am far from thinking that the animus of the English government was hostile to the Federal government during the war."

Understanding now the attitude of the English people, and the attitude of the English cabinet, we can better appreciate that of Gladstone. The first opportunity for him to take an active part in deliberations concerning America was in November, 1861, when the "Trent Affair" took place. The history of this incident is well known,—how Captain Wilkes, the commander of an American sloop of war boarded the Trent, an English mail



steamer and took by force Mason and Slidell the Confederate commissioners who were on their way to England. This was in direct violation of a principle which the United States had upheld by a war with Great Britain. It was, moreover, a senseless act, for nothing could be gained by preventing the commissioners from reaching England. In America Captain Wilkes was popularly hailed as a hero. In England his action was considered as a serious affront. At the English Cabinet meeting of November the 29th, two things were agreed upon:—the commissioners must be returned, and an apology made. If the demands were not complied with in seven days, Lyons, the ambassador from Great Britain, was to leave Washington. Extensive naval preparations were made; eight thousand troops were sent to Canada; war was imminent. This would have meant a defacto independence of the Southern States. But here it is that Gladstone shows his true greatness, for he did more than any other man in England to prevent hostilities. In the cabinet meeting he did his best to have the dispatches softened, and urged that the order for Lyons to withdraw in seven days be left out. His view, however, did not prevail. In the evening he went up to see the Queen and Prince Consort. At the cabinet meeting the next day, the instructions were made to have a more temperate tone, and suggestions from the Prince Consort were incorporated. These suggestions originally came from Gladstone, and in a private letter Lord Russell instructed Lyons to say nothing about withdrawing in seven days. The American government assuaged in these requests, and complication of a more serious nature were averted. Had the original instructions been presented to Lincoln's cabinet, war would have probably resulted. Their sympathies were with Captain Wilkes, and as at least one member of the cabinet entertained what we see now to have been an utterly absurd and visionary opinion, namely, that a war with England would have joined the North and South in an endeavor to repel a common enemy, the first dispatches would probably have brought about war. Such softened communications however, the United States could but accede to. The commissioners were therefore returned, the apology made, and everything was once more tranquil. A love





of peace, and attitude of intense friendship for the Union, and a desire that it should be reconstituted, (for Gladstone believed that a war with England would have meant the independence of the South), these are the distinguishing features of his action in this matter. The people of the United States have reason to be thankful that he was one of those at the helm of England's ship of state.

This is the only official act, and this is semi-official, by which we can judge Gladstone's attitude toward the United States during this period. In his speeches and correspondence of this time there are many references. His attitude was a little different from the other members of the English cabinet, and from the rest of his countrymen. He writes:—"I think the principle of slavery detestable and am wholly with the opponents of it." Again:—"I, for one, have never hesitated to maintain, that, in my opinion the separate and special interests of England were on the side of the maintenance of the old Union, and if I were to look at their interests alone and had the power of choosing in what way the war should end, I would choose for its ending by the restoration of the old Union this very day." Other Englishmen though standing with the North on the moral side of the question, favored the South in that its supremacy meant a speedier end to the war, and, as they thought, a condition of affairs on this side of the Atlantic more favorable to England commercially and politically. Gladstone, however, was firmly on the side of the Union.

At a banquet in Newcastle (Oct. 7, 1862,) Mr. Gladstone made a speech for which he has been severely criticised. "We know quite well" said he "that the people of the Northern States have not yet drunk of the cup,—they are still trying to hold it far from their lips—which all the rest of the world see they nevertheless must drink of. We may have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making a navy; and have made what is more than either, they have made a nation."

Here Mr. Gladstone forgot a saying of his own that "a man who speaks in public ought to know besides his own meaning,



the meaning others will attach to his words." This utterance was taken by the world to mean the official recognition by Great Britain of the independence of the South. It meant nothing of the kind. "The course of no public man in England was a greater disappointment," says a writer. The newspapers printed the speech in full, and the editorial criticism of it was severe. A discriminating analysis of the speech, however, reveals nothing startling or dangerous to the neutral attitude of England. Gladstone merely expressed a prevalent opinion that the victory of the South was merely a question of time. The language he chose was unfortunate and gives to this isolated excerpt an erroneous meaning. That he erred in coming out so strongly, there can be not a shadow of a doubt. He merely stated what he believed to be inevitable, not, however giving his approbation, for he says in the same speech:—"Gentlemen, I do not think that England has had any interest in the disruption of the Union; but my private opinion is this, that it was rather to our interest that it should be continued." His was a far-sighted statesmanship, for he thought that "were the Union split, the North, no longer checked by the jealousies of slave power would seek a partial compensation for its loss in annexing, or trying to annex British North America." Holding this opinion he could not, therefore, wish, as his remarks seem to indicate, for the independence of the Confederate States. Such an utterance open thus to a misleading and dangerous interpretation was, nevertheless, a gross impropriety. After the war he recognized as fallacious his belief that the ultimate supremacy of the South was only a question of time, for he says:—"My opinion was founded on a false estimate of the facts," and again, "I must confess that I was wrong; . . . yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then,—where they had long before been, where they are now, with the whole American people."

One other mistake was made by Gladstone in his attitude toward America during the Civil War, but it was only his love of peace that made him take the stand that he did. Lord Russell thought that the time had come for a tender of good offices; Gladstone agreed with him. France was willing, more than



willing owing to the interests which she had in Mexico; Germany and Russia were expected to join. The attitude of the American government in this proposed mediation can be seen by the following note of instructions from Seward to Charles Francis Adams, the American minister in London:

"If the British government shall in any way, directly or indirectly approach you with propositions which assume or contemplate an appeal to the President on the subject of our internal affairs, whether it seems to imply a purpose to dictate, to mediate, or to advise or even solicit or persuade, you will answer that you are forbidden to debate, to hear, or in any way receive, entertain or transmit any communication of the kind . . . we approach . . . the danger of a war with caution . . . but I trust that you will also have perceived that the crisis has not appalled us." Russia, however, failed to agree in this tender of good offices and the danger of drastic action on the part of the American minister was averted. Gladstone's love of peace carried him astray; he did not correctly estimate America's attitude on such an offer. He was actuated by friendship for the Union, but considered only the humanitarian aspects of the question.

Gladstone's genius as shown by his part in the diplomatic relations of the Civil War was an impulsive one but nevertheless far sighted. Impulsive in believing that the ultimate outcome of the war would be the independence of the Confederate States, but farsighted in contending that the interests of England were all on the perpetuation of the Union, he was a true friend of the United States in the several crises of this period. Originality and independence of action are the two most evident characteristics of his genius. The "Trent Affair," the Newcastle speech, the mediation proposition, his attitude on each was reached without consultation with any one. Two mistakes he made. One merely a matter of opinion; one a proposed action. The first, the speech at Newcastle, was not at all inimical to the interests of the United States. The second, the proposed tender of good offices, coming at a time when it looked as if the attitude of the European nations rather than the victories of our own troops would decide the conflict, would have culminated in drastic action



on the part of the federal government. Gladstone was misled, however, by his love for us, and in looking at this incident we should consider the motive rather than the probable outcome, and be glad that his generous nature was always on the side of the Union.

The early history of the Alabama is well known. The negligence of the English government in permitting the Alabama to escape, its sudden transformation into a sloop of war, its subsequent destructive, but meteoric career, lasting until it met the Kearsarge, form the basis of the most important, most prolonged and far reaching in consequences of all the diplomatic negotiations between England and America. From the very first Mr. Gladstone was especially interested in the matter. A letter from him to the Duke of Argyll shows that he followed the case with exhaustive closeness. Mr. Adams was, of course, instructed by the Department of State to ask redress. At first arbitration of any sort, with a view to settling America's claims, was refused. Lord Russell's opinion was that it would be a disgrace to England if an extraneous government were selected to pass upon the actions of Great Britain's ministers, and as to whether redress thereto should be afforded. Correspondence dallied along. The "maudlin blarney" of Reverdy Johnson, Mr. Adams' successor, caused the convention signed Jan. 14, 1869, to be overwhelmingly rejected by the Senate. This convention provided that a mixed commission, British and American, should sit in London and that all claims should be adjudicated by it. The tenor of thought in England was now all for arbitration. Since 1866, when the contest was decided, the tide of opinion was all for the North. Now there was a universal hope for the peaceful and speedy adjustment of the claims of the American people. In the correspondence to provide a means for the settling of these claims, Gladstone, as Prime Minister, took an active part. The approaching possibility of differences with Russia caused the British Cabinet to want to get American affairs out of the way. Gladstone's realization of the moral good to the world that a complete reconciliation of the Old with the New World would bring about, his sense of the loss of prestige among other European nations which England was suffering owing to





this smothered quarrel, and his deep altruistic feeling for the United States, all led him to be a most ardent supporter of arbitration. Arrangements were finally culminated by which a British-American commission sat in Washington, and, after thirty-seven sittings the Treaty of Washington was signed. A number of minor differences were settled but the first article is the one with which we are concerned. It expressed "regret felt by Her Majesty's government for the escape . . . of the Alabama and other vessels . . . and for the depredation committed by them," and furthermore agreed that all claims arising from the depredation should be submitted to a tribunal. History knows this as the Geneva Arbitration. This amicable settlement of these long standing disputes was the most important negotiation ever undertaken by the United States. Its beneficent influence upon subsequent International Law and diplomacy, upon the deliberation of the two Hague Peace Conferences which have led us to hope for perpetual peace among the great nations of the world, is inestimable. Its value as a precedent, showing the efficacy of arbitration, is incalculable. The greatest factor in the successful culmination of these negotiations was William E. Gladstone. It was through his influence that the opinion of Lord Russell (mentioned above) was discarded by the English Cabinet, that a more conciliatory spirit was adopted, that a more creditable attitude was assumed, and that a proud and haughty nation inserted an expression of regret for the mismanagement of its domestic affairs in regard to the escape of the steamers designed for the Confederacy.

America's claims submitted at Geneva were of two kinds, claims for actual, tangible loss, and indirect claims, based on the prolongation of the war on account of the help received by the Confederacy, and the damage done to the commerce which was kept off the sea through fear of being destroyed by the Alabama. The indirect claims were withdrawn. If allowed they would have bankrupted the British government. As it was, after many tedious days spent in dispute, the United States was awarded the sum of \$15,000,000. Great dissatisfaction was expressed in England at the result. Gladstone's opinion was this:—"We regard the fine imposed on this country as dust in



the balance compared with the moral value of the example set, when these two great nations of England and America, which are among the most fiery zealous in the world with regard to anything that touches national honor, went in peace and concord before a judicial tribunal to dispose of these painful differences rather than resort to the arbitrament of the sword." "Gladstone's action in the field of foreign policy," says a biographer, "although it was felt only at intervals was on several occasions momentous and has left abiding results . . . in history." This piece of preventive diplomacy is one of these. The peaceful and satisfactory settlement of the Alabama dispute has furnished a precedent without which the advocates of International Arbitration would have been greatly handicapped. No other event in modern times has had such a beneficent affect on conciliation. Gladstone, in a great measure, made the tribunal possible. His liberal attitude and friendship toward America has, therefore, done much for the cause of arbitration. Besides the pecuniary value of the award to this country, besides the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that the United States was right in the question involved, America's championship of the peaceful settlement of international differences was given a great impetus by Gladstone's steady and strenuous advocacy of the adjustment of the claims by an impartial court.

In Gladstone's literary work after his retirement from public life there are many friendly allusions to the United States. In "Kin Beyond Sea," published in the *North American Review* for September, 1878, he expresses his admiration for the new republic by calling its constitution "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." In his magazine debates with Senator Blaine on the tariff he ridicules our policy of protection. The arguments on which he bases his advocacy of free trade are scarcely pertinent now. Suffice it to say, however, that his articles were not written in a critical, condemnatory spirit. They are actuated by friendship for this country and a desire for an economic policy which would be the best possible one.

Never in modern times has the world seen a statesman with views so widely peaceful and humane. And when his death



occurred in 1898, "humanity lost a friend; the nations lost a leader." The United States lost a staunch supporter in international politics; the American people lost a friend and admirer. England has indeed shared her loss with America, and as we at the time of his death joined with her in mourning his departure, so now on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, we celebrate the beginning of a well rounded life that made the world better for having been lived.

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## THE CHRISTMAS OF ROMANCE

BY MAY C. RINGWALT

**A** CLOUDLESS, sunlit sky,—not of a pale, wintry blue, but heavy-laden with translucent color; a soft stir of breeze flecking with white caps the deep blue of the bay; mingled with the Christmas fragrance of the pines in the woods; along the shore the sweetness of purple violets blooming in the mission and home gardens of the tiled-roofed, adobe-housed, little town of Monterey.

True, the Christmas holidays fell in the uncertain midst of the rainy season, but even when a dashing downpour lasted for the night joy of perfect weather often came in the morning, and the storm over, the sunshine-loving soul of the Californian instantly shed all memories of gloom.

So, in the heart of winter a picnic was as glad a possibility as in the summertime. Everybody went. The goal perhaps one of the nearby pocket-beaches rock-hidden about the beautiful bay, perhaps some far-off stretch of dazzling sand where ocean waves broke with a rollicking roar. Distance meant nothing—except a happy dalliance through woodsy ways of a Christmas-tree world, the winding trail blazed through a pungent tangle of yerba buena, peep-holes of blue sky overhead, the sighing of the wind in the pines mischievously mimicing the swish of the sea beyond.

Sometimes, the picnic parties jogged merrily in carts drawn by oxen,—amusingly picturesque vehicles, their clumsy wheels cut from the butt end of a tree, their tongue a heavy beam, and the yoke fastened to the animals' horns. But generally, all fared bravely forth on horseback; married and elderly dames riding in solitary grandeur; a man and a maid together, the cavalier seated behind, a protecting arm about her waist, gallantly hatless that his sombrero might shield her head. Now and



again two men on the same steed, one to guide the rein, one to play the guitar.

Preceding the cavalcade, with an important strut of wheel had rumbled a carreta heaped high with picnic goodies; chickens, stuffed turkey, tamales, enchiladas, and other tempting titbits of Eve's culinary art, with a plentiful supply of grape-juice for Adam's contribution, while the fatted calf would be killed and roasted on the picnic spot.

Besides the feasting, chief end and purpose of all picnics, singing, dancing, and games were the gleesome pastime of the out-of-door day. A day all too short, for no aftermath of weariness trailed the picnickers home, and nothing was so usual after such an excursion as a dance that lasted until morning, with only a taking-o-breath interval for the midnight supper.

The Californian was born to dance,—a dancing light in flashing eyes; a dancing leap of a joyous heart; the dancing patter of twinkling feet. When a ball was given a large space in front of the house was enclosed;—roofed in with boughs; three sides hung in white cotton goods decorated with artificial flowers and a gay flutter of ribbons; the fourth open side quickly walled by eager cavaliers on prancing horses. With the beribboned and beflowered back ground for an artistic setting, gathered all the beauty and charm of Monterey femininity, while discreetly out-of-the-way in the most convenient corner huddled the musicians, a violinist, a player of the guitar, and two or three singers. The fortune-favored *el tecolero*, the master-of-ceremonies of the festive occasion, led out the women one by one, each rising to the signal of his bow, gliding to the stage centre and dancing to the music, the watching horseman meanwhile keeping up a perpetual movement, coming and going and bantering each other by disputing lost places, until the psychological moment came for the dance by couples, when the Knight jumped from his steed, hung his spurs to the pommel of his saddle and chose a blushing partner.

Not only of rare grace were the dancers, but wonderful in many pretty little tricks played to the gallery, none winning more enthusiastic applause than the agile *senorita* with a glass of water on her head whose dancing feet gathered up from the



floor a handkerchief tied at the corners without the mishap of a single spilt drop.

Many were the dances characteristic of the time and race. The most popular, the fandango, danced by a man and a woman in answer to the clinking invitation of castanets, accompanied by music and singing,—the singer at the end of the song calling out the playful challenge: “Bomba!” at which the cavalier had to recite a flattering snatch of amorous verse to his partner. For grand finale, always was danced las cuadrilles or the even more popular jota, a quick, lively affair, Spanish cousin to the Virginia reel.

Equally picturesque but widely different in party finery details, were the costumes of such a gathering and the evening dress of a Martha Washington or a Dolly Madison drawing-room, a little continent away. The relentless whale-bone had not entered the western Eden of fashion. A California Eve wore her fig leaves with nature’s abandon of grace, her short, sleeveless waist of silks and crepes falling loosely, unstaid, unshaped by corset; her full skirts innocent of hoop or crinoline; her dainty feet encased in white satin slippers with little wooden heels to click spiritedly in the gleesome dance. Married ladies did up their hair with impressive high combs, but the maidens wore theirs flowing, or in two long, glossy plaits tied with bright colored ribbons to match their sashes, it being first parted in the middle and looped back over the ears. Pearl earrings were wont to ornament the little shell-pink lobes peeping beneath the black, silky bands of hair, while necklaces of pearl clung lovingly to the pretty round necks. But par excellence, the most coquettish bit of their toilet was the graceful scarf, the bright-hued rebosa, now draped about the head, now drooping over the shoulders.

Adam made a brave showing as well. A dash and splendor of plumage that took the eye. He wore a short silk jacket with an open-necked shirt and a rich waistcoat beneath, gilt-laced velvet pantaloons slashed at the sides below the knee, or short breeches and a white flash of stocking down to the ornamental deerskin shoes; a red sash about his waist, and hung over one



shoulder with elaborate carelessness, a black or dark blue serape with rich velvet trimmings.

The ball over, the cavaliers escorted their sweethearts home to the accompaniment of music, then in a final bubbling-over of spirits they dashed about the streets on horseback singing at the top of their happy lungs, or rode into the fields for the mad prank of seizing some surprised animal by the tail.

But whether holy day or holiday, no festival occasion was complete in excitement without a bull fight. What a flutter of preparation in my lady's bower! For all the young bachelors were always on eager hand, and if ever a senorita looked her best it was with her olive cheeks flushed a mantling crimson, and in her black eyes kindled torches.

Amid the shouts of the gathered multitude, the bull would rush into the enclosure to take his world by storm, then startled by the crowd of spectators banking every side, confused by the scarfs and ribbons waved before his eyes, he would draw back, nervously pawing the ground, bewildered as to the proper policy to pursue in so unusual an emergency. He was not left long in doubt. A man on horseback waving a red cloak infuriating him to a wild plunge to the attack,—a shock of encounter parried by the skill of the torreador, the dexterous turn of his beautiful horse in a fleet spring for life.

But bull to horse and man was not quite so thrilling a joy as the sport of matching his fury with that of a grizzly, taken alive in the nearby woods by a daring party of vaqueros and triumphantly brought to town in a cart drawn by oxen. The two animals chained relentlessly together by the hind legs, yet given sufficient rope for free play in an orgie of self-destruction, were further goaded to desperation by a thrusting dart of pain delivered now and again by an energetic vaquero.

An ugly, brutal thing at best, but the shadow of an age can only be measured by the light of an age.

Another delight of the holiday season was the sweeping joy of a cross-country gallop. The Californian fairly lived in the saddle from his birth. If a baby were born on a ranchero, he was whisked from the nurse's arms and hurried on horseback—in company with his god-parents—to the nearest mission for bap-





tism. When a small boy he accomplished stunts that combined the feats of a circus rider with those of a modern Wild West Show. As for the hay-day of his young manhood, never was he so pre-eminently at his best as on horseback. No wonder feminine sentimentality fluttered over this picturesque centaur! He wore a hat with conical crown and broad brim, his head turbaned in a red handkerchief from which escaped glossy black locks; his linen collar rolled back over his blue "spencer," richly ornamented with silk-braid and gay buttons; a red sash adorned his waist; his buckskin leggings "encroached high upon his dark trousers," and last but not least came buckskin shoes armed with heavy spurs. His mount, of course, was a spirited beauty with flowing mane, arched neck, and prancing feet; his saddle widely skirted with stamped leather, the pattern set off by a lining of red or green silk; the heavy stirrups carved from solid oak; his bridle flashing, tinkling with silver. Disdaining a trot, the horse always galloped and distances were referred to as a short or a long gallop away, a Californian thinking nothing of riding 140 miles a day, and of breaking down three and four horses in the mad process.

Not only was a romantic maiden's heart often lassoed from the saddle, but the nuptial knot was practically tied on horseback. On the wedding day, two handsome horses "saddled, bridled, and pillioned" were led to the door of the bride's home. The bridegroom assisted the god-mother to mount on his horse; the god-father took the bride on his. Thus they galloped to the church, where unfortunately they were obliged to dismount for the brief service. But in a few minutes all again were in the saddle, there having been, however, a happy exchange of partners so that bride and groom now rode together. A jubilant discharge of musketry greeted the galloping horses as the riders drew sudden rein at the home of the bride's parents. Two persons darted out, seizing the bridegroom's feet and snatching away his spurs before he was able to dismount—the booty laughingly held until redeemed by a bottle of brandy. After which naïve jest, bride and groom entered the house where were awaiting near relatives who received them solemnly with tears until they had knelt for the parents' blessing, when the



groom giving the signal, the guests swarmed merrily in while the musicians began to play gay strains on guitar and harp. The dancing that followed—without pause for sleep—often lasted three days.

Never did King Richard have to stake a kingdom for a steed. Wishes were horses in the pasture land of plenty. A worn out mount discarded at the first necessity, and without asking leave or license, a fresh one caught in the most convenient field. Racing lent zest to riding and betting to both,—even ox-drawn wagons filled with family parties racing to church, the oxen galloping like horses, the prize, money or stock, according to the driver's whim and riches.

Whether the Christmas houses were decorated with the California red mountain berries or bright with poinsettia, the Christmas flower of Mexico, is left to the imagination, but we know that they were radiant with good cheer and welcoming smiles to gathering guests. So generous was California hospitality that for a long time no public inn could support itself in old Monterey. A man's house is as big as his heart, and, whether the gods of fortune provided a one-room hovel where a family of ten to fifteen slept in snug content on the floorless ground, or a large rambling adobe with ample court and broad verandas, friends, acquaintances, absolute strangers, were welcome guests for visits ranging from a day to a month.

The better-to-do lived well, but indolently. Partridges, hare, ducks, and wild geese were plentiful, and the bay teeming with a variety of delicious fish, but why waste the golden hours that might be spent playing the guitar or riding a spirited horse in the laborious task of gunning; the monotonous one of fishing,—particularly when the celebrated salmon of the Carmel river,—often three feet long, were speared by the Indians and brought in without any effort on the grandee's part. Fortunately the soil was easily tickled into crop-producing, even when the seed was scattered first and "scratched" with a crude plough afterwards. And if energy was scarce money was plenty, and spent lavishly for banquets and gala dinners.

But however much or little the individual might participate in holding holiday picnic, fandango, bull fight, horse race or family



feasting, at this glad season of the year, there was one special Christmas celebration to which the eagerness of none ever failed to respond.

Sun-bathed, happy-go-lucky, as careless of toiling and spinning as the radiant rose of Castile in the adobe-walled garden, the Californian was deeply religious, emotionally responsive to the poetry, the beauty of ritual of his church.

The early hours of Christmas eve were filled with hilarious gaiety,—as soon as the darkness gathered the adobe houses illuminated with Christmas candles; fireworks blazing their brightness upon the dusky sky; the swish of rockets waking up the sleeping waters of the bay, but at midnight, in answer to the calling voices of the old mission bells, young and old, rich and poor, flocked in devout crowds to the church.

There, with all the pomp and splendor of gold-embroidered vestments, altar lights and ascending incense, to the throbbing accompaniment of drum and flute and violin of an Indian choir, mass was celebrated,—with the tender naïvete of that child-season, an image of the infant Saviour held out to the kneeling throng for sacred kiss and adoration. At the magic sound of a guitar outside, the body of the church cleared with a hurry of excitement, the awaiting congregation packed close against the walls in a hush of expectation. Then a choir of voices broke the silence, and with an advancing processional began the Christmas drama of *Los Pastores*. Three shepherds, the Arch-angel Gabriel, Lucifer, a hermit and a lazy vagabond the *dramatis personae*. The whole a combination of moral and religious teaching with music, songs, and clownish sport; a mingling of the mystery and the mirth of the Christmas season as it has come down to us through the ages, with its jollity of old pagan superstitions, with its solemnity of a Christian faith in a manger-born king to rule the hearts and lives of men.



## THE STORY OF CHAMPLAIN AND HIS DISCOVERIES

BY LINA A. BRITTON

**T**HREE hundred years ago the Green Mountains of Vermont and the loftier peaks of eastern New York were undisturbed by the noisy little manufacturing villages now nestled in the valleys and dotting the streams. No peaceful herds grazed along velvet slopes; no white man tilled the soil; no white woman drank in the beauty of the hills while she kept her dairy and spun flax or wool. Instead the thickly wooded ranges were the home of the deer, moose, elk, wildcat, wolf, bear, fox, otter, marten, squirrel and many other wild creatures. The stillness of night was broken by the stealthy creeping of these native wild animals in their search for food. The red man alone of the higher order in his turn hunted for his sustenance, watching the glorious setting of the sun beyond the waters of Lake Champlain, and the rising moon over the soft outline of the green hills around Lake George.

We are this year about to do honor to the first white man to see the beautiful lake which bears his name. Samuel de Champlain, the Father of New France, was born in 1567 at the small seaport of Brouage on the Bay of Biscay. He was a captain of the royal navy but had fought under Henry of Navarre in Brittany, in an effort to keep Philip of Spain from gaining power in that country, and Henry had given him a pension out of his own slender income. He had risen to be quartermaster, serving until Henry became Henry IV of France, renouncing Protestantism and thus making Champlain who was a good Catholic, all the more ardent in his support. At this time he first came to the notice of Aymar de Chastes, a nobleman of high character and much influence who was to be an important factor in his career.





Le Sieur de Champlain is described at thirty as an alert, good-looking young fellow, self-reliant and fitted by experience to direct others, grown to manhood in a seaport where he heard every known language spoken and where sharp fighting in the streets was not uncommon as the town was captured alternately by Huguenots and by Catholics. He had an adventurous nature and preferred life upon the sea to any other. Later he writes, "Navigation is the art which has powerfully attracted me ever since my boyhood, and has led me on to expose myself almost all my life to the impetuous buffetings of the sea." This intrepid spirit led him to plan to visit the West Indies and through the aid of an uncle who had charge of the French fleet which transported the Spanish garrison from Blavet in Brittany to Cadiz he succeeded in obtaining command of a ship. His uncle was glad to have his help as well as his company, for his nautical skill was not inconsiderable. At Cadiz the transports disembarked their troops and their pilot was ordered to a place near the mouth of the Guadalquivir river where they remained three months, and Champlain took the opportunity to make a trip to Seville, the MS. narrative of which came to light in Dieppe about 1855, the drawings and maps showing that he had remarkable ability as a draughtsman.

Champlain was given command of the *St. Julian*, a ship of the royal flotilla which sailed in January, 1599, for the West Indies, a voyage which three hundred years ago took over two months. They landed first at San Juan in Porto Rico then in ruins as a result of a visit from the English, and Champlain who had a versatile nature studied the flora and fauna of the country and also the inhabitants who he says "fled into the mountains at our approach," but he easily made friends with them, a faculty which was invaluable to him in his later rule of New France.

A part of the fleet including the *St. Julian* next visited San Domingo and finally dropped anchor near the present port of Vera Cruz. Here, for an entire month Champlain studied and observed the city of Mexico which he found "superbly built, with splendid temples, palaces, and fine houses; and the streets well laid out, where are seen the large and handsome shops of the merchants, full of all sorts of very rich merchandise."



Spain's method of treating these races was carefully investigated by him and the knowledge thus gained proved an important asset among the many rich qualifications for his own career.

Sailing onward he took the *St. Julian* to the Isthmus of Panama anchoring at Porto Bello near the present Aspinwall. He crossed to the Panama Harbor on the other side of the isthmus and he writes, "One may judge that if the four leagues of land which there are from Panama to Chagres were cut through one might pass from the South Sea to the ocean on the other side, and thus shorten the route by more than 1,500 leagues; and from Panama to the strait of Magellan would be an island, and from Panama to the Newfoundlands would be another island, so that the whole of America would be in two islands."

Thus over two centuries and a half ago Champlain's bold mind conceived the project which is to-day in process of realization, although he was not the originator of the idea, for as early as 1550 a Portuguese navigator had indicated different routes and brought the matter to the attention of Philip II who had a survey of the route made, but disapproved of the plan so violently that he forbade any of his subjects to propose it again on pain of death. Possibly one of the plans may have insisted upon a sea level canal.

This trip occupied two years and a half and the fleet sailed for home early in 1601 richly laden with tropical products. They had also taken some English captives from war vessels which they had encountered.

After some months Champlain found himself in France again eager to relate to King Henry all the incidents of his journey, and to describe graphically the successful methods of the Spanish, thus awakening an interest for the first time in the French court in regard to colonization in North America; for Spain after more than a hundred years of exploration was the only country of Europe with a foothold in the New World.

The King settled upon Champlain a small but assured life income for his support at court, but Champlain was not by nature a type of the shallow, idle courtier of that time. His high aims and purposes could not harmonize with such a life for very long.



While here he met his old commander, de Brissac, and Aymar de Chastes, Governor of Dieppe, a gray-haired veteran of the civil war who was noted as a soldier and statesman, and who was at this time considering a project of colonization and had determined to plant the cross and the fleur-de-lis in the wilderness of New France. De Chastes was as eager as his young friend Champlain, and knowing the value of his experience both as a soldier and seaman, hastened to secure his youthful zeal to further the new enterprise.

The adventurous spirits of those days had no easy time in preparing for these expeditions. They needed first influence at court to secure grants or rights in the new territory and they must have large resources for their equipment. Cartier had made his first voyage in 1534, and had brought back two kidnapped Indians to testify to the truth of his report; but two disastrous expeditions had discouraged the spirit of exploration at the time when de Chastes was seeking from King Henry a grant to the unknown possessions. Champlain's own account of their efforts is as follows:— "As the expenses were very great the *Sieur de Chastes* formed a company with several gentlemen and with the principal merchants of Rouen and other places, on certain conditions; this being done, vessels were prepared, as well for the execution of the main design as for discovery and peopling the country. . . . "Going from time to time to see the said *Sieur de Chastes*, judging that I might serve him in his design he did me the honor, as I have said, to communicate something of it to me, and asked me if it would be agreeable to me to make the voyage, to examine the country and see what those engaged in the undertaking should do. I told him that I was very much his servant, but that I could not give myself license to undertake the voyage without the commands of the King, to whom I was bound as well by birth as by the pension with which his majesty had honored me to maintain myself near his person; but that if it should please him to speak to the King about it and give me his commands, it would be very agreeable to me; which he promised and did, and received the King's orders for me to make the voyage and make a faithful report thereof."



After a year of preparation the expedition started in the spring of 1603 from Honfleur where Champlain made the acquaintance of Captain Pontgrave, a friend whom he cherished for twenty-five years feeling toward him as a son toward a father.

Two Indians who had voluntarily taken the trip to France with Pontgrave accompanied the explorers back to their native land and were doubtless a great help to ambitious Champlain in learning the Algonquin dialect.

Up the lonely St. Lawrence they went to the forest covered plain where Montreal now lies. No trace remained of the savage settlement at Hochelaga, discovered by Cartier sixty-eight years before. Near Tadoussac a thousand Algonquin Indians had assembled to celebrate a victory over the Iroquois and were ready to barter skins. A visit of ceremony was paid to the Indian chief, and in taking his turn at the pipe of peace Champlain learned the art of tobacco-smoking.

The two Indians told of the wonderful things they had seen in France and all the savage tribe seemed pleased with their new friends, while Champlain through his interpreters found out all he could about their customs and mode of living and even interviewed them about their belief in God and the creation. This is the answer of the chief. "After God had made all things, he took a number of arrows and put them into the ground, and men and women came out, who have multiplied in the world up to the present time; and it was thence they came."

Champlain made a trip of forty or fifty miles up the Saguenay obtaining accounts from the Indians of the upper part of the river and Hudson's Bay. On the eighteenth of June Pontgrave and Champlain set out in a small bark on an exploring trip up the St. Lawrence. Champlain, according to his custom, mapping every point as they went along, and naming the Falls of Montmorency in honor of Champlain's friend Montmorency in Paris. A little farther on they found a place where the river became narrow, called Kebec by the Indians, and later the site of the first permanent French colony on the continent. Passing through Lake St. Peter they explored the Richelieu for a short distance and finally reached the bluff which Cartier had named Mont





Real. They tried the Lachine Rapids with a skiff and finally went three miles on foot without finding quiet water, then turning to the Indians again for information were told of a great lake above them eighty leagues long, meaning Lake Ontario, and another sixty leagues long meaning Lake Erie, also of "a fall somewhat high," meaning Niagara, and being as written up by Champlain the first mention of this fall. The Indians had been no farther but had heard of a lake so large that no man dared venture upon it. This Champlain took to be the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, the route to India. After an absence of three weeks the party returned to Tadoussac and explored the southern shore of the river as far as Gaspé, returning along the north shore thus mapping the St. Lawrence as far as navigable.

On the sixteenth of August the two ships with holds full of valuable furs sailed homeward, landing at Honfleur after a little over a month. Here they learned that Commander de Chastes was dead and that they must petition King Henry again for aid. Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts was made Lieutenant-General in Acadia with vice-regal powers. He was a Huguenot of wealth and increased the capital of the company from his own means. Pontgrave, Champlain, and Poutrincourt were also leaders of the strange company collected by De Monts. Parkman says that the best and meanest of France were crowded together in the two ships.

By the charter De Monts was required to take a certain number of Catholic priests and added one or two Protestant clergymen, thus occasioning many discussions and quarrels.

In order to avoid the rigorous winters of the St. Lawrence they steered for a more southern region and sailed along the southern coast of Nova Scotia, landing here and there, Champlain mapping bays and harbors as far as St. Mary's Bay. They explored the Bay of Fundy, but their most notable discovery was that of Annapolis Harbor, the beautiful basin which was granted by De Monts to Poutrincourt who wished to remove and found here his ancestral home, and was called by him Port Royal. Sailing around the head of the Bay of Fundy they coasted its northern shore, visited and named the River St. John and anchored in Passamaquoddy Bay, Champlain explor-



ing and chartering the route and discovering an islet which he named St. Croix in the river now called by that name and made in 1783 by treaty the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. This site was chosen by De Monts for his new colony; cannon were landed and a fort begun, the place being well located for defence. After building a sufficient number of houses to accommodate the colony Poutrincourt set sail for France, intending to return later to his domain at Port Royal.

Of the seventy-nine men who had remained at St. Croix where De Monts was feudal lord, thirty-five died before spring. Champlain seems to have been the inspiring leader who kept the miserable remnant from utter despair, and he also during the month of September had visited and named the cliffs of Mt. Desert, and entered the mouth of the Penobscot river previously called Norembeaga.

After a time De Monts, tiring of St. Croix, with a small party including Champlain searched for six weeks for a more favorable habitation. During this trip they explored the deeply indented coast of Maine, passing along the New England coast as far as Cape Cod, entering the harbor of Plymouth fifteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims on the historic rock. They found a large number of Indians of an agricultural race with whom they held conference and also had a hostile encounter, one of the sailors being killed by arrows as he pursued an Indian who had snatched a pail from him.

The Merrimac was called by these voyageurs La Riviere du Gas in honor of De Monts. Cape Ann they named St. Louis, and Cape Cod, Cape Blanc. The party still unsatisfied returned to St. Croix and removed their stores and parts of their buildings to the domain of Poutrincourt at Port Royal. De Monts was obliged to go to Paris for political reasons connected with his patent, and Champlain with some others volunteered to undergo the hardships of a second winter in the colony under command of Pontgrave. In the autumn of this same year Champlain and Pontgrave explored the southeast coast of Massachusetts as far as Hyannis. At Chatham Harbor they were again assailed by arrows from 400 Indians, and two men were killed and others wounded. Champlain, Poutrincourt, and eight oth-



ers sprang from their sleep to the boats and the 400 savages frightened by the spectral vision fled to the woods. Champlain returned to France in September, 1607, after an absence of three years and a half. The French had treated the Indians with a spirit of kindness unlike that practised by the Spaniards, and the grief of the savages was loud and uncontrolled, quieted only by a promise of speedy return. An interval followed during which the Jesuits established in Acadia by their usual methods a colony which was later ruined by the English.

Five years after he had first ascended the St. Lawrence river Champlain sailed again up its broad waters, this time as Governor of Canada in command of an expedition fitted out by De Monts who had abandoned his Acadian enterprise after the revocation of his exclusive grant to the region. His sympathy with the new spirit of exploration was so great however, that he fitted out two ships entrusting one to Pontgrave and the other to Champlain.

Early in June of the year 1608, under his direction, a pile of wooden buildings rose on the brink of the St. Lawrence near the site of the market-place of the lower town of Quebec. Champlain was a zealous horticulturist, raising maize, wheat, rye, and barley with vegetables of all kinds, and a small vineyard of native grapes.

A conspiracy on the part of the Spaniards to murder the new Governor, and seize Quebec was discovered and the author put to death while his head was displayed on a pike from the highest roof of the settlement, his accomplices being taken to France to make atonement in the galleys.

Pontgrave left Champlain with twenty-eight men to hold Quebec through the winter. Many of the Algonquin tribe of Indians who made no provision for winter, gathered around the settlement and were many times permitted to send their women and children within the palisades for protection when threatened by hostile nations. By the middle of May only eight men had survived the ravages of winter and scurvy which had broken out with virulence. Pontgrave returning took charge of this little remnant at Quebec, while Champlain entered at once upon his long meditated explorations.



It was Champlain's policy to influence Indian counsels and to hold the balance of power between opposing tribes, hence when he was besought by a young Indian chief from Ottawa to join him against his enemies the Iroquois in return for the service of his Indians as guides, and in ignorance of the great power of the Iroquois nation, he essayed to pass up the St. John with a band of Huron and Algonquin Indians. Having been deceived by them in regard to the impassable rapids just above, he abandoned the attempt, sent back the greater part of his men, and proceeded with two who offered to follow him and the sixty warriors. Advancing by day and camping by night they soon came in sight of Isle a la Motte, Long Island, Grand Isle. Here Champlain entered the lake which bears his name, lying between the Green Mountains on the east and the lofty and more imposing Adirondacks, the hunting ground of the Iroquois, on the west and south. Changing their tactics and moving only in the night they passed the rocky promontory of Fort Ticonderoga and launched their canoes again on Lake George intending to reach the Hudson river.

On the morning of July 29, 1609, not far from Crown Point, occurred the first battle. The Iroquois astonished by the sight of the Frenchmen in their armor of steel, and terrified by the report of the arquebus and its deadly work, fled through the forest, the allies pursuing and killing some but taking many captive. Champlain's own story shows that the commanding officer was at the front, not in the rear. "I saw them come out of their barricade, nearly two hundred men, tall and powerful, and move slowly toward us with a gravity and assurance which amused me vastly. At their head were three chiefs. . . . Our men began to call me loudly; and to give me passage they opened into two ranks and put me at the head, about twenty paces in advance. When I was about thirty paces from the enemy, the latter suddenly perceived me. They halted and stared. I did the same. When I saw them nervous in taking their aim, I put my arquebus to my cheek and aimed straight at one of the three chiefs. At the shot two fell dead, and one of their companions was so wounded that he died shortly after. I had put four balls into my gun. When our men saw this shot so effective for them,





they began to yell so jubilantly that you could not have heard thunder. Volleys of arrows now flew from both sides. The Iroquois were dumbfounded that two of their number should have been killed so promptly, seeing that they wore a sort of armor woven with cotton thread, and carried arrow proof shields. The thing unnerved them. As I was reloading one of my companions fired a shot from the woods. This, following on the death of their leaders, so demoralized them that they lost their heads completely and took to their heels. Abandoning the field and their fort, they dashed into the depths of the forest, and, pursuing them, I killed several others. Our savages also killed a number, and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest escaped with their wounded. Fifteen or sixteen on our side received arrow-wounds, which were soon healed."

At the mouth of the Richelieu the Hurons and Algonquins left Champlain to return to Ottawa, inviting him to visit them and to aid them again in their wars. An incident of this victory gives a faint idea of the horrible experiences through which these early explorers were forced to pass. Many of the Indian captives were tortured to death by slow inhuman cruelties. Champlain witnessing suffering of this kind for the first time sought to prevent the cruelty, and failing in that shot the victim to end his misery more quickly.

Pontgrave with Champlain now sailed for France to report to De Monts who had lost much money in his enterprise, and believed therefore that the traffic in fur must be protected somewhat, while King Henry believed in free trade, and did not yield to Champlain's pleading, although he accepted the gift of a gar-pike's skull, two scarlet tanagers, a girdle of porcupine quills, and the dried head and arms of a slain Iroquois which had been sent to him by the Algonquin Indians.

The friends returned to New France early in the spring of 1610, Champlain having the promise of the Montagnais to guide him northward to Hudson's Bay, and that of the Hurons to show him the Great Lakes with their copper mines, all being united against their common foe, the Iroquois. The Indians with their skins and specimens of copper, and ready for battle, had impatiently awaited their arrival, and on the 19th of June, 1610, near



the mouth of the Richelieu, occurred the second battle with the great Iroquois nation in which Champlain was wounded by a stone arrowhead. The Iroquois again terrified by the arquebus fought furiously, but were all killed except fifteen who were taken prisoners. The victorious savages built torture fires along the coast and Champlain could save only one prisoner whom he claimed as his own. They even quartered and ate one body.

On the next day the Hurons appeared greatly disappointed that they had come too late for this battle, a defeat which had created deadly enmity toward the French from the powerful Iroquois who later became powerful allies of the Dutch and English.

The Algonquin and Huron savages were now ready because he had fought their battles to do Champlain's bidding, but he was obliged to return to France to find that the King had been assassinated, that De Monts' credit at court was gone, and for further discouragement, that the fur trade for that year was a great loss.

In December of this year a marriage ceremony was performed uniting Champlain to a little girl of twelve, Marie Helene Boulle, who was to remain with her parents for some years while Champlain with Pontgrave early the following spring started again for New France, and passing through drifting fields and bergs of ice arrived at Tadoussac on the 13th of May, 1611, the forests and mountains being still white with snow.

Hoping to establish business relations with the Indians of the interior he decided to found a permanent post at Montreal, which he called Place Royale. Hundreds of Hurons came down the rapids of the St. Louis to confer with Champlain. Their faith in him was perfect, but the crowd of lawless adventurers who had peopled the settlement filled them with distrust. They now felt that they were in danger, and breaking camp removed to the borders of lake St. Louis, placing the rapids between themselves and the objects of their alarm. Champlain went to confer with them and was brought back over the rapids in a birch canoe, "somewhat to the discomposure of his nerves," as he writes. A few months later Champlain set out for Paris, convinced by



the results of the last two years that a change of policy was necessary. His mission was successful in that Comte de Soissons, a royal prince, was made Lt. Governor for the king in New France, with vice-regal powers which he delegated to Champlain. The Comte soon died and the life of New France was left to Champlain alone. He had two great objects, to find a route to the Indies and to bring the heathen tribes into the embrace of the church. He did not desire a monopoly, but sought to enlist the rival traders in his grand purpose of establishing and supporting a colony. He drew up a compromise by which trade on the river above Quebec should be restricted, and trade below that point should be free. Various political changes at home complicated and delayed him so that in the summer of 1612 he was not able to make his yearly voyage to New France, but in 1613 he was again sent out as Governor with power to make treaties and to govern trade; and he explored the Ottawa river to its upper waters as far as the camp of the Algonquins. Much time was wasted in following the lead of De Vignan, a young fellow who to create a sensation claimed to have been farther north and to have seen the wreck of a ship on the coast.

Returning to France Champlain published a second volume of his voyages, not revisiting Canada until April, 1613. Being a devout Catholic he wished to christianize New France, and to this end obtained letters-patent from the King, and authority from the Pope. Four friars of the order of Franciscans were named for New France, and arrived at Quebec the end of May, 1615, wearing a gray cloth garment with the peaked hood and knotted cord of the order. They chose a site for their convent and celebrated the first mass ever said in Canada.

It was the constant aim of Champlain to persuade the hordes of savages to live at peace with each other, making them dependent upon the French colony as leader, and when he was urged to undertake a third expedition against the Iroquois, a plan which involved the enmity of the fiercest of the savage tribes, he met the Algonquins and Hurons in council and promised to join them with his white men and their wonderful arquebuses, while they were to muster 2,500 warriors. He descended to Quebec for preparations and returned to Montreal to find that all had van-



ished, impatient at his delay. With two canoes, ten Indians, Etienne Brule, his interpreter, and another Frenchman, he pushed up the riotous stream till he reached the Algonquin village of his previous trip. He followed along the course to the tributary waters of the Mattawan, and turning to the left ascended this little stream forty miles or more to Lake Nipissing, thence to Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay. In Champlain the Hurons beheld a victorious leader for themselves and gave him cordial welcome. Here he found friar Le Caron, for whom the Indians had built a bark lodge.

Starting on a tour of exploration Champlain and some of his Frenchmen passed Lake Simcoe, and the rivers and lakes leading to the river Trent, crossed the eastern end of Lake Ontario in their canoes and moved southward until they were well within the territory of the Iroquois who had a fortified town protected by four concentric rows of palisades, formed from the trunks of trees set aslant in the earth. Champlain taught his Huron allies to build a movable wooden tower high enough to command the fortifications, and large enough to protect a small number of men. Huge shields were also made. The wild tribes were soon attacking each other in frenzied confusion, which Champlain could not check, and the Hurons were obliged to fall back to their camp with seventeen warriors wounded. Champlain, suffering from wounds in his knee and leg, urged the Hurons to a renewed attack, but they waited in vain for help from their allies, and after five days returned to Lake Ontario and crossed to the northern shore, disappointed in Champlain, because for the first time he had failed to insure them a victory. They refused him an escort to Quebec, and he was obliged to winter with them, accepting the shelter of a chief, Duralant. As usual Champlain made the best of the situation, filling his time as well and as profitably as possible. With Friar Le Caron he visited various tribes west of the Hurons.

One day on a deer hunt he saw a redheaded woodpecker, and being a lover of birds pursued it and was lost. He had no pocket compass and wandered several days until finally, he followed a creek to a river, and this to his Indian friends who were rejoiced to see him, and would never suffer him to go alone into the forest





again. In midwinter they moved to Carhagouha, where they found the friar struggling to preach and to teach in the Huron tongue. Champlain visited the tribe called Nation of Tobacco, and the Cheveux Relevés urging them to come down with the Hurons for yearly trade at Montreal. As spring advanced he made his way to his colony by the roundabout circuit of Lake Huron and the Ottawa, in order to avoid the Iroquois. At Nipissing he found that the Algonquin and Iroquois had a grievance, which had occasioned a fight. All turned to Champlain. He urged upon them the advantages of peace and imminent war was averted; he then turned homeward, and with him Durantal. The Indians had reported Champlain dead, and the friars chanted solemn mass and thanksgiving in their chapel over his return.

Durantal was bewildered with the sights that he saw, and went back full of admiration for the French town.

From 1616-1627 there was little growth at Quebec. Champlain built a fort on the verge of the rock above the little settlement, and constructed a path between them which is preserved to-day in a crooked street. The permanent settlers did not exceed fifty or sixty persons, and the fort is facetiously represented as having two old women for garrison, and two hens for sentinels. The reformed religion was forbidden. Commands were defied by the Huguenots. All was discord, disorder, jealousy and lack of agreement among the traders. Champlain went each year to France, but confusion prevailed there as well. In the spring of 1620 he succeeded in binding the traders by a more rigid agreement, and brought his wife to New France on his return. Madame de Champlain had inherited Huguenot beliefs from her father, but had become converted to Catholicism by her husband, and after three or four years in Canada returned to France to become a nun, her husband consenting to the separation. After his death she became an Ursuline nun, founded a convent, and died much honored, having a saintly reputation.

In Canada the Montagnais turned against the French, but were obliged to appeal to them for means of life. The Iroquois also attacked Quebec, but were terrified by the fortifications and withdrew.

Changes in power in France reacted upon the colony. Mont-



morency, the Viceroy at this time, unfortunately conferred the trade of New France upon two Huguenots, making serious trouble, so that Champlain was obliged to send a friar to appeal to the king. Montmorency next sold his viceroyalty to his nephew, who had become a Jesuit, and never ending troubles began. The Jesuits came to the settlement while Champlain was absent, and grew rapidly in numbers and strength; still, Quebec after twenty years had no firm foothold. Its population was about one hundred and five men, women and children, and only one or two families had learned to support themselves from the products of the soil.

Richelieu was now supreme in France. He suppressed the right of Montmorency, and made himself Grand Master and Superintendent of Navigation and Commerce, forming a company of one hundred Associates, called the Company of New France, and placed himself at the head.

The colony from Florida to the Arctic Circle, from Newfoundland to the sources of the St. Lawrence was conferred on them forever, and a perpetual monopoly of the fur trade was granted them with monopoly of other commerce, excepting whale and cod fishing, for fifteen years. The trade of the colony was declared free for the same period from all duties and imports. The King gave them two ships of war armed and equipped. The company was bound to convey to New France during the next year, 1628, two or three hundred men of all trades, before 1643, to increase the number to four thousand persons of both sexes, to lodge and support them for three years, and afterward to give them cleared lands for every settler who was a Frenchman and a Catholic. The Huguenots were forbidden to touch her shores.

The Associates, of whom Champlain was one, entered upon their functions with a capital of 300,000 livres, less than \$60,000. They sent four armed vessels with a fleet of transports to relieve the starving colony at Quebec. Then war broke out in France between the Huguenots of Rochelle and the King, and at this time the English determined to seize the French possessions in the New World. A fleet containing many Huguenots sailed against Quebec and demanded its surrender, which was refused.



by Champlain. Deceived by his boldness as to the strength of the settlement, they refrained from attack, but overpowered the transports and sunk or seized all the supplies. The settlers were reduced to seven ounces of pounded pease for a daily ration, and when this failed betook themselves to the woods for roots. Champlain was compelled to capitulate, receiving a pledge that the French were to be carried to their own country, and each soldier was to have furs to the value of twenty crowns. On July 20th the cross of St. George was planted on Canadian soil.

The English were kind and generous in offering provisions and other necessities, but Champlain replied rather bitterly, "Thank you very much, but you are making us pay pretty dearly for them, and without our being able to dispute the bill." Discouraged but undaunted, he went to London for an interview with the French ambassador and gained from the king a promise that New France should be restored to the French crown. In fulfillment of this promise England resigned her prize to Richelieu, and in the spring of 1633 Champlain commissioned anew by Richelieu, resumed command at Quebec in behalf of the company. There was great rejoicing among the Indians, Jesuits, and all the settlers who warmly welcomed their beloved Governor.

Champlain established the custom of ringing the Angelus three times a day at Quebec, and France again sought to attract and christianize the savage tribes.

After two months and a half of illness Samuel de Champlain died on Christmas day, 1635, having labored for twenty-seven years for the welfare of the colony, sacrificing home, friends, comfort and great opportunities for its upbuilding. He had boundless courage and great patience, living in advance of the understanding of his times. His quaintly written, charming narratives relate nothing of himself, but bear the impress of truth. "Of the pioneers of the North American forests," writes Parkman, "his name stands foremost on the lists. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism." Since September, 1898, there has been an imposing monument in Quebec to his memory. Said John Fiske, "His piety and probity were equal to his courage and endurance, and these qualities were united to a tact which made him the idol of Indians and white men alike."



## THE FIRST NAVAL VOYAGE TO OUR WEST COAST

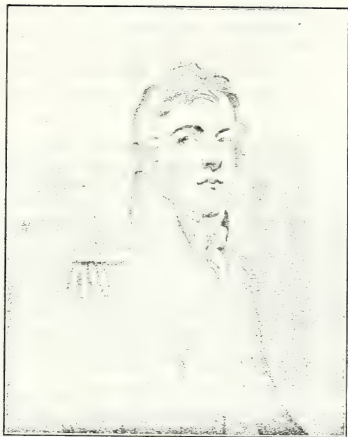
BY CHARLES OSCAR PAULLIN

**T**HE recent achievement of our fleet in sailing from Hampton Roads, around Cape Horn, to the West Coast recalls the first voyage of a similar character made by an American man of war. The contrasts between the two voyages are exceedingly striking. In the one case, a magnificent fleet of battleships, imposing in appearance, peopled by thousands of men, and bristling with powerful cannon, takes its departure amidst the huzzas of numerous spectators, among whom is the distinguished President of the United States. It is received at the South American ports with great pomp and many expressions of friendship, and finally it arrives at the populous cities of the West Coast which fly the same flag as its vessels, and which extend to its officers and seamen a truly royal welcome. In the other case, a small sailing sloop, of only 559 tons burden, carrying 20 guns and 150 men, slips out of port silently and almost unseen, is received with indifference by the South American government, and finally reaches the sparsely settled West Coast, at that time partly under the dominion of Spain and partly claimed by Great Britain.

The first American naval vessel to visit the West Coast of America, and the second to round Cape Horn and to pass into the Pacific, was the sloop of war "Ontario." Her commander, Captain James Biddle, was a member of the noted Philadelphia family of Biddles. Another member of that family, Captain Nicholas Biddle, was one of the first naval officers appointed by Congress in 1775, and lost his life in 1778 by the blowing up of his ship, the "Randolph," while she was engaging the British sixty-four "Yarmouth." The younger Biddle entered the navy as a midshipman in 1800. He served during our wars with France, Tripoli, and Great Britain, distinguishing himself in







CAPTAIN JAMES BIDDLE, U S. N.



1815 by capturing the British sloop of war "Penguin," for which gallant act he was voted a medal by Congress.

The reader may remember that our claim to the Northwest Coast was chiefly based upon the discovery of the Columbia River by Captain Gray, of Boston, in 1792; and the exploration of that river by Lewis and Clarke in 1804-1805. In 1811 the Pacific Fur Company, an association of which John Jacob Astor of New York was president, established a trading post at Astoria, near the mouth of the river. In 1813 this port was captured by the British. Its recapture early engaged the attention of our government, as may be seen from the following extract from a letter of Secretary of the Navy William Jones written on November 29, 1814, to Captain Stephen Decatur, who was preparing to sail on a cruise to the Java and China seas:

"There is, however, one object which you may possibly embrace with facility and with vast advantages to our territorial and commercial interests. I mean the recapture of our post and settlement at the mouth of Columbia river on the Northwest Coast of America now in possession of the enemy. This you might accomplish by taking that route and returning home round Cape Horn. You would probably find at that place a large collection of sea otter skins and other valuable furs. It would be of great importance to the United States to be in possession of that settlement at the period when peace shall take place. Perhaps it may be well to have a confidential conversation with John Jacob Astor, Esq., of New York on this subject before your departure."

Decatur never reached even the Far East, as his vessel was captured on leaving New York. Under the Treaty of Ghent of 1815, which brought the War of 1812 to a close, the British agreed to restore all captured territory, but later they did not seem disposed to comply with their agreement. Finally our government decided to take some action that would secure our rights. In September, 1817, it commissioned Captain James Biddle and Mr. J. B. Prevost "to proceed to the Columbia River, with a view to assert on the part of the United States the claim to the sovereignty, by some symbolical or appropriate mode adapted to the occasion." They were not to employ force in accomplishing their object. They were further ordered to touch at Rio

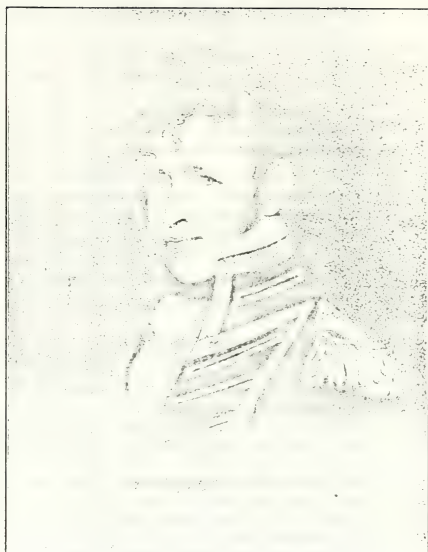


Janeiro and communicate with the American minister to Brazil, and to stop at Valparaiso and Lima. As Chili was at this time at war with Peru, whose viceroy was the chief representative of Spain on the west coast of South America, the presence of an American naval vessel in that quarter to protect our interests was highly desirable.

The chief source of information respecting Biddle's cruise is an account that he wrote for the Secretary of the Navy, which is now to be found in the naval archives at Washington. This valuable document has never been published, and only recently has the attention of historians been called to it. Biddle described the first part of his cruise as follows:

"I sailed from New York on the 4th of October, 1817, the day after receiving my instructions from the Navy Department, and upon arriving at Rio de Janeiro, I delivered to Mr. Sumter the despatches for him that had been committed to my charge. Leaving Rio de Janeiro on the first of December, I proceeded round Cape Horn, and arrived on the 24th of January, 1818, in sight of Valparaiso. Off this port I was met by a Spanish Squadron, consisting of two ships and two brigs. The Commander of this squadron hailed and ordered me to send a boat on board, which I acquainted him I should not do; adding that this was the United States ship 'Ontario,' and if he wished any communication he might send his boat on board this ship. He continued several times to order me to send my boat, but perceiving I was determined not to do so, he at length sent his own. The boarding officer upon my acquainting him that I was bound into Valparaiso, stated that his Commodore had ordered him to inform me that he was blockading Valparaiso with a Squadron of His Catholic Majesty's vessels, and that his orders were not to permit even men of war to enter it; that if I was in want of supplies he was instructed by the Vice King of Peru to offer for that object the port of Lima, or of Talcahuano; and that, if I was in immediate want, he would himself furnish supplies sufficient to carry me to either of these ports. I directed the boarding officer to return and acquaint his Commodore that I had been ordered by my Government to go into Valparaiso, and therefore it was necessary I should go thither. The boarding officer soon came on board again saying that his Commodore had sent him back only to repeat to me that his orders were not to allow any man of war whatever to enter the port of Valparaiso. I now lowered my boat and sent the first lieutenant to





CAPTAIN STEPHEN DECATUR, U. S. N.





inform the Spanish Commodore that my Government had ordered me to touch at Valparaiso on my way to the North West coast of America, and therefore it was necessary I should touch there; that I wished to know whether, as his boarding officer had represented, he undertook to prohibit my entering that port, and that I also wished to know whether he intended to use force to prevent my entrance. The Spanish Commodore disclaimed the intention of using force, but wished me to give his boarding officer a memorandum in writing, saying that I had been notified of the blockade. With this I readily complied, and on the following morning I anchored at Valparaiso."

Biddle was busy at Valparaiso guarding the interests of American citizens until April 12, when he sailed for Lima, arriving there on the 21st. As the tide of war had now turned against Peru, that country was exceedingly anxious to send a commissioner to Valparaiso to effect a conciliatory arrangement with Chili and to bring about a transfer of prisoners. Complying with a request of the viceroy, Biddle consented to delay his expedition and to convey to Valparaiso a Peruvian commissioner. On the completion of the mission of the commissioner, he sailed again for Lima. Let us return to his narrative:

"Leaving Valparaiso on the 14th June, I proceeded back to Lima and landed there the Commissioner of the Vice King, four Spanish officers liberated in exchange for the like number of Patriot officers I had carried to Chili, and several Spaniards captured in merchant vessels, who had been released upon the condition of my affording them a passage. I also landed at Lima, Mr. Jeremy Robinson, who appeared to be in the service of the Department of State and obtained of the Vice King permission for him to remain in Lima until my return from the North West Coast. I remained only part of a day in Lima, and the Vice King expressed to me in the most flattering manner his thanks for the part I had acted in endeavoring to effect an exchange of prisoners, assuring me his sense of obligation to me was not the less strong because the negotiation had failed of success. At Lima was the master of the ship 'Beaver' and the supercargo of the brig 'Canton;' two American vessels which had been seized and condemned in the port of Talcahuano, and whose cases by appeal were still pending here. From each of these gentlemen I received a letter requesting of me to stop at Lima on my return from the North West Coast, and expressing the



opinion that my doing so and making known my intention of doing so previous to sailing would have great influence in producing a decision favorable to their claims. This opinion accorded with my own, and therefore in a letter which I had occasion to write to the Vice King respecting the 'Beaver' I mentioned that as it was important to the Government of the United States to be informed as early as possible of the decision respecting the 'Beaver' and 'Canton,' I should touch at Lima on my way from the North West coast for the purpose of obtaining the information and conveying it home with me."

Prevost now decided not to accompany Biddle to the Northwest Coast. In the fall of 1818, however, he visited Astoria in the British ship "Blossom" and received the surrender of the post, but with this episode we are not here concerned. Let us again return to Biddle's narrative:

"I sailed from Lima on the 30th June, and arrived off the Columbia River on the 19th of August at daylight. The entrance of this River is rendered difficult to vessels so large as the 'Ontario' by the shoalness of water on its bar, by its sinuous channel, and by the strength and irregularity of its tides. As it was not indispensable to the service I had to perform that the ship should enter the River, I anchored outside the Bar and proceeded in with three boats well armed and manned with more than fifty officers and seamen. I landed at a small cove within Cape Disappointment on the north side of the River; and here, in the presence of several of the Natives, displaying the flag of the United States, turning up a sod of soil, and giving three cheers, I nailed up against a tree, a leaden plate, in which were cut the following words: 'Taken possession of in the name of, and on behalf of the United States by Captain James Biddle, commanding the United States ship Ontario, Columbia River, August, 1818.' While this was passing on shore, the ship fired a salute. When this ceremony was concluded I proceeded up to Chenoake village and visited its Chief, thence crossed the River and visited the settlement which is twenty miles from Cape Disappointment, and on my way down the River I landed on its south side near point George, and took possession. I anchored with the boats for the night off Chenoake point, and on the following morning I recrossed the Bar and returned on board."

Some additional facts are found in the journal of Lieutenant J. H. Aulick, who accompanied Biddle. (See the American Historical Record, volume III, pages 292-293):





BENJAMIN W. CROWNINSHIELD,  
Secretary of the Navy, 1814-1818



"From the Chennook village we stood across the river for the establishment founded here by Mr. Astor, of New York, and now in the possession of the English N. W. Company. As we approached it I had the mortification to see the British flag run up, and to know that Captain Biddle was not authorized by his instructions to haul it down and place in its stead the American standard." "The establishment consists of one large two-story, and four or five small dwelling-houses, two or three stores, and other outhouses, round the whole of which there is a strong and high picket. There is at this time but three guns mounted, although they have five or six more without carriages. Twenty-five whites, and the same number of Sandwich Islanders, constitute the present force of the settlement. The place is commanded by James Keith, a Scotchman. On our way back we landed at Port George and took formal possession of the country on that side of the river, in the name and on the behalf of the United States, nailed up a board, on one side of which was painted the American coat of arms, and on the other an inscription, the same as that on the lead put up at Cape Disappointment."

Of his visit to Monterey, California, and his return to Lima, Biddle gives the following account:

"As it was impracticable to bring wood and water in our boats to the ship without the Bar, it became necessary to go into some neighboring port for a supply of these articles. The want also of fresh provisions, which cannot be procured at the Columbia River, and which it was not prudent the crew should longer be without, rendered it advisable to enter a port in the vicinity. I therefore sailed for Monterey, where I arrived on the 25th of August. At this port I met the Russian sloop of war 'Kutusoff.' This ship had sailed from Europe in Sept., 1816, and upon the principle that the object of her voyage was discovery, she was furnished with passports from the European Governments to secure her from every molestation in the event of a war. Yet her Commander was acting, and had been since his arrival in this sea, as Governor of all the Russian American settlements, and the object of his visit to Monterey was to take on board a cargo of wheat for the supply of the settlement at Sitchka, where he himself was to pass the ensuing winter, as he had done the preceding winter and spring. The Commander of the 'Kutusoff' expected to be relieved in the government of the settlements by the Commander of the 'Kamschatka.' This Russian sloop of war I met at Rio de Janeiro in November, 1817, and she also was





furnished with passports, granted because she was engaged in a voyage of discovery. From the Commander of the 'Kutusoff,' as also from the Governor of Monterey, I learnt that the Russians had formed a settlement on the coast of California, in the neighborhood of St. Francisco. Francisco is nearly nine degrees of latitude south of Columbia River. I had read in the English newspapers that Russia had taken possession of one of the Sandwich Islands and fortified it. The Commander of the 'Kutusoff' assured me it was not the case, and as I was desirous of ascertaining this point as satisfactorily as I was able, I directed some of my officers to make the enquiry of some of the officers of the 'Kutusoff,' and they also stated that there was no Russian establishment among the Sandwich Islands. I incline to think that the Russians had left some seamen upon one of these Islands with a view of remaining, and that they had been driven away by the Natives. I mention these circumstances respecting the Russians, thinking it might be interesting to our government to know them.

"Having completed wooding and watering I sailed from Monterey on the 30th of August, and arrived on the 22nd of October at Lima. Here I found the cases of the 'Beaver' and 'Canton' still undecided, nor had any progress been made towards a decision. I had several conversations with the Vice King respecting these vessels. . . . At length the cases of the 'Beaver' and 'Canton' were taken up for trial, and it resulted in the acquittal of both vessels. From my own opportunities of observing, as also from what I could learn from others, I am of opinion that the acquittal of these vessels is to be attributed to the presence of a public vessel of the United States."

Biddle sailed from Lima on December 6, 1818, and arrived at Valparaiso on the 27th. Here he had a serious altercation with Lord Cochrane, the commander-in-chief of the Chilian navy, respecting the giving of salutes. Cochrane also tried to prevent the sailing of the "Ontario" by intimidating her commander, but failed to effect his object. Biddle's voyage was in every respect successful. He reasserted our claim to the Northwest Coast, he saved the Americans trading with Chili and Peru large sums of money, and he strengthened the friendship existing between his government and that of Spain. The viceroy of Peru expressed his appreciation of Biddle's services by presenting him with a sword, and the king of Spain thanked him for his "exalted and gallant" conduct.



The boy who has been severely punished because the school is  
or

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## BOOK 10: THE MEN OF THE BLACK FLAG

BY EDGAR WHITE

IN the stories of the warfare on the border, the fierce feud between Jayhawker and Missourian, it was claimed by those who seemed to speak with authority that Quantrill now and then spared, but Anderson never. Of all the sombre, merciless men who rode under the black flag Anderson was counted the most relentless. Some said the man's heart only thawed when he saw the blood running. His apologists—and he has had some able ones—urge that two of his sisters were slain by the Jayhawkers, and say that the day the news reached him he began cutting notches on his revolver. Not only were blue-coats waylaid and ridden down, but the man who hid a horse, or failed to furnish feed, or reported his movements to the opposing forces was executed without compunction. Even Southern sympathizers dreaded the name of the man, because he drew but faint lines between those of one side or the other when the mood to kill was on.

Anderson was not a large man, and neither was Quantrill. Both rode horses as if they were a part of their animals, and could shoot on the gallop as well as when taking a rest. The men who rode behind them were equally expert in riding and shooting, but these two men became leaders because their hatred was the deepest. Like Marat they were fascinating because of their utter implacability.

Anderson, when a boy, went to school at Huntsville, a picturesque old town of northern Missouri. He is said to have been a good scholar, quiet and obedient, but not overly gifted in arithmetic. As was the case with "Mark Twain," none of his fellow-students thought he would ever start a conflagration on the river by his learning, or anything else. Certainly no one saw in the backward country lad a firebrand of the future.



The boy who has been soundly licked before the whole school, or who has seen two bright blue eyes he called his own, look love into another's face, generally has one great and overpowering ambition during those dreadful periods, and that is to come back in later years, at the head of a splendid array of pirates, surround the town, and force the citizenship to sue to him for mercy.

If that ambition came to Anderson he realized it to the full. After blazing the border until his name stood for all that was terrible and pitiless, he lighted on Huntsville in September, 1864, with as fierce a crowd of swashbucklers as this country ever produced, and the mayor didn't have time to think where to hide the key to the city. For one short, eventful day the shy school-boy was the whole works of the place. He rode about on a magnificent white horse, roaring out orders and telling his men the best places to loot. The revolvers of the rough riders popped incessantly, and the citizens ran into their cyclone cellars. Anderson wore a big feather in his hat and there was a new sash around his waist where he kept his ever-ready guns. It was the proudest day of his life. Small boys, hiding behind barns and houses, would risk a peep now and then to get a sight of the gory chieftain as an example for emulation in later days.

Towards the edge of town lived Hade Rutherford, and some one, hoping to win favor from some of the guerillas, told them that Hade had hidden away two fine horses to keep them from falling into the hands of Anderson's gang. So they swooped down on Hade, who was then a very young man, just married, put a rope around his neck and asked him about the horses. Mrs. Rutherford, a beautiful young woman, rushed out and begged the guerillas to spare her husband's life. Every man there had been in such scenes before and they were not affected. The prisoner had spirited away two good horses, and that meant death according to the law of the border.

The rope was made taut about Hade's neck, he was put on a horse and then ———

"What you got, fellers?"

Anderson, chief devil of the lot, rode up with revolvers still smoking.



"Been hidin' horses, Cap," said a big man who was handling the loose end of the rope.

"Well, what you waiting on?"

There was no time for prayers, but the condemned man saw a straw, for which he grasped.

"Say, Bill," he said, " 'member the time I helped you work your sums so the teacher wouldn't lick you?"

Old men who were at that strange assembly, out under the cottonwoods, say that two long lines stole out from Anderson's cruel mouth, which may have meant a grim smile, a most unusual thing for his hard, fierce face. He said nothing, but by a movement of the arm indicated to the prisoner that he was free. Hade Rutherford, Anderson's school-mate, is now mayor of Huntsville.

About that time Major Johnson's militia, 300 strong, reached Macon, then the northern terminal of the Northern Missouri railroad. The troop was going south in quest of Anderson, and the citizens of Macon assembled to bid the soldiers God-speed on their errand. Two days later a long train from the south pulled into the depot, and the crew began taking coffins from the baggage cars. They unloaded one car, another and another. The long platform was covered from end to end with ghastly freight. Major Johnson and his brave men had found Anderson. Reports came that the terrible fighters were coming hard on the heels of their victims. The town was panic-stricken. Valuables were buried; many people left town. The governor was implored to rush troops.

After leaving Huntsville Anderson learned through a leak from some quarter which should have guarded the secret with its life that a train-load of soldiers had left St. Louis en route to Iowa. By hard riding across the country the guerillas reached Centralia ahead of the train. When it came the soldiers fired a few shots from the windows. Then they offered to surrender on terms of civilized warfare. Anderson entered one of the cars, a revolver in each hand. But one voice was raised in rebuke, and that was a woman's. She was large and aggressive. Barring Anderson's way in the aisle she looked him in the face and cried:





"I wish I had a few good soldiers behind me to teach you cut-throats a lesson."

Anderson took off his hat, and glancing at the men about him remarked, with gentle irony:

"Madame, you certainly deserve better backing."

The poor soldiers, hoping for honorable treatment, gave up their arms and left the cars. They were lined up and shot down to the last man. Not one on the train escaped. The revolvers of the executioners were still smoking when Major Johnson arrived at the head of his force from Macon. Before engaging the enemy he dismounted and lined up his men. Then he challenged the guerillas.

"Come on! We are ready for you!"

Riding with Anderson that day were George Todd, Frank and Jesse James, and a score or so of the swiftest pistol fighters the world has ever produced. They came on with the rush of a whirlwind. The guerillas charged with their bridles in their teeth, a revolver in each hand. After one round by the militia the balance of the fight was like a shamble. Less than fifteen men got out of it alive, and Johnson was not among the fifteen. His life paid the penalty of not knowing the sort of men he was fighting against.

But Nemesis was awaiting the guerilla chief. It came to him in Ray county not long afterwards. The Centralia affair had stricken the state with horror. The federal authorities instructed the troops to capture or kill Anderson at all hazards. The state was soon swarming with large bands hunting him down. Anderson knew he could make no terms, and it is very likely he would not have asked for any. At last they hemmed him in. He fought like a bull dog, discharging revolver after revolver, and hurling the empty weapons into the faces of the men shooting at him. When he fell his body had been struck a dozen times. Twenty of his men were shot down in trying to recover the remains of their chieftain, which were finally left in the hands of the enemy.

With Anderson's death came the end of guerilla warfare in Missouri. The people were no longer aroused from their slumbers by the sinister tread of death-riders who seemed to be in



a dozen places at once. The man had passed unscathed through so many desperate affrays that superstitious ones had come to believe he had signed a compact with the evil one, and that he could not be killed until the time of his bond had expired.

There are many good people who claim that Anderson's record was no worse than that of some of the militia detachments operating in Missouri at the time, the only difference being that Anderson rode harder, and killed in larger numbers.

One or two attempts were made by ambitious leaders to take the dead guerilla's place, but they lacked his granite nerve, and soon went down. There was only one Bill Anderson, and that was enough.



## HISTORY OF SLAVERY

### SLAVERY IN ANCIENT GREECE

BY MRS. C. F. MC LEAN

*(Concluded)*

ONCE safely married an Athenian matron possessed some privileges. She could enter the portion of the house reserved for her husband, and even take her meals with him when they dined tête-à-tête. However, when even one friend came home with him she was obliged to retire immediately to her own part of the house and without so much as a glance at the visitor. The Greek writers insist that if by chance the eyes of a Greek matron met those of a stranger it was her bounden duty to blush, and instantly and discreetly withdraw her gaze. This seems to prove that at least a Greek matron sometimes had an opportunity to gaze out of the window; probably when she was busy superintending the cleaning and the rearranging of her husband's apartment. That there were ages when at the great animal festivals even maidens could repair to the temples and shrines of the goddesses, is claimed by some writers and disputed by others. Again, the attendance of respectable women at the theatre is in controversy, but the general opinion is that they were permitted to attend the presentation of tragedies but not of comedies. It is conceded that this was certainly the accepted rule, especially after the conquest of Rome had fully introduced different manners and customs. It is even told by one writer that a number of high born matrons, who attended a performance of a tragedy then in vogue were greatly shocked at the insults offered to their sex by the author. Greek maidens and even Greek matrons, never attended the great games, but it is possible that the Spartan maidens were permitted that privilege. Pansamas relates that the mother of Persi-



doros who accompanied him to the Olympic games dressed as a gymnast, discovered herself at the moment when her son was victorious, and only escaped condign punishment because many of her family had been victors in the Olympic games. The Romans and even the Asiatics never approved of the scant attire worn at the Greek games, especially of the Lucedemonians, which fact goes to prove that in later ages women were present at these contests. In regard to those customs it is generally accepted that the occasions when a matron was allowed to leave her domicile were not many. She could take a silent marching part in certain animal, civic and religious festivals, but always separated from the men. She could attend marriages in the family, and as that feast was held within doors, it furnished the one opportunity given a matron to see, and also hear her near male relatives, even her own father, for although seated carefully apart, matrons were then in the same apartment with the other guests. Matrons also attended funerals, but that privilege was extended only to those who were at least first cousin's children to the deceased. However, when a woman had arrived at the safe and sane age of sixty years the degree of relationship which gave her the occasion of attending a funeral was somewhat extended. That these Greek matrons were great match makers, we may surely venture to believe, and that they were unduly depressed when a distant relative was claimed by the gods—especially one they had never seen—is hardly to be imagined. Other occasions which permitted an Athenian matron to leave her domicile included the attendance on those who were ill and suffering, and on certain missions of charity. However, it is stated that the Greek writers again give the age of sixty as the safe period to allow women such a great privilege.

At least in certain historic periods, that matrons left the house simply to pay visits to others is conceded, but at no time were these visits frequent or without sufficient excuse. Although when the matrons did venture forth they were supposed to avert their gaze in seemly fashion, it is more than probable that whether at feast or funeral, they were able to obtain a good view of their surroundings.

.. Whenever a matron did venture forth as a free woman of





standing, she was always accompanied by her slave women. However, if throughout all Greece respectability and ignorance were considered mutually necessary, there was a class of women not bound by convention, and who became not only intellectual but even learned and influential. These women were called the Hetoerae. One writer says of them: "Although the Hetoerae were not respected they were certainly not despised, at least the better class of them, and the Milesian Aspasia was even respected." The Greeks never recognized polygamy, but marital fidelity was not considered binding on the men, and a wife, according to the laws of Solon could not complain of her husband's visits to the Hetoerae, unless he spent so much time and money in those visits as to greatly embarrass her in the conduct of the household affairs. Women publicly selling in the market place, in the eyes of the law were classed with the women of the town. Shop-women were placed in the category with the Hetoerae, and as female slaves sold in the market place the work they had finished for their masters, the respectability of such an occupation was not enhanced. Strange contrasts were offered by such standards. For instance, very poor women went to the market place, those too poor to possess even one slave, and there and at the booths, as well as at the theatre, the Hetoerae repaired. Although usually accompanied by their slaves they were sometimes unaccompanied. To these Hetoerae alone was given liberty of action, the opportunities of a living, moving part in the daily life of the beautiful city; for which liberty they paid by bartering away the respect men showed to the women they had chosen as their wives and housekeepers, and the mothers of their children. The care of the household, the overseeing of the preparation of the meals, the direction of the work of the slave women and those occasional glimpses of the outside world formed the chronicle of existence of the women who preferred the sort of respectability offered them by the men instead of liberty and license.

It is claimed that the Greeks sought the society of the Hetoerae because they were brighter and better educated—some of them were even brilliant and possessed scientific attainments and literary ability, and not only the contemporary writers, but even



historians of recent date offer those facts not as an excuse, but as a good reason for the generally accepted infidelity of the Greeks and their seeking the society of the Hetaerae. Yet it is acknowledged that in spite of the dreary isolation and complete subjection of a wife to her husband, in Greece there were wives who ruled their homes. Some of the law-makers insist that the wife's dower should not be so large as to give her a feeling of independence and an undue amount of authority in the household. But not dower alone, but personal qualities as well sometimes gave to the Greek matron a more securely defined position, and an extension of personal privileges. Doubtless she thus gradually added to the occasion when she went forth from her home, although the morning visit to the fountain was not regained. That it was as much owing to pressure from within as to the influence of other customs and manners introduced after the Macedonian and Roman conquests which gave the respectable and respected Greek matron that larger liberty and greater influence, whose existence is not denied by authorities, but which have made them somewhat uncertain as to many of the general deductions they desire to make, seems reasonable to infer. These statements concerning the condition of women in Greece precede naturally an account of the laws and customs concerning slavery, and the condition and occupation of the slaves of Greece. Even the humane and broadminded Plato, who in most of his pictures of an ideal political organization gave the permanent direction to those ideas of freedom which survived the dark ages, to be finally triumphant in actual national existence, included the institution of slavery in his Ideal Republic. True, he insisted that none but barbarians should be held in slavery. He could not see how otherwise time could be given for free citizens to contribute their best thought and effort to make an ideal commonwealth if there were no special class to perform all manual labor. He did think, however, that the sorry condition of such a class should be greatly ameliorated by more lenient laws and humane treatment. On the other hand Aristotle to his own mind at least, summarily disposed of the subject by declaring that as the soul should rule the body, the husband should rule over the wife, ergo; the master should rule over the slave;



granted the major premise, and anything in the world may be successfully proved. One historian says: "The Greek notions in regard to slavery were partly due to their assumption that the barbarians were creatures of a naturally inferior order to themselves, though there was nothing in the habits of those nations which would excuse such arrogance. The conditions surrounding those first brought from other countries into slavery resulted in a class created by birth and education which divested them of the aspirations of freemen, and suggested the notion that they belonged to a different race of mankind. As to the laws which governed the slaves one can judge how oppressive they really were when Plato suggested as better ones, that when a freeman deserved verbal censure a slave should be given corporal punishment, and for an offence which deserved a fine for a freeman a slave should be executed. To modern eyes the laws enforced throughout Greece governing slavery appear cruelly severe. Aristotle insisted slaves should be considered only as property; (which has a familiar sound) a machine possessing life. The Spartans, with their harsh, almost inhuman ideas about bringing up children, and their estimate of the value of human life and human endeavor had particularly severe laws regarding slaves individually owned; some writers claim that these were reduced to a condition little superior to that of domestic animals. Solon's laws forbade the practice of gymnastic exercises by slaves, which to the Greek mind meant the withdrawal of all the rights of manhood. Slaves were sold in the general market place, and there the public crier would cry out the escape of a runaway slave along with objects lost, stolen or found, and commodities for sale. Runaway slaves were advertised by a placard on the wall, or by a board set up on some frequented spot. In most cases a fixed reward was offered for the return of the fugitive slave. When sold in the market place the slaves were exhibited nude, and their good points dwelt upon very much as the pace of a horse is shown at the horse market. The slaves brought prices that varied according to age and strength, and also for their ability to act as foremen. Slaves who were artisans varied much in value, but the Greeks never paid the enormous sums for slaves sometimes given at Rome.



In whatever manner slaves attained their freedom—and there were various services to their master, or the state which received such a reward—they remained a class apart. Comedies and chronicles tell that these freedmen kept houses of entertainment of doubtful morality and pandered to the vices of drinking and gambling, cock fighting and other disreputable amusements affected by the *jeunesse dorée* of Athens and Corinth. When ill-treated by their gay customers they knew how to indemnify themselves by loaded dice and other dishonest means. The insolent debtor became the salve of his creditor before the time of Solon. If a captive of war could not pay the ransom advanced for him by another he became a slave.

Not only the direct statement of writers on the subject, but the inferences drawn from other facts, prove that the proportion of slaves to the other classes of the commonwealth was very large. For a free born woman to go forth accompanied by only one slave was to proclaim her poverty. Every man of respectable condition was accompanied out of doors by one slave at least. On his journey, made in a cart drawn by mules, or more often mounted on a fine horse, one slave or more travelled on foot, and bore the correct sleeping apparatus and other baggage. Although the Grecian burgher possessed a goodly number of slaves, he never had so many as the wealthy in Rome. The distinctive character of Greek slavery was its commercial or business aspect. Slaves were held not only for domestic and personal service, but also largely for the income brought to the masters by their labor in various occupations and handicrafts. The results of their handicrafts were either sold in the market place and stalls for the direct benefit of the master, or these enslaved skilled workman paid their masters a daily sum and then disposed of the fruit of their labor for their own profit.

The women slaves even sold in the market the produce of their skill in the smaller manufactories of the private domicile. A great industry carried on exclusively by slave labor was mining. Nicias rented out a thousand slaves to the Thracian mines. We learn that the father of Demosthenes had fifty slaves engaged in various profitable handicrafts, and another great Athenian, Hipponicus, had six hundred slaves. The number of slaves in





domestic service varied greatly. With advancing luxury in living at a later age their number considerably increased. Yet at an age of comparative simplicity the fact that a family of six people had only seven slaves to serve them in the house was brought out in court as a proof of decidedly straightened circumstances. The number of women slaves was always much less than the number of men, which proves that the statement that "female infants" were those whose fate was oftener death by exposure at the appointed shrine held good as regards the children of slaves, even more than of the children of free women.

Men frequently lived openly with female slaves, but the offspring of such a union were also slaves, and it is doubtful if many such "female infants" escaped exposure and death. For a Hetoera to go out with only four slaves was considered an insignificant escort. To go out without a single attendant was a sign of great indigence. When Phocian's wife appeared with but one slave it was commented on at the theatre. Even men had usually three or four slaves to attend them when from home. Yet as the greater number of slaves belonging to a freeman were engaged in gainful occupations it may be said that in general the Greeks considered slaves as capital, yielding interest, while the Romans looked upon them as an investment, proving their wealth. In addition to working in mines, in handicrafts and in domestic service, the Greek slaves worked the farms. Occasionally they hired farms on their own account, but also in the meantime they still paid a portion of their profits to their master. They also worked in the shops owned by their masters, their profits coming directly from the sale of the wares made by slave labor. This was the most likely method when the manufacture required capital. On the large landed estates the farming and all other work there required was done by slaves, under a slave overseer. This overseer often had the entire supervision and management of the estate, while the possessor devoted himself to public duties, or other employment. The number of slaves in domestic service, and the multiplicity of their duties were as great as the number of servants and the divisions of their labor in the ancestral home of an English nobleman of the present time. These domestic slaves had high sounding, sweetly



sonorous names; as for instance the house steward was called *Oikonomos*, from which comes our word *economy*. This steward kept the household stores under lock and seal with the signet ring of his master. Every domestic slave had his or her special tasks and name. There was one to go with the master to market. That diversion was not allowed to the mistress of the house unless she was no longer respectable or miserably poor, but the master of the house considered that one of his special privileges. He was usually accompanied by several slaves when he repaired to that center of life and activity, and to one of those was assigned the duty to return to the domicile with the household supplies, while the others accompanied him to the gymnasium and the bath, and to the other places of diversion befitting his rank, even to the homes of the *Hetoerae*. One of the principal slaves, and one whom the master was supposed to choose with great care was the *pedagogue*. However, this slave whose Greek name has come down to us with the meaning of a teacher was not a teacher in Greece. He was the slave to whose care and attendance every boy was given when he reached that age of emancipation from his mother's instruction and nurse's care, the age of six. This *pedagogue* accompanied this emancipated youth to the school and carried his school requisites, although there was another slave whose duty it was to care for the boy's musical instruments. It is not decided by investigators whether the *pedagogue* remained with his charge at the school. The general opinion is that he returned later to conduct his charge to the gymnasium and the bath when his personal attendance on his small master's wants was considered necessary. This *pedagogue* continued his attendance when the boy became old enough to go to the rhetorician and the sophist.

While it is conceded that some of the women slaves were employed in certain manufactures in the home, yet the number engaged in manufacturing was not large, and most of the feminine labors, such as weaving and embroidering were also performed by men. Yet the wealthy families had a large number of women slaves; they cooked the meals under the direction of the mistress of the house, but very young boy slaves served the repasts the women slaves cooked. At the feasts of the Greeks



which ended always with a symposium when they fully indulged their love of beautiful surroundings and artistic decoration, brilliant and witty conversation, and also their taste for wine, the music was furnished usually by women flute players; it is unnecessary to name the class to which they belonged. Even Plato sanctioned intoxication as a necessary condition for the full enjoyment of a symposium. The women slaves were also nurses, chambermaids and lady's maids. These last held a peculiarly confidential position. Slaves born in a house were a special class, and doubtless they were those chosen for a portion of the dower of every bride. These slaves were called Sakides. It is emphatically stated that in the earlier ages of the historic period a respectable woman could leave the house accompanied only by one slave, but at a later period it was the correct custom to be accompanied by more than one. Black slaves from Africa were seen in Athens and other Grecian cities, and after the Persian wars and the Macedonian invasions of Asia, eunuchs were also slaves of the Greeks. The blacks were considered the most showy of the slaves, and their possession gave a certain distinction to a man's retinue. The eunuchs were prized for their reputed fidelity, and at least in the later periods acted as treasurers in a man's household and business affairs. To the credit of the Greeks it is affirmed that these eunuchs were never used as guardians of the fidelity of the matrons of Greece. Confidential slaves were sometimes used as aids in negotiating a marriage.

In Greece there were no learned slaves, no musicians and dancers as at Rome. When in a later age Rome ruled the world, and Roman customs and manners everywhere held sway, such slaves were known in the cities of Greece as well as in the other cities of Asia and Africa as Persepoles and Alexandria, which before the Roman conquests had been brought completely under Hellenic influence. At a later age of the historic period, even among the poor and despised actors who went about the country, it is claimed that there were slaves. Among the assistants of the Doctors were some slaves, and these attended to their own class, but no slave could set up as a Doctor on his own account.

In the preparation of the entertainments for which Athens



was famous, slaves took an important part, and all the arrangements were in their hands. It is said that when a man hired an extra cook for these feasts the most celebrated were from Sicily. The dress of the domestic slaves was the same as that worn by the working people. The *katomka* was a dress for slaves used only in the mines. Masters gave their slaves sandals in the winter.

It is claimed by all the ancient historians that the treatment accorded the slaves of Greece was better than that given to them in Rome, which does not give any very flattering idea of the humanity and civilization of the Romans. One wonders if after all Aristotle was right when he claimed that the putting of women and slaves on an equality was un-Hellenic.





## THE OLD JUMEL MANSION

BY ALICE PHEBE ELDRIDGE

NEW YORK has many places of historical interest, if one but knows where to look for them; otherwise, it seems but a bustling centre of modernity with entrances that lead to mysterious underground subways and tunnels, with stair-ways that lead aloft to roaring elevated trains, with streets filled with hurrying, pushing people, each intent on his own business, and indifferent, with the indifference of cosmopolitans, to the affairs of other people.

Yet if one knows where to look he can find places of intense interest in which to wander and drift back for a little while into the romantic powder and patch days of the past.

Up on the hills in the northern part of the city, on Harlem Heights, stands one of these houses of the past. By some it is called the Morris House, by others Washington's Headquarters, by still others the Jumel Mansion. And each title is right as designating a period in its existence.

From its lawns at the corner of East 160th street and Edgecomb avenue, near Amsterdam avenue and the Broadway boulevard—once the old post road from New York to Boston—it looks down to the Harlem or East River, the modern Polo Grounds, where the National League ball games are played, and the maze of tracks of the elevated and Harlem River Railroad.

Once acres of smooth lawns and meadows surrounded it, but now only a tiny stretch of ground is left, a few walks bordered by pungent box-trees, and a little garden built recently. But the house still holds its stately beauty, and around it cling memories and legends of other days. It has seen changes, and within its walls history has been made.

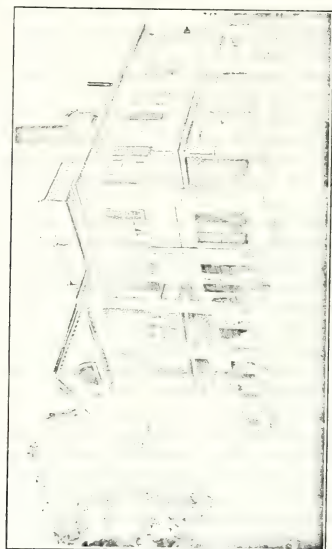
In 1756 the estate was bought by Roger Morris, a Major in



the British Army, from the house of Jan Willem, Thos. H. A.

Boxer 24

Boxer 24



THE JUMEL MANSION, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK



the British Army, from the heirs of Jan Kierson. Roger Morris was betrothed to the beautiful Mary Philipse, one of the daughters of Frederick Philipse, Lord of Philipsburg Manor lying where the city of Yonkers now raises its stores and factories. Rumor says that this Mary Philipse had been loved by George Washington, but that she had refused him and given her hand to his friend Major Morris.

Roger Morris had the house built during the two years between 1756 and 1758, and Frederick Philipse had brick brought from Holland for its walls. It still stands much as it stood then, a square white Colonial house, a pillared porch in front. Inside stretches the broad hall, two rooms opening on the left, one room and the stairway on the right. Its only difference from most Colonial houses lies in the oblong extension at the end of the hall, where through an arched door way one enters the large banqueting hall.

When the Morrises lived here, they used it as their country house. From its doors they extended a generous hospitality. The Van Cortlandts, the De Lanseys, the Livingstons were their guests, owners of names associated with all the early history of New York. In those days the great Colonial coaches swung up to the pillared porch, lights gleamed from the windows, slaves hurried to and fro, dainty gentlewomen with powdered hair and patched faces swept their satin trains from room to room, and courtly gentlemen with jeweled swords on hip bowed low over scented hands.

All was not gaiety, however, for far on the horizon the dark clouds of approaching war hovered and grew. Men's faces were stern, and their conversations serious. Now had come the time when their course in life must be chosen, not lightly or thoughtlessly, but with agony and pain; either to cling to the mother country, in the belief that she was right, or break away and follow the new as the star of duty. Morris was at this time a retired Lieutenant Colonel of the English Army and a member of the King's council, so he, his wife and four children fled to England leaving their home of almost twenty years deserted.

Then war was in the land! The disastrous battle of Long Island was fought, and late in August, 1776, the Americans



retreated onto the island of Manhattan. In September Washington took possession of the Morris House as his headquarters. For thirty-six days following, this house was the military headquarters, the large banquet-room was turned into a Council Chamber, and to it the Indian Braves of the Six Nations came, by a side entrance toward the west, to offer their allegiance to Washington, bearing in their hands laurel branches in token of their fealty. Some of the very stones are left in the path over which they trod. The room above was Washington's bed room, while the little balcony on the west of the house was used as a sentry box.

It was also in the council chamber of this house that Captain Nathan Hale received his orders that sent him as a spy within the British lines and ended in his death.

Then a period of transition and ruin set in for the Manor House. For a while the English held it as their headquarters. British soldiers, and Hessian men-at-arms stamped through its halls. Then, when the Revolutionary days were finally over, it passed, for twenty-eight years, from one owner to another, until in 1810 it was bought by the French merchant Stephen Jumel with its thirty-six acres of land for \$9,927.50.

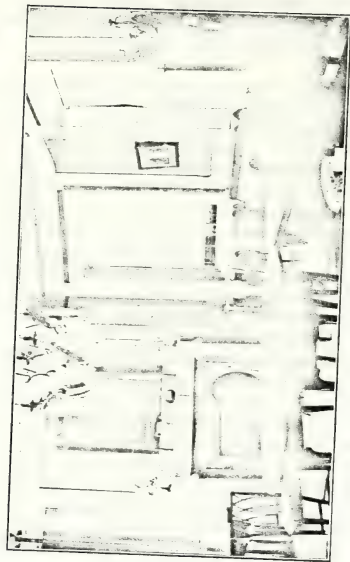
Six years before Jumel bought the house he had married Eliza Bower, daughter of a barge-keeper upon the Hudson river. Not only was Eliza Bower beautiful, with blue eyes and golden hair, and a skin of clearest white under which the color showed faintly, then deeply, but her past had been, to say the least, adventurous.

They began the work of renovation. The windows had been broken and, as stained glass was not made in this country, Monsieur Jumel had samples sent to France, and there had them reproduced. The paper of the Council Chamber was torn and tattered, so again samples travelled to Paris, Jumel paying \$15.00 a roll for reproductions. In every way was the house restored to its original beauty and stateliness and all traces of war and battle removed.

The Jumels were great friends of the Bonaparte party. In 1815 Stephen Jumel went to France in his own ship, the *Eliza*, for the purpose of bringing Napoleon to America. The offer







BANQUET ROOM,  
Used by General Washington as his Council Chamber



was not accepted, but Napoleon gave Jumel many gifts, which are still preserved as family heirlooms. Among the many things that Jumel brought back with him were some cypress trees which had been given by the Khedive of Egypt to Napoleon during his waning dynasty. They had lain in the Tuilleries gardens, neglected, until secured by Jumel. He planted them about the old house, but today all are gone save two which stand back of the house, somber, stately, lifting their tall branches toward our changing sky.

Jerome Bonaparte and Joseph Bonaparte were both entertained here, the latter faring in a delightfully informal manner. He arrived in the absence of his hostess, and one can imagine her horror on returning home to find the brother of the Emperor seated in the slaves' dining room, eating pork and cabbage.

The hospitality of the Jumels had always been lavish, but after Stephen Jumel's death in 1832 it grew in extravagance and sumptuousness. Eliza Jumel kept the place alive with guests. Fête followed fête, dinner, dance and supper. Louis Napoleon was a guest here, and when he went to France to head the events that placed him on the throne of that country, Madame Jumel advanced him the money for the enterprise. Lafayette visited here. In fact, no hour was allowed to pass dull and empty. They say that in later times, on every New Year's eve, Madame Jumel gave a banquet in the one time Council Chamber. Roses dropped from the ceiling, wine was drunk from ladies' slippers, little black pages in gay turbans and brilliant dress knelt to serve their masters. Festivity ran high, raised higher and higher, until the beams of coming day forced themselves through the shuttered windows, falling upon pallid faces, and shaking jeweled hands. Then as the guests left the room the doors were closed, not a withered flower was removed, not a glass washed, until the next year brought again New Year's eve, when the room was opened, aired and cleaned for that year's banquet.

All these years Eliza Jumel held her charm. Aaron Burr had fallen subject to her fascinations. Day after day he besieged her for her consent to a marriage; day after day she refused, until one evening he drove up to the door with the Reverend David Bogert, and insisted that there and then she marry him. She



did marry him in the tea room to the left of the entrance. At this time she was fifty-six years old. Then, let this be whispered, one day she caught him kissing a pretty serving maid, promptly boxed his ears, turned him out of doors, and never again did he cross the threshold of the house.

Madame Jumel died in the year 1865 at the age of eighty-eight, a strange, inscrutable woman. What memories must have come before her eyes as she lay waiting in the great four posted bed on that Saturday morning in July. Did her thoughts go back to the time when the great Napoleon praised her beauty, or to the mad banquets held in the room below, or perchance, to the days when as Eliza Bower, with all of her life before her, the first man had whispered of love into her ear? She had need to remember, and we can not tell which was the sweetest memory that she cared to recall during that early dawn.

So the house passed once again into other hands until finally in 1903 the city of New York bought it. Now the Park Commissioner keeps smooth its lawns and trims its box and lilac trees; the Daughters of the Revolution furnish its rooms.

Still it stands, stately and white, overlooking by day modern railroads and apartment houses, but by night, when the friendly shadow have hidden the world away, old ghosts arise. The beautiful Mary Philipse greets her guests again, the Van Cortlandts, the De Pysters, the De Lanceys, or Washington's spurred heel sounds on the wooden floors, and the Honorable Alexander Hamilton's young face looks out of the shadows. Certainly Eliza Jumel's slight figure is seen on the stairs, when Joseph Bonaparte bows low to kiss her hand, while through the hall flits many fair forms, and many gallents stand conversing; far away, faint, ghostly music is heard—"Money Musk" and Sir Roger de Coverly"—and the tap of the high French heels in the maze of the minuet.

Then comes sunrise, the modern world looms forth, the key of the keeper is in the door, and lo, the daylight has come—the old house stands alone with its memories.



## WINNAGOR

BY BESSIE WHITE SMITH

**P**OWHATAN, the great Emperor of the Virginia forest, sat on a rude bench covered with flag-mats before a blazing log-fire, which threw a brilliant glare over the crude place representing an Indian home. His peace-pipe was between his large fingers; but his rugged countenance wore its habitual sour look. The peace-pipe had gone out, yet he did not heed it; instead, he glanced constantly toward the entrance of the wigwam, for he had summoned his daughter, Pocahontas, and there promised to be a strong battle of wills.

The dusky warriors that lined the walls of the wigwam, neither moved nor batted an eyelid as the maiden entered and stood respectfully silent in their midst. She wore a beautiful robe of many colored feathers, yet the savage head-dress and ear-ornaments were noticeably absent; the single white feather, a sign of royalty, was the only attempt at adornment.

This savage king, who, by a smile or a frown, could bend the wills of his eight thousand subjects, found it difficult to begin his interview with this mere slip of a girl; for he knew that like himself, she possessed a brave spirit and a large brain, which she dared to use. Purposely avoiding her eyes, Powhatan began, in rather imperfect English:

"I sent for you, my daughter, to tell you that my messengers have returned from Jamestown and the English Captain is gone; they say he shall die. He was wounded by the exploding of some gunpowder, and they think not that he can live to reach his home beyond the great mother of waters."

The old man paused and fumbled with his peace-pipe; but, as no answer came from the maiden, he continued in a more persuasive tone: "I have done what you desired me to do and you





see these English want nothing of us, except our land and our service as slaves. Many moons now gone when I offered to adopt this Captain Smith, did he not seemed pleased? Yet not once did he ask me to give you to him for a wife; let us forget their kind words and pretty speeches. Prince Opechankanough's son, the young Chief Winnagor, has come, with much roanoke and other presents. He wants you for his wife, and, when the moon of strawberries has come, it is my will that you follow him. I am drifting fast, Pocahontas, towards the happy hunting-ground beyond the sun set on the Blue Mountain. Before many more cohonks come and go, I shall be gathered to my fathers; and I am troubled, my daughter, because these English are in my land. Winnagor is a brave chief; as your husband, he will lead our people wisely. Give me this hope, that the white man shall one day be destroyed and the war-whoop be so loud and strong that no more will come; then when Okee sends the deep, deep sleep, I can enter it in peace."

He ended in a voice full of sadness, meeting squarely the gaze of her on whom he was trying to impose the fate of her race.

The princess's eyes were full of unshed tears, but her tone never faltered as she answered: "I will not follow Winnagor. I do not hate the paleface and I do not want to see them destroyed. Our land is wide, why not give them a part of it and live at peace? They have never harmed one of our people without a cause; and they can suffer, fight and starve with as much courage as the red men."

The feared, though half-expected reply, kindled the old king's wrath; but, restraining his fury, he interrupted: "It is not well, my daughter, to say that these English make as good warriors as the red men."

"I tell you only the truth. I have been to Jamestown and seen these things for myself, yes and more, they are kind. They do not beat their wives or leave the hardest part of the work for the women to do. If we did not war against them, they would be a good father and teach us about their God."

This was too much for the old emperor, who was a simple type of the Indian race in the strongest development, a cunning, treacherous man with a persistent resolve to rule.



"Who wants them to be a good father, or teach us anything about strange Gods? Okee, or the One Alone called Kiwassa, are good enough gods for the Indian. If you do not obey me and be ready to follow Winnagor by the moon of strawberries, I will have you beaten and thrown in the valley, where the great Kissa will come and suck the blood from your left breast until you are dead. Now, get out of my sight and make ready to do my will!" he stormed loudly and harshly; but the beautiful Indian princess lost none of her real dignity. Her figure was still erect and her countenance full of courage as she left the royal wigwam.

Passing out under the silent stars, she paused, and it was not long before the deerskin, that hung over the entrance of the wigwam, was again lifted. This time a man strode into the night.

"Winnagor!" called the princess. He stopped quite still; then, guided by her voice, he soon found his way to her side.

"How did you know that I was there?" he asked in a strange, far-away tone.

"I saw you standing behind the warriors, and I could not go out of my country, without telling you that I am sorry not to follow as you desireth; yet I do not want always to be with you; and I did promise the great English Captain to be a friend to his people."

"Where shall you go?" asked the young savage, hoarsely.

"You heard what my father said, and you do know that he will keep his word if I stay here and not obey him. I am going to my kindred in the Potomac country to remain until you have taken a wife."

It then dawned on the Indian that she was really lost to him, and his heart grew so hot that his very brain reeled. Snatching his tomahawk from his belt, he raised his powerful arm to strike a fatal blow; but the crime that would have kept his soul ever groping in darkness, was prevented by the maiden's slipping away into the friendly shadows of the great trees.

Presently, Winnagor, too, strode into the forest; yet everything was strange: the sky seemed lurid, the air close around him, and hot as if filled with fiery vapors. Still he journeyed



onward, onward, not knowing or caring whither he went, until the very stars above began to totter and he finally sank on the broad bosom of mother earth. Thus he lay all unmindful of the chipmunk that flitted among the branches, or the deer that passed airy-footed, looked an instant, then turned fleetly away.

The sun rose in the east like a great burning cinder and flecked his naked shoulders through the rifted leaves; but, before the day grew old, the footsteps of a man paused beside the prostrate Indian. Kneeling on the ground, he took one hand of the savage into his own and asked very gently:

“What is the matter, my good man?”

Slowly the smoky eyes unclosed, and the young chief gazed dully at the Englishman; but he was too weak to resist the touch, or answer the kindly inquiry.

Mr. Whitaker, the good clergyman, found that the native was burning with fever and entirely unable to help himself, so he quickly decided to return to the settlement and get some one to assist him carry the Indian to his house; for, in his wanderings the night before, Winnagor had come very close to Jamestown.

This house was a wretched structure of rough logs, roofed with straw and only one little window to light the darksome interior; yet the good man was willing, and did share it with the Indian, who lay for many days gazing through half-open eyelids, while the fever burned and sapped his strength.

At last, the tide of life began to run very low. Mr. Whitaker thought that the spirit of his strange guest was about to take its flight into the great unknown, and he knelt by the low bed to ask God in mercy to receive the departing soul. When he had finished his prayer, he saw that the Indian had fallen asleep and the parched, dried look was leaving his face, and the respiration was becoming easy and more regular.

The old gentleman breathed another prayer of thankfulness, then rose from his knees, and moved quietly to a pallet on the opposite side of the room to rest his own weary body until the dawn.

The morning light found the sick man conscious, and Mr. Whitaker began to minister to his needs with great gentleness, exchanging as few words as possible; for this humble clergy-



man believed this copper colored race could be taught to live amicably with the white man, and he knew that deeds not words would have to accomplish it.

Winnagor's recovery was slow, too slow, Mr. Whitaker thought, to be physical disability alone; and very soon he discovered he was right, for one day when he had bathed the Indian, given him some nourishment, and helped him outside the miserable hut into the strengthening sunshine, he noticed a mute appeal in the smoky eyes.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the clergyman.

"I only want to tell you that I am glad I entered that strange land of fire when I fell out yonder in the woods."

"What do you mean by the land of fire?" inquired Mr. Whitaker.

"This sickness, you call a fever. I have learned that the white hands are kind."

"The white hands would deal only kindness, if your people would let them; but you think that we have come to make war and won't let us prove that we have not; you make us war against you to save ourselves."

"That is what she said. I find that she did know."

"Who is she?" asked Mr. Whitaker.

"The little princess," he answered, sadly looking away toward the forest.

Mr. Whitaker understood. He said nothing more, and, in the days that followed while trying to coax back health into the savage's being, he labored assiduously to impress his soul with the great love of Jesus.

By and by, the noble efforts were rewarded; for Winnagor's sorrow began to drop away as he gained in strength; and it was not long before he found the courage to tell Mr. Whitaker who he was and how he came to be almost dying in the woods.

"I must go back to Opechankanough, my father. I know that he mourns me as dead. But," he added very slowly, "I will not stay. You say that Jesus, the good God, can keep me from burning and I will come back. Okee and Kiwassa are gods of fire; they send the smoke that makes the Indian all black inside. I do not want ever to be black inside again, for my heart burned





so, I could have destroyed all people, white man and red man, even—yes even the little princess.” He ended almost in a whisper, wrung Mr. Whitaker’s hand, and was soon out of sight in the forest.

True to his word, the Indian did return, and two years later when Captain Argall brought Pocahontas from her hiding-place with the Potomac tribe to Jamestown, Winnagor was the one who succeeded in reconciling her to her situation; he also carried the news of her capture to Powhatan and tried to bring about a treaty of peace. This was not accomplished, however, until the marriage of the Indian princess and the Englishman, John Rolfe.

On that memorable day, Winnagor was among those who gathered to witness the union that was to conclude a permanent peace; and after the ceremony he said to Mr. Whitaker:

“See what you have done for me? Once I wanted to kill the little princess because she would not follow me as my wife. To-day I am glad for the white man to have her; I want your people and my people to be at peace.”

Placing an arm around the Indian’s shoulder, Mr. Whitaker answered: “Not I, my son, but Jesus.” And the clergyman continued to himself, looking with pride and great affection at the handsome young chief walking beside him, “What greater good can man bestow than to inform the ignorant and teach the blessing of God’s love.”



## CIVIL WAR REMINISCENCES

*(Concluded)*

BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN

LET us now return to Brashear City.

At about 5 o'clock on the morning of June 23d the Confederates began throwing shell from Berwick City across the intervening bay into Brashear City; but every shell went clear over our regimental camp and, so far as I am now able to recall, exploded in an open field in the rear, without injury to men or camp. In retrospect, those were significant facts.

It was great sport, as I distinctly recollect, for boys, few of whom had ever witnessed such a sight, to watch the shells in their encircling aerial flight across the bay, and as they exploded in our rear, scattering the soil of the sweet potatoe field in all directions.

This almost incessant shelling, which was kept up for two hours or more, was evidently, as we learned when it was too late to profit by the knowledge, done to divert the attention of the Union troops in Brashear City; for during all this time a Confederate force was marching by a circuitous and extremely difficult route to attack us in the rear. To reach our rear the enemy had to get through a dense swamp, which had been considered impassable by the Union troops. This probably accounts for the fact that no Union pickets had been placed at that point, and the alert enemy, taking advantage of our neglect, got into our rear "as slick as a pin."

Major R. C. Anthony seems to have been in command at Brashear City on that fateful June morning in 1863.

At about 8 o'clock on the morning mentioned, the Confederates, consisting of about 800 men, mostly Texans, with a yell that made one's hair stand on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," came rushing in from a piece of woods just back of the village upon a thoroughly surprised Union camp.



We had not to exceed 150 effective men at Brashear City, and of those only about 50 were formed in battle line to meet the enemy; the remainder being scattered about the village, some having been firing from behind rude breastworks on the shore of the bay, across the bay, into Berwick City. Others had been loitering about the village at different points—and all totally unprepared for attack.

A few men of the Twenty-third, about fifty in number, under the command of two of our regimental captains, J. R. Jenkins and G. S. Crofut, were formed in battle line in one of the company streets, and marched out into the sweet potato field in the rear of camp to meet the onrushing Confederates; but after a brief but heroic resistance against the overwhelming Confederate force, they were compelled to give way, and were made prisoners of war.

I do not hesitate to declare that the pluck exhibited by those fifty men and their officers was of the highest character, and deserves special mention.

As the Confederates moved down toward the lower part of the village, they encountered some resistance from isolated squads of Union soldiers; and in several instances individual boys in blue stood and fired at the oncoming enemy.

For example: While facing, in the vicinity of the local hospital, and heroically fighting two or three Confederate soldiers, Thomas C. Cornell, of Company D, fell, shot in the forehead. Later in the day, I saw the lifeless body of Comrade Cornell lying where he had fallen.

A member of Company F, Samuel Oulds, about eighteen years of age, a special chum of mine, who had just been discharged from the local hospital, was wounded in the arm while fighting single-handed, in Indian fashion, from behind a tree, as the Confederates came into the village. Comrade Ould's arm was afterward amputated, in consequence of which he died seventeen days later, and his body now lies in southern soil. Memorial Day never comes round but this comrade is uppermost in my thought.

I was at a considerable distance from the regimental camp when the Confederates came rushing into Brashear City with their unearthly yell. With others—I distinctly recollect "Sam-



my Oulds" of my company as having been one of them—I had been down on the shore of Berwick Bay, behind the rude earthworks there constructed, firing across the bay at Confederates who had climbed on to the housetops, evidently for the purpose of watching the movements of the Union troops on the Brashear City side. Among those on the housetops, as we subsequently learned, was one General Green. Our firing across the bay was not altogether ineffective, for I saw several heads duck after the discharge of our muskets, among them being General Green's, as I was informed by a Confederate soldier, after the close of the fight at Brashear City.

When I first saw the Confederates they were rushing in squads of fifteen or twenty men through the streets of the village, yelling and firing as they came. I was then entirely separated from my company comrades, and the few Union soldiers who were in sight were unknown to me. With a few of these unknown soldiers I started for the lower part of the village, our objective being, so far as I can now recall, the big frame building on the shore of Berwick Bay. Here we could join a squad of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, which had been performing special guard duty there.

It was while on our way to this building that, for the first time in my army life, I saw a Union soldier wounded. I shall never forget the scene! This soldier, whoever he may have been (and I have often since wondered), was hit somewhere in the lower part of the body; with a shriek that I can now almost hear, he clapped both hands over his abdomen, bending nearly double as he did so. The wound was probably fatal.

The bullets were now flying all about me; they seemed to be coming from two or three directions, and it verily seemed as if every bullet was aimed at me, and that each particular bullet would hit me. This feeling, however, gradually wore off. Still, I prefer being in Morristown, New Jersey, to facing Confederate bullets, as they flew about me with their "zip," "zip," on that warm June day forty-six years ago.

Instead of going into the building for which, with others, I had started, I ran down the railroad track a short distance and climbed into an open freight car standing on the track.





From this car I fired for a few minutes at the onrushing Confederates. It was a strange sight to a boy of nineteen to see the enemy rushing furiously around the corners of the adjacent buildings, yelling as they came. Each one seemed bent on business.

The car into which I had climbed had been fitted up with wooden railroad sleepers on the sides and ends for reconnoitering purposes along the line of the railroad. These sleepers formed an excellent protection. In the car, when I reached it, were a few Union soldiers, and also a few negroes. I do not recollect whether these negroes were armed or not, but I do distinctly recollect that the Confederate fire was soon concentrated upon this car; the bullets fairly rained against the side nearest the upper part of the village—evidently because of the presence of the negroes.

Tumbling at length to this fact, I concluded it was the better part of valor to change my base, which I did by slipping from the rear side of the car and falling into line with the squad of Massachusetts soldiers which had just emerged from the big building where they had been performing guard duty. To have remained in that freight car five minutes longer would have been certain and brutal death to a white soldier; of that I was satisfied.

As the squad of Massachusetts soldiers were marching parallel to and in the rear of the train of freight cars on the track, and as the sergeant in command, a large, fine looking fellow was passing the opening between two of the cars, a Confederate bullet hit him in the left arm.

The squad of Massachusetts men stood for a few minutes after coming out from behind the freight cars and fired at the Confederates; but they were soon overwhelmed, and we scattered to places of safety; each one looking out for himself.

I had fired all my ammunition and, seeing that it was all up with us, I threw my musket and empty cartridge box into a deep ditch just above the railroad track, and started toward camp.

I was soon accosted by a Confederate major, who personally demanded my surrender; and as this seemed the only sensible thing to do under the circumstances, I readily acceded to the demand. Seeing that I was without a musket, the officer inquired



of me what had become of it, and upon being informed that I had thrown it into the water, he manifested his appreciation of my thoughtfulness for Uncle Sam by a broad, good-natured smile.

As near as I can recollect, it was at about 11 o'clock in the day when the firing in the village ceased and the Confederates took possession; it may not, however, have been later than about 10 o'clock. At about 12 o'clock the Union prisoners were marched up to a spot where the Rhode Island battery had been stationed. Here, the Confederates gave us a few pounds of wheat flour; and this, so far as I observed, was the only food they gave us while we were in their hands, notwithstanding they had captured enough hardtack, salt-horse and other rations to supply an army for several weeks. Of the flour dealt out to us by the enemy we made what were termed "flapjacks," which I assure you were greatly enjoyed by hungry Union soldiers. The "flapjacks" were supplemented by a small quantity of coffee and sugar which we were fortunate enough to have in our haversacks.

As to our knapsacks, the Confederates had captured them, and, indeed, everything else belonging to us, except what we had on our backs. In my knapsack I had several letters which I had found in the garret of General "Dick" Taylor's house near the Mississippi River; some choice shells picked up on the Ship Island beach. There must, also, have been other articles in my knapsack left in my tent, including, probably, a few love letters from "my best girl" in the "Nutmeg State." Besides my extra clothing, there were in my tent several orangewood sticks for canes, which I had intended bringing home. I have often wondered what became of these articles, captured by the Confederates on that June morning, so long ago.

On the 25th and 26th of June, the Union soldiers captured at Brashear City and Bayou Boeuf, were paroled. My parole, which I prize highly, reads as follows:

"Headquarters C. S. Forces, South of Red River.

"Brashear City, La., June 25th, 1863.

"I, Private A. M. Sherman, Co. F, 23d Regt. C. Vols., do solemnly swear and pledge this, my Parole of Honor, that I will not take up arms against the Confederate States, or their allies,



nor in any manner whatsoever aid, assist, or abet the Government of the United States, during the existing war, until regularly and duly exchanged.

“A. M. Sherman.

“Attest: A. J. Watt, A. D. C.,

“C. S. A.”

Across this parole (a duplicate, by the way, of one held by the Confederates) are written the words: “Attest, R. C. Anthony, Maj. U. S. A., Cmdg.” in the major’s handwriting. The parole also bears the signature of the Confederate aide-de-camp, as well as my own.

The commissioned officers captured at Brashear City and at Bayou Boeuf, were taken to Tyler, Texas, where they were kept as prisoners of war until July, 1864, a period of thirteen months.

It was a sad sight to see the officers—particularly of our own regiment—turn toward Texas and a Confederate prison; but they deported themselves like men. The scene of the parting of the officers and privates on this occasion is ineffaceably impressed upon my memory. Of the faces of our officers about to start for Texas those of Captain Hopkins and Lieutenant Hurlburt (“Charlie” Hurlburt, as we called him when off duty) alone linger in my visual memory.

At the end of three days the captured Union prisoners started, under Confederate guard, for the Union lines, then at Algiers. When I tell you that fully nine-tenths of these prisoners were convalescents, but recently discharged from the hospital at Brashear City, you will not be surprised to hear that we were seven days in marching a distance of about one hundred miles; and that on that march, so enfeebled were most of the boys from recent illness that the line was several miles in length. So far as I was able to observe, the Confederate guard were very considerate in their treatment of the prisoners; which is accounted for, as I have always thought, by the fact that the guard was composed of Texans, whose ancestors were from the North and West.

I conversed very freely with several Confederate officers on the march toward the Union lines, about the war, its causes, its



progress and its probable outcome. One officer in particular, seemed to enjoy the boyish enthusiasm with which I conducted my side of the discussion. Many incidents of great interest occurred on our march; of these, I will relate only a few.

For at least one-half the distance from Brashear City to Algiers we marched on the railroad, the general course of which was east and west. With the southern sun beating directly down upon us, and with dense forest on either side of the track, which shut out any air that may have been stirring, the heat on those June dayss was almost unbearable to men so recently out of the hospital.

I recall that on one afternoon during the march on the railroad I became so thoroughly exhausted from the heat and fatigue that, staggering down the embankment, and finding a comparatively dry spot, I lay down, with the feeling that I should not rise again; indeed, I did not care whether I ever rose again or not. I fell asleep. After an hour or more I was awakened by the Confederate rear guard, and, very much refreshed from my sleep, I resumed the march toward the Union lines.

On either side of the railroad on which we marched it was decidedly swampy, and there was an abundance of stagnant water, covered with a thick, green scum. This water the boys were sometimes obliged to drink to relieve their extreme thirst. Kneeling down on the ground, we would push aside the oftentimes heavy scum and drink water, every mouthful of which contained poisonous matter.

Alligators were numerous all along the railroad, and some were of such dimensions that we did not care, in our defenceless condition, to disturb them.

My chum, during most of the march, was "Pep" Short, a member of my company. On the march, the Confederates did not give us one morsel of food to eat; hence it was forage, or go hungry, and the latter we were disinclined to do. We had brought a little coffee and sugar with us from Brashear City, and occasionally stopping by the way we would build a little fire and boil some coffee in the familiar and indispensable tin can. A few ears of sweet corn plucked from an adjacent field and roasted over our coffee fire were considered a great treat by two





hungry Union soldiers. That we had good teeth for eating sweet corn "off the cob," goes without saying.

As for blankets, neither "Pep" nor I had one; henceforth the Confederates would sleep under our good gray blankets. I recall that on one night in particular our only coverings were the railings of the rude southern fence under which we bunked. The bare ground was, of course, our only bed. These things I mention, not as examples of the hardships we endured, but because of the ludicrous aspect of these incidents as I now look back upon them from the standpoint of present comforts.

Tired from the long march, and almost famished after a prolonged fast, my chum and I came one evening to a plantation which had been abandoned by everyone except a few negroes. Entering a hut, we requested the occupants, a somewhat aged negro couple, to furnish us with some hoeecake and sweet potatoes, which they most willingly did. The potatoes were baked in the ashes of the big fireplace and the hoeecake was cooked in the typical southern iron frying pan. The late supper, so far as our relish for it was concerned, could not be surpassed by the best course dinner ever served at Delmonico's. In payment for that appetizing plantation supper I gave the negroes a five-dollar Confederate bill, which I had been sacredly keeping to bring home as a souvenir, and I received as change a two-dollar Confederate bill. This two-dollar bill I brought home, and I have it among my modest collection of Civil War souvenirs. Inasmuch as the Confederates were so soon to reoccupy that portion of the State, their money was readily accepted by the negroes who fed us.

On reaching Boutte Station my chum and I struck off into the country about half a mile, our objective being a house which we had frequently visited during our four months' sojourn at that place. The family, as we discovered on reaching the house, were all gone, and the doors were fastened. We were two hungry soldiers; we knew this family during our stay at Boutte Station to have been in sympathy with the Southern cause, hence our scruples were easily overcome. We broke open one of the doors, and entered and ransacked the house from cellar to garret in the hope of finding something to eat. All we found were



two or three loaves of dry bread, covered with green mold; we were not hungry enough to eat such rations. Continuing our search, we came across an old wooden chest, painted red. It took us but a few moments to go through that chest, and our search was rewarded by the discovery of what, upon due examination, proved to be two bottles of good whiskey. "Pep" Short confiscated one bottle, and, more for the mischief of it than otherwise, I appropriated the other. We then resumed the march toward the Union lines.

Although I was not addicted to the use of strong drink in any form while in the army, I did, after our arrival at Algiers, use some of the confiscated Confederate whiskey; sharing it, however, with my old tent chum, whom I had not seen since the morning the bulk of Company F and the regiment went to La Fourche Crossing, where they helped to whip the Confederates so nicely. The bottle I brought home, and it was in use for several years before it was accidentally broken.

The first turtle soup I ever ate was in Algiers, during my short stay there; and for that soup I paid, in greenbacks, two dollars per plate, and I was so hungry, after having boarded with the Confederates for about ten days, that I think I would have been willing to pay double that price.

The paroled prisoners of the Twenty-third Connecticut were soon started for Ship Island, there to await exchange.



## CHRISTMAS OF OUR FOREFATHERS

BY FRANK H. SWEET

**T**O what extent did our forefathers celebrate Christmas? As far back as the first century we have this injunction by Clement:

“Brethren, keep diligently feast days, and truly in the first place the day of Christ’s birth.”

And Clement was a friend of St. Paul’s, who mentions him in Philippians, iii, 3.

And then in the following century Telesphorus, bishop of Rome, directed that the 25th of December of each year should be celebrated, enjoining “that in the holy night of the nativity of our Lord and Saviour they do celebrate public church services, and in them solemnly sing the Angels’ Hymn, because also the same night He was declared unto the shepherds by an angel, as the truth itself doth witness.”

And our English forefathers celebrated Christmas for centuries—how many we know not.

Thomas Musser lived about 1524-1580, and he it was who wrote the familiar lines:

“At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.”

And Walter Scott, writing in 1808, said:

“England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
’Twas Christmas broach’d the mightiest ale;  
’Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man’s heart through half the year.”

(1006)



That man, woman or child who has failed to read of the wonderful doings in old England at Christmas time in Auld Lang Syne has missed a rich treat.

Just think, especially school boys and school girls, of a Christmas lasting twelve days, as was the case with our far-distant forefathers in the olden time. For Christmas did not really close until January 6, or "Twelfth Night," and all the while it was a case of "joy, pleasance, revel." First, on Christmas Eve, came the bringing in and placing on the chimney hearth of the ponderous Yule log, with all its significant symbolism, handed down from the Danes and pagan Saxons:

Come, bring with a noise  
 My merrie, merrie boys,  
 The Christmas log to be firing;  
 While my good dame she  
 Bids you all be free,  
 And drink to your hearts' desiring.

Then followed all the rollicking, frolicking revels characteristic of the occasion, mummeries, plays, masquerades and the like, with the wonderful Lord of Misrule dominating the whole demonstration.

On the morrow, oh! the morrow, Christmas Day itself, with such startling devices for the stomach, which would surely put us poor, miserable twentieth century dyspeptics out of business within twenty-four hours, tons of pepsin to the contrary notwithstanding, had we the temerity to dispose of such culinary products as were set before our progenitors. The first dish at the old English Christmas banquets was the boar's head, which was brought in with great state and with music, and the fanfare of trumpets, while carols were sung, or some appropriate sonorous song like this:

The boare is dead,  
 Loe! heare is his head,  
 What man could have done more  
 Than his head of to strike,  
 Meleager-like,  
 And bringe it as I doe before?





He livinge spoyled  
Where good men toyled,  
Which made kind Ceres sorrye.  
But now, dead and drawne  
Is very good brawne,  
And wee have brought it for ye.

And the pie! Was it the plain, ordinary, death-dealing minced—not mince—pie of our day and generation? Oh, no; something terrifically worse than that. From the Newcastle Chronicle of January 6, 1770, we read of a Christmas pie constructed as follows: "2 bushels of flour, 20 lbs. of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipe and 4 partridges, 2 meats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds and 6 pigeons. \* \* \* It is near nine feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about 12 stone."

Talk about four-an-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie! That Newcastle pie, by comparison, was the feathered end of a zoological garden, with the crust on.

But let us leave our English ancestors with their pied aviary before them—also eleven more days of mirthfulness, in which the universal outcry was, "Let joy be unconfined!"—that we may inquire, did our later forefathers, those who accompanied or followed Penn to the wonderful New World, did they celebrate Christmas, and if so, how?

The early colonies did not to any appreciable degree. In only one particular were the Puritan and the Quaker alike. Each was a foe to jollity and all ebullitions of joyousness. As there must be no color in the raiment of the olden time Friend, so there must be no color in his life—except the color of ashes.

While mummeries, masquerades and revels had been the primary feature of the old English Christmas, Penn, in his "Great Law," passed December 7, 1682, almost immediately after his landing, had declared against "such rude and riotous sports and practices as prizes, stage plays, masks, revels," etc., and in the early court records we find the indictment of many masqueraders. Indeed, as late as 1808 the State Legislature passed an act prohibiting masquerade balls, and this law remained in force many years.



But in course of time the Quaker element became a diminishing power in the community, politically and otherwise. The Church of England influence became powerful, and to it the observance of Christmas was both a duty and a delight. Then came the wonderful avalanche of German emigrants, with their numerous religions, all quite overflowing with genuine Christ-likeness, and devoid of the austerity of the Puritan and the stiffness of the Quaker. And with them came a sweeter and saner Christmas than old England ever knew, for they brought Santa Claus and the decorated Christmas tree on the one hand, and diviner carols than were chanted in England, and more thought was given to the Babe of Bethlehem. Even the Christmas tree taught its lesson to the children, for, according to the old German legend, it was the Christ-child who came flying through the air of Christmas Eve on golden wings and caused the tree boughs to produce in the night all manner of fruit, gilt sweetmeats, nuts, etc., for the good boys and girls.

It was up at Bethlehem, founded by the most interesting people who ever came into Pennsylvania, the Moravians, where Christmas was celebrated in all its beauty and simplicity, and one who listened to the exquisite anthems as they were sung by their perfectly trained choirs never forgot the impressions left upon their minds.

What is more beautiful than the story of the circumstances under which Bethlehem received its name, on Christmas Eve, 1741? In that year that sublime character, Nicholas Lewis, count of Zinzendorf, began his ministrations in America. We are told by one of the old Moravian writers:

#### HOW BETHLEHEM WAS NAMED

"The Count arrived in the Forks a few days before Christmas. While celebrating the vigils of Christmas Eve in the first house and as we were closing the services (it was already past 9 o'clock), the Count led the way into the stable that adjoined our dwelling and commenced singing the hymn that opens with the words, 'Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem, aus dir kommet was mir frommet,' and from this touching incident the settlement received the name of Bethlehem."



But the Colonial Church of England—or Episcopal Church, as we now call it in America—likewise celebrated the day; for we must not forget that, after all, Christmas was, in reality, a Christ-mass, or maisses, to use the old Saxon word, and belonged to the same class of church celebrations, handed down by the Roman Catholics, as Candlemas, Michaelmas, etc. That Christmas was celebrated at Christ Church, Philadelphia, we learn from numerous sources. From the minutes of the vestry, April 3, 1758, we obtain this item:

“Resolved, That the ringers of the bells be paid the sum of 19 pounds yearly, as usual, for ringing the bells for the service of the church on Sunday, etc. And for their ringing on the following holy days, viz: Christmas, Circumcision, on New Year’s Day, Easter, Whitsuntide \* \* \* they are to receive from the church wardens fifteen shilling for each of said days.”

From the diaries of the day—how the historian blesses the diarists of the eighteenth century—we learn of attendance upon services at Christ Church. One excerpt will suffice. The ever quotable Jacob Hiltzheimer says, December 25, 1789:

“Attended Christ Church with General Miffin, General Irvine and Hans Graff, of the convention; the Rev. Dr. Smith preached.”

But the great feature of Christmas in the Colonial period was the Christmas dinner. It was not such a tremendous affair as the Christmas feast of our more remote forefathers across the seas, but was probably not the less enjoyable. Nor did they differ greatly from the similar functions of the present. Only, our colonial progenitors had less dyspepsia than we have, and lived more in the outer world, kissed by the blessed breezes that bore healing in their wings, and immersed in the salving and saving sunshine, which old Dr. Nature has always prescribed.

Let us quote again from some of the diaries of Colonial days, and from a contemporaneous letter or two. Christopher Marshall—and what student of history is not familiar with his journal?—wrote, December 25, 1777:

“No company dined with us to-day, except Dr. Phyle, one of our stand-family. We had a good roast turkey, plum pudding and minced pies.”



Ann Warder, in her edifying diary, thus briefly tells of her first Christmas dinner in America, December 25, 1786:

"Our Christmas dinner consisted of a fine saddle of venison, with other things."

What a volume in those two words—"other things." As she had come from England only a few months before, with her recently-wed husband, a Philadelphian, we may be sure that the Old England essentials of a Christmas dinner were there—those mentioned in Christopher Marshall's diary: "A good roast turkey, plum pudding and minced pies."

Elizabeth Drinker, another famous diarist, mentions a little Christmas outing and dinner combined, but leaves us in the dark as to what was set before the diners—yet we can easily guess. Under date of December 25, 1782, she writes:

"Sally, Nancy, Hannah Drinker, John Thomas, Jacob Downing and Tommy Wister walked, after breakfast to Par-la-Ville, Sam Sansom's dwelling, near Schuylkill. They dined there and returned home before evening."

We will quote again from Elizabeth Drinker's diary, when we present another phase of the Christmas celebration.

Writing December 25, 1786, Jacob Hiltzheimer makes this entry in his journal:

"Christmas Day, clear and cold. Forenoon went to church in Race street. My wife and I dined at General Miffin's with his family, and the Hon. Gerardus Wynkoop, Captain N. Falkner and wife."

Let us quote again from the same diary, December 25, 1787:

"Christmas. We three went to Reading, by invitation of General D. Broadhead, and dined with him. There were nine at the table: Mr. C. Read, Mr. Dundass, Mr. D. Clymer, Mr. Moore, General Miffin, Captain Falkner and myself."

Those who are familiar with Hiltzheimer's diary, and the number and character of dinners he attended, can readily imagine what a jovial dinner that was, and it is altogether safe to assert that there were some liquids as well as solids dispensed.

What do the letters disclose? Mrs. Hannah Thomson, wife of Charles Thomson, for so many years secretary of Congress, writ-





ing from New York—Congress being then in session in that city—to John Mifflin, in Philadelphia, under date of September 17, 1786, extends the following invitation to the latter, and young Isaac Norris, as follows:

"I wish cousin Isaac and you would come & eat yr Christmas dinner here. I will give you as good mince pies & as fat a turkey as you can produce either from Molly Newport or Market Street. You wd be delighted with the Visiting parties a wishing a happy New Year to each other and eating of Cukies, a little cake made for the occasion."

On the 12th of December she wrote again:

"Compliments of the Season to Cousin Isaac & yourself, and send you each a Cookey, as you wont come here to eat them."

Going back to an earlier period—January 2, 1758,—we have a letter from Joseph Shippen—younger brother of Chief Justice Edward Shippen—then an officer in the provincial service at Fort Augusta, on the Susquehanna, to his father, the elder Edward Shippen, at Lancaster, as follows:

"I should have been glad to have had the pleasure of testing some of mammy's good minced pies and enjoying all your companies with the Major at Christmas, but I must content myself with only having had the honor of feasting on a few whortleberry pies, made by the famous quondam Cook of the brave old General Blakeny. Plain wholesome repast." So much for the religious and culinary phases of the colonial Christmas. But that is not all. As the Quaker influence in the community began to lessen, the Christmas spirit began to take on more and more the character of that which prevailed a century before, when Quakerism in England was in its infancy, and to smile was not considered a breach of the peace, or laughter a capital offense.

And how was Christmas spent, aside from the dining upon turkey, plum pudding and minced pies? If the day happened to be clear, there were delightful sleigh rides into the surrounding country, or, what was almost as possible, on the Delaware or Schuylkill rivers, if covered with snow; otherwise it was a skating party, both much more frequent pastimes then than now. With the gentlemen, particularly those belonging to the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, it was a mad chase after Master Rey-



nard. Should the day be stormy, then the amusements, particularly those of the evening, were indoors. Dancing was one of the chief exercises, with some old Sambo to play the fiddle, who would furnish just such music as would almost inspire the feet of the Sphinx. When wearied with dancing came a game at Blind-man's Buff, or Puss in the Corner, or Whoop and Hide, or some similar diversion, in which the "grown-ups" were supposed to join the youngsters with equal abandon and agility.

#### GAMES AROUND THE FIRE

When exhausted with too much indulgence in physical exercise, then the company would gather around the blazing oak fire, and the game of Question and Command would be resorted to, when the "Commander" could "oblige his subject to answer any lawful question, and make the same obey him instantly, under the penalty of being smutted, or paying such forfeit as may be laid on the aggressor."

Elizabeth Drinker, who, it must be understood, was a Friend, expresses her disapproval of the gradual revival of the old English Christmas. Writing in her diary December 24, 1777, when Lord Howe's troops were in possession of Philadelphia, she said:

"This is Christmas Eve, and the few troops that are left in this city are frolicking."

Writing December 25, 1793, she said:

"Christmas, so called, kept by some pious, well-minded people religiously, by some others as a time of frolicking."

Again, December 25, 1795, this entry is made in her diary:

"Called Christmas day. Many attend religiously to this day; others spend it in riot and dissipation. We (the Quakers) as a people make no more account of it than any other day."

Finally, in time the "frolicking" which Elizabeth Drinker disapproved of, took on the form of the old English mummers. The masque of "St. George and the Dragon" was imported, but materially altered to suit local conditions. The chief characters in "St. George and the Dragon" were "St. George" himself, "Little Devil Doubt," and "Beelzebub." In the Philadelphia ver-



sion "St. George" became "George Washington," while "Cooney Cracker" took the place of "Little Devil Doubt." "Beelzebub" continued to be "Beelzebub."

In the original one of the principal rhymes was:

In comes I, old Father Beelzebub,  
And on my shoulders I carry a club,  
And in my hand I carry a can—  
Don't you think I'm a jolly old man?  
As jolly as I am, Christmas comes but once a year;  
Now's the time for roast beef, plum pudding, mince pie, and  
strong beer.

In the Philadelphia version the doggerel began as follows:

Here comes I, old Beelzebub,  
On my shoulders I carry a club,  
In my hand a dripping pan,  
Don't you think I'm a jolly old man? etc.

In the English version "Little Devil Doubt" has said:

In comes I, Little Devil Doubt;  
If you don't give me money I'll sweep you out!  
Money I want, and money I crave;  
If you don't give me money I'll sweep you to your grave.

But "Cooney Cracker" had this to say in the local version:

Here comes I, old Cooney Cracker!  
I swear to God my wife chews terbacker!  
A pipe is good; cigars are better;  
When I get married I'll send you a letter.

"George Washington's" remarks began:

Here am I, great Washington!  
On my shoulder I carry a gun.



Of that period a local writer has said: "It was considered the proper thing in those days to give the leading mummer a few pence as dole, which, in the language of the present day, they would 'pool,' and buy cakes and beer. It was also regarded as the right thing to do to invite them into the house and regale them with mulled cider, or small beer, and home-made cakes."

One more phase of the old-time Christmas—the regard for the poor and unfortunate. There was the philanthropic side, as there is now. We find in the minutes of the vestry of Christ Church, 1761, the following:

"Mrs. Mary Andrews left, by will, to the minister and church wardens of Christ Church £10 yearly to be distributed at Christmas by William Peters, his heirs and assigns, among such poor families of the city of Philadelphia as are not on the poor roll."

In the Commonplace Book of Dr. Benjamin Rush, December 25, 1796, we find this interesting entry:

"This day sent the following note to the prisoners in the jail: 'Peter Brown, Robert Wharton, Mrs. Susannah Bradford and Dr. Rush request the prisoners in the new jail under sentence of confinement and labor to accept of a dinner on turkeys as a proof that they are still remembered in their present suffering condition by some of their fellow-creatures. They hope they will be led by this small present on this anniversary day of the birth of their Saviour to consider the infinite love of God to their souls in sending his son into the world to redeem them from all evil, and to introduce them when penitent into a state of everlasting rest and happiness.'"

And thus was spent Christmas in the days of our forefathers. Not so very different, after all, from the Christmas of the sons in this year of grace 1909! Surely there is nothing new under the sun. So let us

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall;  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.





## HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

BY BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, Assistant Historian of the Church

### CHAPTER XI

#### THE PUBLICATION OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

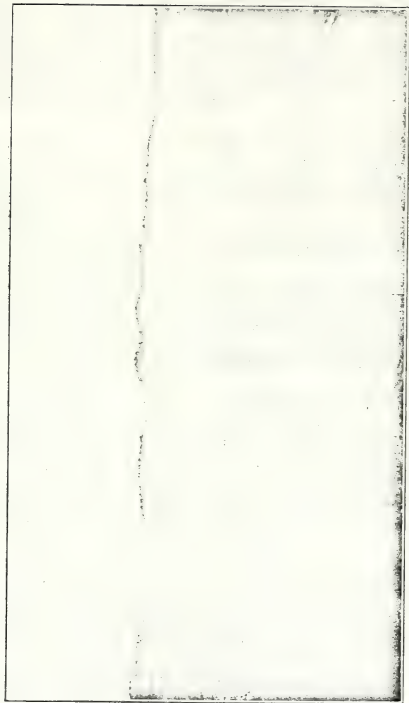
**A**FTER the Book of Mormon was translated some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a publisher. Mr. Egbert B. Grandin of Palmyra, publisher of the "*Wayne Signal*," was asked to undertake the printing of the book; but at that time he refused to undertake the work. According to a statement made by Mr. Thurlow Weed, publisher of the "*Rochester Telegraph*," Joseph Smith, in company with Martin Harris called upon him and endeavored to persuade him to publish the book.

Mr. Weed declined on the ground that he was only publishing a newspaper, but recommended the Prophet to a friend who was engaged in publishing books.<sup>1</sup> This, doubtless, was Mr. Elihu F. Marshall, also of Rochester. He gave his terms for printing and binding the book, and was willing to accept Martin Harris as security.<sup>2</sup> As it would be more convenient, however, for the Prophet and his friends to have the printing done at Palmyra, so much nearer the Smith home, Mr. Grandin was applied to

1. The letter of Mr. Weed is published in "New Light on Mormonism," by Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson, grand niece of Solomon Spaulding. The letter is in the Appendix to the book, pages 260-261, and bears date of April 12, 1880. It would seem that the prophet made two calls upon Mr. Weed, first alone, at which time he had an extended interview with this gentleman in relation to the Book of Mormon; and the second time, in company with Martin Harris, who, Mr. Weed states, offered to be security for payment of the cost of publication. Evidently the Prophet's personal appearance impressed Mr. Weed favorably for of him, in the letter here considered, he says: "He seemed about thirty years of age, was compactly built, about five feet eight inches in height, had regular features and would impress one favorably in conversation." Mr. Weed also writes a brief introduction to Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson's work, who poses as "a representative of the Spaulding family."

2. "Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism," (Tucker) p. 52.





VIEW OF MARTIN HARRIS' FARM

About 1½ miles north of Palmyra, N. Y., mortgaged to secure printing the Book of Mormon



again, and finally agreed to print and bind an edition of five thousand copies of the book for three thousand dollars, Martin Harris becoming security for the payment of that sum.<sup>3</sup>

As soon as arrangements were completed for publishing the book, the Prophet Joseph started for Harmony, Pennsylvania, but before his departure he left the following directions to be followed respecting the work of printing:

“First, that Oliver Cowdery should transcribe the whole manuscript.

“Second, that he should take but one copy at a time to the office, so that if one copy should get destroyed there would be a copy remaining.

“Third, that in going to and from the [printing] office, he should always have a guard to attend him, for the purpose of protecting the manuscript.

“Fourth, that a guard should be kept constantly on the watch, both night and day, about the house to protect the manuscript from malicious persons who would infest the house for the purpose of destroying the manuscript. All these things were strictly attended to as the Lord had commanded Joseph.”<sup>4</sup>

These precautions relative to the manuscript of the book account for the existence of two manuscript copies of it. Oliver Cowdery, during the time that the type setting and printing was going on, made a copy from the original manuscript for the use of the printer, day by day, carefully keeping the original in his possession at the home of the Smiths, so that if peradventure a day's copy sent to the printer should be destroyed or stolen it would be copied again from the original.<sup>5</sup>

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3. In Kennedy's *Early Days of Mormonism*, that writer says that Harris gave his bond and a "mortgage on his farm," for the \$3,000. "As Mrs. Harris refused to be a party to the transaction, an agreement of separation between herself and husband was arranged. She received her share of the estate, some eighty acres of land and the farm house." *"Early Days of Mormonism"* (Scribners, 1888) p. 50. There is nothing in our Church annals, however, which confirms the statement that a mortgage was taken on the farm, beyond the declaration that Harris became security for the payment of \$3,000 to the printer.

4. "History of the Prophet Joseph (Lucy Smith)" ch. xxxi.

5. According to a letter written by J. N. T. Tucker, who claims to have been a practical printer in Grandin's establishment, while the Book of Mormon was in the course of printing, relates how "after putting one sheet in type, we [the printers] laid it aside, and told Martin Harris it was lost, and there would be a serious defection in the book, unless another sheet like the original could be produced." This is represented as throwing Martin Harris into "quite an excitement." "After two or



It is said by Mr. Gilbert, Grandin's forman printer and chief compositor on the Book of Mormon, that the manuscript as sent to him was neither capitalized nor punctuated, and that the capitalization and punctuation in the first edition was done by him. This statement, however, can only be true in part, as an examination of the printer's manuscript will prove; for that manuscript is very well capitalized and, in the main, capitalized in the hand writing of Oliver Cowdery. Mr. Gilbert may have capitalized and punctuated to some extent, but it is clear that he did not do all of it, or even the main part of it, as will appear from a *fac simile* of part of one of the pages of the manuscript prepared by Oliver Cowdery, and presented in this chapter, and which the experienced printer will recognize as "good copy."<sup>6</sup>

The printer's manuscript, after it had served its purpose, was evidently taken possession of by Oliver Cowdery, while the original manuscript remained in the possession of the Prophet, and was by him, on the 2d of October, 1841, in the presence of a number of Elders, deposited in the northwest cornerstone of the Nauvoo House—then building—with a number of coins, papers and books, in a cavity made in the cornerstone for that purpose.<sup>7</sup>

three weeks," continues Mr. Tucker, "another sheet was produced, but no more like the original than any other sheet of paper would have been, written over by a common school boy, after having read, as they did, the manuscript preceding and succeeding the lost sheet." All of which, except perhaps the sequestration of the sheet of the manuscript in question, is sheer fabrication, since no such thing could occur when the Prophet had taken the precaution to keep the original manuscript in the hands of his friends, and send only a copy to the printer. (See *New Witness for God*, Vol. II, p. 124, Bennett's Mormonism exposed, p. 122.)

6. I am enabled to present this *fac simile* by courtesy of Mr. Fred M. Smith, of the so-called "Reorganized Church of Latter-day Saints." The writer saw and examined the printer's manuscript in the possession of David Whitmer in 1884, and again examined it in June, 1909, and speaks from personal knowledge on this point in the text.

7. Among those present when the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon was deposited in the cornerstone of the Nauvoo House, was Elder Warren Foote, who made an entry of the fact in his journal, in which he says: "I was standing very near the cornerstone, when Joseph Smith came up with the manuscript of the Book of Mormon and said he wanted to put that in there, as he had had trouble enough with it. It appeared to be written on Fool's Cap paper, and was about three inches in thickness" (*New Witness for God*, Vol. II, p. 127). Also Ebenezer Robinson, one time associated Editor of the "*Times and Seasons*," published in Nauvoo, (Mormon periodical) in a monthly periodical published by him in Davis City, Iowa, (1890) called "*The Return*," relates the same circumstance, as follows: "After the brethren had assembled at the southeast corner of the foundation, where the cornerstone was to be laid, President Joseph Smith said: 'Wait, brethren, I have a document I wish to put in that stone,' and started for his house, which was only a few rods away, across Main Street. I went with him to the house, and also one or two





The Nauvoo House was never completed; and after its unfinished walls had stood unprotected for a number of years and were crumbling to decay, they were taken down, the foundations were torn up and the excellent building stone of which they were made sold for use in other buildings in and about Nauvoo. During the process of taking up the foundations, the deposits in the northwest cornerstone were uncovered. The manuscript had been almost ruined by the dampness, and but little of it remained that could be preserved. Some portion of that—pages numbered from three to twenty-two, inclusive—finally found their way into the hands of Joseph F. Smith, now President of the Church, and he has it in his possession to this day.<sup>8</sup>

The printers' copy of the manuscript, after it had served its purpose, was evidently taken possession of by Oliver Cowdery, who, in 1850, a little before his death, which occurred at Richmond, Missouri, in March of that year, gave that copy into the possession of David Whitmer, his fellow witness to the truth of the Book of Mormon. David Whitmer guarded the manuscript entrusted to him with great care up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1888. Some years ago it was deposited with the President of the "Reorganized Church of Latter-day Saints," son of the Prophet Joseph, by the grandson of David Whitmer, George Schweich, and Mr. Smith now (1909) has it in his possession at Independence, Missouri.

Referring back to the precautions taken in respect of the manuscript during the process of printing the book, it may be thought that they were not only extraordinary but unnecessary. The experience of the Prophet, however, in the matter of keeping possession of the plates of the Book of Mormon, and the efforts

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other brethren. He got a manuscript copy of the Book of Mormon, and brought it into the room where we were standing, and said: "I will examine to see if it is all here," and as he did so I stood near him, at his left side, and saw distinctly the writing, as he turned up the pages until he hastily went through the book and satisfied himself that it was all there. \* \* \* It was written on foolscap paper, and formed a package, as the sheets lay flat, of about two or two and a half inches thick, I should judge. It was written mostly in Oliver Cowdery's handwriting, with which I was intimately acquainted, having set many pages of type from his handwriting, in the church printing office at Kirtland, Ohio. Some parts of it were written in other handwriting. He took the manuscript and deposited it in the cornerstone of the Nauvoo House, together with other papers and things, including different pieces of United States coin." *"The Return,"* Volume II, pp. 314-15.

8. November, 1909. See "New Witnesses for God," Vol. II, pp. 128-9.



that were made to take them from him, together with the loss of the one hundred and sixteen pages of manuscript he had entrusted to Martin Harris, taught him caution. It is well it did, for having failed in their efforts to wrest the plates from him, several conspiracies were formed by his enemies to obtain the manuscript of the book and prevent its publication.<sup>9</sup> And notwithstanding all the precautions taken an enemy nearly succeeded in publishing the book in garbled form before the printing of it was completed. An ex-justice of the peace by the name of Cole, usually called "Esquire Cole," started to publish a weekly periodical which he called "Dogberry Paper on Winter Hill." In his prospectus he promised his subscribers to publish one form of "Joe Smith's Gold Bible" each week, and thus furnish them with the principal part of the book without their being obliged to purchase it from the Smiths. The "Dogberry Paper" was printed at Mr. Grandin's establishment, where the Book of Mormon was being printed, and as the press was employed all the time except at night and on Sundays, Mr. Cole printed his paper at those times. This arrangement also enabled him for a time to keep what he was doing from the knowledge of the Prophet and his associates; and it is said that several numbers of his paper containing portions from the Book of Mormon which he had pilfered, were published before his rascality was found out. Joseph, who was at Harmony, in Pennsylvania, was sent for, and on arriving at Palmyra quietly but firmly asserted his copyrights which he had been careful to secure, and Mr. Cole gave up his attempt to publish the book or any portion of it. After settling this difficulty Joseph again returned to Pennsylvania, only to be again summoned to Palmyra to quiet the fears of his publisher, Mr. Grandin, who had been made fearful that the Prophet would not be able to meet his obligations for printing the book. The people in the vicinity of Palmyra had held meetings and passed resolutions not to purchase the Book of Mormon if it ever issued from the press. They appointed a committee to wait upon Mr. Grandin and explain to him the evil consequences which would result to him because of the resolutions they had passed

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9. "History of the Prophet Joseph (Lucy Smith)," Ch. xxxii and xxxiii.



not to buy the books when published, which would render it impossible for "the Smiths" to meet their obligations to him. They persuaded him to stop printing and Joseph was again sent for. On the Prophet's arrival he called upon Mr. Grandin in company with Martin Harris, and together they gave the publisher such assurance of their ability to meet their obligation to him that printing was resumed.<sup>10</sup>

There had been some doubts, however, during the winter that the book was in the press, even among the Prophet's friends, as to the ability of Martin Harris to sell a portion of his farm to pay for the printing by the time the book should be finished. According to David Whitmer some of the Brethren complained of the slowness of Harris in disposing of part of his farm in order to raise the money. Hyrum Smith is represented by David Whitmer as saying that it had been suggested to him that some of the brethren might go to Toronto, Canada, and sell the copyright of the book for considerable money, that is, sell the right to publish the book in the Canadian provinces, not dispose of the copyright absolutely. He persuaded Joseph to inquire of the Lord, with the result, as David states it, that he "received a revelation that some of the brethren should go to Toronto, Canada, and they would sell the copyright." Accordingly, Oliver Cowdery and Hiram Page, the latter being one of the Eight Witnesses, went to Canada to sell the copyright, but failed. David Whitmer represents that this failure threw the little group of believers into great trouble, and they went to the Prophet and asked him to account for the failure. The Prophet frankly acknowledged his inability to understand the cause of the failure, and inquired of the Lord. He received for answer—according to Whitmer—this: "Some revelations are of God: some revelations are of man: and some revelations are of the devil." Of course, this statement rests solely upon the testimony of David Whitmer, so far as this writer knows; and whether his narrative represents the incident with absolute accuracy or not there is no means of determining. His pamphlet, in which the circumstance is detailed, was not published until 1887, fifty-seven years after the event took place; and the possibility of inaccuracy in some part of the statement

10. "History of the Prophet Joseph, by Lucy Smith," Ch. xxxiii.



—which might materially affect the case—is at least considerable. Historical candor, however, requires that the incident should be stated here, and the authority given upon which it rests.”

In March, 1830, a revelation was received severely reproving Martin Harris for his evident lack of zeal in meeting the obligation he had contracted with the printer, Mr. Grandin. “I command thee,” said the revelation to Martin Harris, “that thou shalt not covet thine own property, but impart it freely to the printing of the Book of Mormon, which contains the truth and the word of God. \* \* \* Impart a portion of thy property; yea, even part of thy lands, and all save the support of thy family. Pay the debt thou hast contracted with the printer. Release thyself from bondage.”<sup>11</sup>

Thus from start to finish, difficulty and likelihood of failure beset the coming forth of this book. At last, however, every obstacle was surmounted, every difficulty overcome, every device of the enemy thwarted; it issued from the press early in the spring of 1830, and the printer was paid. It was published—a five thousand edition of it. Henceforth, thanks to the great art preservative—printing—it would be indestructable. It was destined to pass through very many editions in the English language. How many it is impossible to say. It can be followed through ten or twelve editions in the United States and England, then succession of editions are not traceable because of the use of electrotyped plates, and various missions using them. Some idea of the demand for the book may be formed when it can be stated that the Church missions in the United States alone, in 1908, according to official reports, sold over twenty thousand copies of the book.

It has been translated and published in fourteen foreign languages. Into the Danish, in 1851; “into Welsh, French, German and Italian in 1852; Hawaiian, 1855; Swedish, 1878; Spanish, 1886; Maori, 1889; Dutch, 1890; Samoan, 1903; since 1903, in Tahitian and Armenian;” and in Japanese in 1909.

In several of these languages it has passed through a number

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11. “Address to all Believers in Christ,” p. 31. See also Note at close of this chapter.

12. Doctrine & Covenants, Sec. xix.





of editions, and all told, it has been published by the hundreds of thousands.<sup>13</sup>

It has also been translated into Hebrew, Hindoostanee, and Greek, making seventeen languages in all. In the latter two it will soon issue from the press.

NOTE: THE TORONTO JOURNEY INCIDENT

In the text of this chapter, attention is called to the fact that our knowledge of the "Toronto Journey Incident" rests solely upon the testimony of David Whitmer, and the possibility is suggested of his misapprehending some detail of the matter, which might, if accurately known, put the incident in an entirely new light. That, however, is but conjecture; and while the possibility and even probability of misapprehension by Whitmer is great, still the incident must be considered as it is presented by him, since his testimony may not be set aside.

In that view of the case we have here an alleged revelation received by the Prophet, through the "Seer Stone," directing or allowing men to go on a mission to Canada, which fails of its purpose; namely, the sale of the copyright of the Book of Mormon in Canada. Then in explanation of the failure of that revelation, the Prophet's announcement that all revelations are not of God; some are of men and some even from evil sources. The question presented by this state of facts is: May this Toronto incident and the Prophet's explanation be accepted and faith still be maintained in him as an inspired man, a prophet. I answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative. The revelation respecting the Toronto journey was not of God, surely, else it would not have failed; but the Prophet, overwrought in his deep anxiety for the progress of the work, saw reflected in the "Seer Stone" his own thought, or that suggested to him by his brother Hyrum, rather than the thought of God. Three things are to be taken into account in all mental phenomenon, at least by theists, and especially by Christian theists. One is the fact that the mind of man is an intelligent entity, capable of thought, of originating ideas; conscious of self and of not self; capable of deliberation and of judgment—in a word, man is a self determining intelligence. But while man is all this, and has power to will and to do things of himself, still he is also susceptible to suggestion; to suggestions from his associates, and all Christians believe, susceptible to suggestions and impressions from

13. Article in "Improvement Era," May, 1909, by Joseph F. Smith, Jr., Assistant Church Historian.



God through the Holy Spirit—"there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." (Job); and to those who believe in the Bible account of the fallen angels—"who kept not their first estate" (Jude 6, 9; also II Peter 2:4); and whose chieftain, Satan, "deceiveth the whole world," (Rev. xii 710); to those it is not incredible that these reprobate spirits also at times should, by thought-power, make evil suggestions to the mind of man. These are the principles recognized in the answer—"some revelations are of God; some revelations are of men; and some revelations are of the devil"—of Joseph Smith to his questioning disciples; and in this instance of the Toronto journey, Joseph was evidently not directed by the inspiration of the Lord. Does that circumstance vitiate his claim as a prophet? No; the fact remains that despite this circumstance there remains a long list of events to be dealt with which will establish the fact of divine inspiration operating upon the mind of this man Joseph Smith. The wisdom frequently displayed, the knowledge revealed, the predicted events and the fulfillment thereof, are explicable upon no other theory than of divine inspiration giving guidance to him.

Then there must be taken into account the probable purpose of God in permitting the Toronto misadventure, the lesson he would teach through it. How important for the Prophet's disciples to know that not every voice heard by the spirit of man is the voice of God; that not every impression made upon the mind is an impression from a divine source. There are other influences in this God's world than divine influences. There are men—originated influences, and even satanic influences, as well as divine influences. It was important that these disciples be made aware of these facts, that they may not stumble in matters of grave concerns. How impressive the object lesson in this Toronto journey incident! The matter of the journey itself, and its object, were of small importance, but the lesson that came out of the experience was of great moment. It concerned the Prophet as well as his followers to learn that lesson. It is to the Prophet's credit that he submitted the matter to God for the solution. It is doubly to his credit that he boldly gave the answer received to his disciples, though it involved humiliation to him. But one will say, what becomes of certainty even in matters of revelation and divine inspiration if such views as these are to obtain? The answer is that absolute certainty, except as to fundamental things, the great things that concern man's salvation, may not be expected. Here, indeed, that is in things fundamental, we have the right to expect the solid rock not shifting sands, and God gives that certainty. But in matters that do not



involve fundamentals, in matters that involve questions of administration and policy, the way in which God's servants go about things; in all such matters we may expect more or less of uncertainty, even errors; manifestations of unwisdom, growing out of human limitations. Would absolute certainty be desirable? "Know ye not that we walk by faith; not by sight." is Paul's statement. From which I infer that this very uncertainty in the midst of which we walk by faith, is the very means of our education. What mere automaton men would become if they found truth machine-made, of cast-iron stiffness, and limited, that is to say, finite, instead of being as we now find it, infinite and elusive, and attainable only by the exertion of every power known to mind and heart of man, with constant alertness to ward off deception and mistake!

## CHAPTER XII

### AN ANALYSIS OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

The Prophet Joseph Smith's own summary of the contents of the Book of Mormon is doubtless the very best that can be made, in a brief statement, and for that reason is here quoted from his letter to Mr. John Wentworth of the *Chicago Democrat*, 1842:

"In this important and interesting book, the history of ancient America is unfolded, from its first settlement by a colony that came from the Tower of Babel, at the confusion of languages to the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian Era. We are informed by these records that America in ancient times has been inhabited by two distinct races of people. The first were called Jaredites, and came directly from the Tower of Babel. The second race came directly from the city of Jerusalem, about six hundred years before Christ. They were principally Israelites, of the descendants of Joseph. The Jaredites were destroyed about the time that the Israelites came from Jerusalem, who succeeded them in the inheritance of the country. The principal nation of the second race fell in battle towards the close of the fourth century. The remnant are the Indians that now inhabit this country. This book also tells us that our Savior made His appearance upon this continent after His resurrection; that He planted the Gospel here in all its fulness, and richness and power, and blessing; that they had apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers and evangelists; the same order, the same priesthood, the same



ordinances, gifts, powers and blessings, as were enjoyed on the eastern continents, that the people were cut off in consequence of their transgressions, that the last of their prophets who existed among them was commanded to write an abridgement of their prophecies, history, etc., and to hide it up in the earth, and that it should come forth and be united with the Bible for the accomplishment of the purposes of God in the last days."

The several purposes for which the book was compiled by Mormon and his son Moroni, are perhaps best stated on the title page of the book found on the gold plates, and written by Moroni himself, as follows:

The Book of Mormon: An account written by the hand of Mormon upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi.

Wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites who are a remnant of the house of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile; written by way of commandment, and also by the Spirit of prophecy and of revelation. Written and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof; sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God.

An abridgment taken from the Book of Ether also; which is a record of the people of Jared; who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to heaven; which is to shew unto the remnant of the House of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off forever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that *Jesus* is the *Christ*, the *Eternal God*, manifesting himself unto all nations. And now if there are faults, they are the mistakes of men: Wherefore condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of Christ.<sup>1</sup>

Of this preface Joseph Smith says: "The title page of the Book of Mormon is a literal translation taken from the very last leaf, on the left hand side of the collection or book of plates, which contained the record which has been translated, the

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1. Hist. of the Church, Vol. I, p. 71; and also title page of Book of Mormon.









into a land which I have called the land of the south & there will I bless  
thee & thy seed & raise up unto me. I have called the seed of thy brother & they  
which I shall go with thee & great nations there shall be more greater than the  
nation which I will raise up unto me of thy seed upon all the face of the earth  
& thus I will do unto thee because ~~of~~ <sup>for</sup> this long time which ye have lived without me & I  
came to pass that I said to the brother & sister families also the friendship I have to his brother  
& their families went down into the wells which was in the country the name of the wells  
was Shinarad being called after the mighty heavenly man, the which they  
had gathered together unto to build a city kind & they did also lay a name & build  
pools of the air & they did also build a wall in the which they did carry up from  
the side of the mountain to the other way with them. I describe which by interpreted



language of the whole running the same as all Hebrew writing in general (i. e. from right to left); and that said title page is by no means a modern composition."

With reference to its construction the Book of Mormon separates into three divisions:

*First Division:* "The small Plates of Nephi," a record kept upon gold plates made by the first Nephi, upon which he purposed to record and have recorded more especially the work of the holy ministry among the Nephites, the prophecies of the coming of the Messiah in the flesh, and the exhortations to righteousness by the prophets who should arise among his people. As compared with his plates on which he designed to have recorded the secular history of his people, the first plates above mentioned were small, and doubtless comparatively few in number, hence their name—"The Smaller Plates of Nephi." The historical data contained in these small plates of Nephi, extends over a period of about four hundred years, or from the departure of Lehi from Jerusalem to the reign of King Benjamin. But chiefly these plates were filled with prophecies and exhortations to righteousness, and many transcriptions from the writings of Isaiah, and other prophets, while historical data—though sufficient to give a general idea of the movement of Lehi's colony, and the subsequent march of events among the peoples that sprang from that colony—are meager.

The translation of these small plates in current editions, occupies the first one hundred and fifty-seven pages of the Book of Mormon. The books of this first division are six in number, viz: I Nephi, II Nephi, Book of Jacob, Book of Enos, Book of Jarome, Book of Omni. Though there are but six books in this division there are nine writers, as follows:

The first Nephi, who writes one hundred and twenty-seven and a half pages<sup>2</sup> of the one hundred and fifty-seven in this division.

Jacob, brother of Nephi, twenty-one and a half pages.

Zenos, son of the above Jacob, two and one half pages.

Jarom, son of the above Zenos, two pages.

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2. One hundred and fifty-one in the first edition.



In the Book of Omni there are but three and one half pages, but there are five writers, each of whom records merely a few lines:

Omni, son of the above Jarom;  
Amaron, son of the above Omni;  
Chemish, brother of the above Amaron;  
Abinadom, son of Chemish;  
Amaleki, son of the above Abinadom.

Amaleki, writes about two and a half pages out of the three pages and a half comprising the book of Omni, and gives the important information concerning the second hegira of the righteous Nephites, their union with the people of Zarahemla and the formation of the Nephite-Zarahemla nation.

Although there are nine writers in this division of the Book of Mormon, the writing is chiefly done by the first two, as will be seen by the above statement.

*Second Division:* Mormon's Abridgment of the Large Plates of Nephi comprises the second division of the Book of Mormon. This is a condensed record made from the various books written or engraved upon the "Large Plates of Nephi," which plates, it will be remembered, were made by the first Nephi, as well as the "Smaller Plates of Nephi," that upon them might be recorded the secular history of the people, their wars and contentions, their affairs of government and the migrations of their people. This part of the Book of Mormon is the work of one man, Mormon, from whom this whole record of the Nephites takes its name, and yet the abridgment of Mormon occupies but 390 1-2 out of 623 pages; his own book bearing his own name, makes 15 1-2 pages—making in all 406 out of the 623 pages which comprise the whole book.<sup>3</sup>

The style of Mormon's abridgment is very complicated. It consists mainly of his condensation of the various books which he found engraven upon the Larger Plates of Nephi—the Book of Mosiah, Book of Alma, Helaman, III Nephi, IV Nephi, etc. Because Mormon retained the names of these respective books to his abridgment of them, many readers of the Book of Mor-

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3. That is of the current editions of the book. The references in the analysis throughout are to current editions.





mon have been led to suppose that there was a separate writer for each book, overlooking the fact that these books, so-called, in the Book of Mormon, are but brief abridgments of the original books bearing those names. Occasionally, however, Mormon came upon passages in the original annals that pleased him so well that he transcribed them verbatim into the record he was writing.

The modern method of writing would be, of course, to make the abridgment of Mormon the regular text of the book, put the verbatim quotations from the old Nephite books that were being abridged within quotation marks, and throw the occasional remarks or comments of the abridger into foot notes. But these devices in literary work were not known, apparently, among the Nephites.

After completing his abridgment of the books written upon the Larger Plates of Nephi, down to his own day, Mormon made a record of the things which came under his own observation, and engraved them upon the Larger Plates of Nephi, and called that the Book of Mormon; but upon the plates on which he had engraven his abridgment of all the books found in the Larger Plates, and which he had made with his own hands, he recorded but a brief account of the things which he had witnessed among his people, and that, too, he called the Book of Mormon.<sup>4</sup> It occupies fourteen and a half pages; which, with the other three hundred and ninety and one-half pages, as above stated, makes four hundred and five pages of the Book of Mormon written by the hand of Mormon.

*Third Division:* The third division of the Book of Mormon is made up to the writings of Moroni, the son of Mormon. He finishes the record of his father, Mormon, in which he occupies seven and a half pages. After that he abridges the history of the people of Jared, who were led from the Tower of Babel to the north continent of the western hemisphere, and whose record was found by a branch of the Nephite people. This abridged history of the Jaredites occupies thirty-eight pages, and in character of composition is much like the complex style of Mormon's abridgment of the Nephite records. It was modeled doubtless after that work.

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4. Mormon was born about the year 311 A. D., and was killed by the Lamanites after delivering his writings to his son Moroni, about 385, A. D.



Then follows his own book, the Book of Moroni, which occupies fifteen and a half pages, making in all sixty-one pages written by Moroni.

The following is a summary of the three divisions:

1. Direct translation from the Small Plates of Nephi, nine writers, (of whom two write 149 of the 157 pages) .....	157	pages
2. Mormon's abridgment of the various books written upon the Large Plates of Nephi.....	390½	pages
3. Mormon's personal account of events that occurred in his own day.....	14½	pages
4. Moroni's writings—completion of his father's record, abridgment of the Jaredite History, his own book, called the Book of Moroni.....	61	pages
Total.....	623	pages

The total number of writers in the Book of Mormon is eleven, of whom four do the principal part of the writing, these are the First Nephi, Jacob, Mormon and Moroni.

Such is the Book of Mormon as to its construction—the number of its writers, and the style employed in the parts that are abridgments from the larger records of the Nephites and Jaredites.<sup>5</sup>

The evidences for the truth of the Book of Mormon are both external and internal.

### *Summary of External Evidence*

The external evidences include the testimony of the Three Witnesses and of the Eight Witnesses. Their testimony has already been considered. The testimony of American Antiquities is appealed to by those who accept the claims of the Book as genuine. The testimony is summarized as follows:

1. Beyond question the ruined cities and temples and other monuments of antiquity, found in many parts of America, fur-

5. For a more complete analysis of the Book of Mormon, treating of migrations, inter-continental movements, governments, religions, civilization, and evidences of its truth, external and internal, see the writer's "New Witnesses for God," Vol. II and III.



nish the most positive evidence that in ancient times the western world was occupied by great and civilized races of men—conditions that are described in the Book of Mormon.

2. The monuments of this civilization are found where the Book of Mormon requires them to be located.

3. The monumental evidence is to the effect that successive civilizations have existed in America in ancient times; and the older civilization has left the most enduring monuments—a condition required by the Book of Mormon accounting for things.

4. The chief centre of this ancient American civilization, and its oldest and most enduring monuments, are in Central America, where the Book of Mormon locates its oldest race of people, and where civilization longest prevailed; and it is also the centre from which civilization, beyond question, extended northward into Mexico, and into the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys—another thing required by the Book of Mormon accounting for things.<sup>6</sup>

5. The evidence exists that these ancient civilizations were overthrown, and were succeeded by a period of barbarism, in which condition, for the most part, the inhabitants of the western hemisphere were found when America was discovered by Europeans in the fifteenth century.

6. The traditions of native American races concerning ancient Bible facts, such as relate to the Creation, the Flood, the Tower of Babel, and the Dispersion of Mankind, etc., sustain the likelihood of the forefathers of our American aboriginies, in very ancient times, being cognizant of such facts either by personal contact with them, or by having a knowledge of them through the Hebrew scriptures, or perhaps through both means. All this is in harmony with what the Book of Mormon makes known concerning the Jaredite and Nephite peoples; for the forefathers of the former people were in personal contact with the building of Babel, the confusion of languages and the dispersion of mankind; while the Nephites, the second colony that came to America, had knowledge of these and many other ancient historical

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6. In making the above summary of external evidence up to this point, Mormon writers are not unaware of the fact that there are some works on American Antiquities whose conclusions would not be in harmony with this summary; but they insist that the preponderance of evidence and also the weight of authorities are in favor of these conclusions.



facts through the Hebrew scriptures which they brought with them to America. This collection consisted of the five books of Moses and a record of the Jews, including the writings of the Prophets, down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah.<sup>7</sup>

7. The native American traditions also preserve the leading historical events detailed in the Book of Mormon. That is, the facts of the Jaredite and Nephite migrations; of the intercontinental movements of Book of Mormon peoples; of the advent and character of Messiah and his ministrations among the people; of the signs of his birth and of his death; of the fact of the Hebrew origin and unity of the race. It is not insisted upon that the evidences which American antiquities afford are absolute proofs of the claims of the Book of Mormon. Mormon writers go no further than to say that there is a tendency of external proof in them; and when this tendency of proof is united with the positive, direct external testimony which God has provided in those Witnesses that he himself has ordained to establish the truth of the Book of Mormon, the Three Witnesses and the Eight, this tendency of proof becomes very strong, and is worthy of most serious attention on the part of those who would investigate the claims of this American volume of Scripture, the Book of Mormon.

### *Summary of Internal Evidences*

The internal evidences of the Book of Mormon consist in the following facts:

1. The book in style and language is consistent with the theory of its construction;
2. It responds to the demands both of unity and diversity in its style, under the theory of its structure;
3. It has all the characteristics of an abridgment, in the parts that are said to be abridgments;
4. It meets all the requirements of the circumstances in the matter of names, originality in names, differences between Jaredite and Nephiet names, and the custom of Hebrew peoples with reference to names;

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7. 1 Nephi, Chapter V.





5. The governments it describes are in harmony with the political principles of the age in which those governments are said to have existed;

6. The events to which importance is given are such as would be expected from the character of its writers;

7. It meets the requirements in originality of structure, manner of coming forth, theory of peopling America, the nativity of its peoples, in its accounting for the knowledge of Christian truths among native races in America, and in its doctrine concerning the purpose of man's earth-life, the Fall and the Atonement of the Christ.

9. Its prophecies, so many and important, so far as the wheels of time have brought them due, are fulfilled, and others are in course of fulfillment;

10. It deals with subjects worthy of God to reveal, and important for man to know;

11. It has an atmosphere about it, a spirit, that bears witness of its truth.

12. And finally it appeals to the psychic force in each individual mind—to the evidence that may arise from the intuitions of the individual soul when seeking truth, by promising that those who out of a sincere heart will ask God if this work is true, shall receive soul-knowledge through the Holy spirit, that it is true.<sup>8</sup>

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8. Book of Mormon, Moroni, Ch. X, 1-5.



## ERRATA OCTOBER NUMBER

- Page 768: Transpose lines two and three.
- Page 773: Third line from top of the page is in foot note 6, margin, transpose.
- Page 779: Follow last line of this page with these words which were omitted:  
*The two friends Knight and Stool when the young Prophet.*
- Page 780: Second line from top after "exhausted" add *Prophet.*
- Page 780: Between second and third line from the top of page insert the following words: *A not improbable reconciliation between the accounts would be that while Mr. Stool was present at the house when. So that the closing statement of this paragraph would be: And now as to the second matter, the absence of the elder Smith and the two friends Knight and Stool when the Young Prophet arrived home, (according to Lucy Smith's account); and the presence of Stool and his taking the plates from the exhausted Prophet. A not improbable reconciliation between the accounts would be to say that while Mr. Stool was present at the house when the Prophet arrived, the other two were absent, or one of them may have been absent. In any event the two or the one absent was sent for to make up the party to go in search of the assailants of Joseph. The details are not more variant than would reasonably be expected, and the variations in details, under the circumstances, by no means weaken the narrative nor discredit the witnesses.*
- Page 786: Foot note second line is omitted, insert the following: *Rector of St. Andrew's Church Philadelphia, published in 1842. Here Prof. An-*  
*The statement will then read: I copy the letter from "Gleanings by the Way," by Rev. John A. Clark, D. D., Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, published in 1842. Here Prof. Anthon's letter is published in full.*
- Page 800: Thirteenth line from bottom of page is inverted, reverse.



## EDITORIAL

AMERICANA is issued monthly by the National Americana Society.

President and Treasurer—DAVID I. NELKE.

Secretary—W. B. GAY.

Editor—FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN.

**I**T seems a sort of injustice to posterity that Charles Dickens should have said everything that could be said about the keeping of Christmas. The graphic pictures he has drawn in "The Chimes," the inimitable "Christmas Carol," and the hardly less wonderful holiday entertainments at Dingley Dell must give pause to all of us who would like to be

CHRISTMAS eloquent over the season. But earnestness is no GREETING mean substitute for originality, and the same things said over and over again are welcome when they respond to the chord that is vibrating in us at the moment. Perhaps there is as much pleasure in a reference to happy utterances long familiar, as in the scrutiny of new combinations which one half fears to accept until authority has endorsed them. The aspiring poet or novelist who strikes out flashes unrelated to our experience, risks being cut dead for his temerity; and any discourse upon an old theme usually depends for the interest created more upon the delicacy and simplicity of its reminders than upon the wit of the writer. There is, in truth, such innate repugnance for novelty that only genius can make it acceptable. And once it has been adopted we like to quote the originator, who becomes thus a sort of brace to our moral supineness; a godfather to our new tastes. The distinction may perhaps be made that the *new* satisfies our intelligence but the *old* moves our feelings. And in everything relating to enjoyment, pleasant associations play the leading part. How much more gratifying, to a natural person, is the meeting with an old friend, than the forming of a new acquaintance! How superior in quality the delight of reviewing occasions of social intercourse known to be charming, to the palpitating excitement of entrance into new scenes possibly containing disappointments and rebuffs! One views askance the arrangement of a new program of his occupation: regarding the introduction of new holi-



days we not unreasonably murmur at their interference with routine. The seeking after more frequent periodical upsets in systems is a sort of mania, characterizing the incapable class, and is not to be sanctioned by the thoughtful. It is only one form of the turbulent discontent that is the national malady. The more holidays one gives himself the less he enjoys them. There is no retribution so sure as that which awaits the shirk; for Nature finally dins in his ears the awful refrain of the eastern religion: "It is better to lie down than to stand up, it is better to die than to be alive."

Save us from the vice of feverishness, of greediness in our pleasures, and give us grace to appreciate the blessed seasons of enjoyment sanctioned by reason, endeared by beautiful associations, and appropriate as an expression of natural social feeling and affection! Of all that civilized nations unite in celebrating none is so strong in its appeal to our proved sources of gratification as the glorious Chirstmas Day. Shear it of its idolatrous character, clear away the dust of superstition, and it gleams serene and bright in its broad humanity; scattering rays of love and hope into corners of misery, and warming frozen hearts to generous deeds. Whatever form the kind impulse takes, whether, as with the practical nature, a great bustle of material benefits becomes the inevitable outflow of good will, or as among the more sensitive, love seeks a less visible way toward waiting hearts, it is the privilege and happiness of all of us that for this one dear day the excuse for relaxation from conventional stiffness is ready found. We have the example and blessing of the Christ whose birth, in the midst of wars and tumults came as Shakespeare so beautifully depicts that of the best of virtues:—"And Pity, like a naked, new-born babe"—we have this everlasting injunction to lay aside egotism, wrath, sorrow and all things repulsive, and join with each other in a mighty effort to make the whole earth happy, for this one day in the year.

Dickens, the modern Christmas apostle, says that Scrooge, after his regeneration, went abroad in the London streets, smelling other people's dinners, greeting strangers, and found that "everything could bring him happiness." Truly, it is this genuine interest in others, this wish to *socialize* (may we coin a





word? It is the first and last offense) that we need to cultivate with all our zeal. Distinctions between people hang on such tiny tacks; they are the outcome of such trivial accidents; certainly for a little space, and in the interest of universal brotherhood, we may manage to ignore them. Despite the dangers of innovation, to which we have already feelingly alluded, we venture to suggest that a great good might grow out of extending the Christmas bond that is already recognized. What if we not only labored to bring happiness to our friends and our family, and to the poor, but to the miserable; to those who are isolate through pride, unknown through misfortune, and wretched through loneliness? What if, in the security of our own comfort, we went abroad and "gathered in" to the warmth and hospitality of our hearts the sunless, sour souls who go about huddled in the rags of their poor unsociability? It is not very much, a smile to a stranger, a soft greeting to a passer-by, a friendly phrase or so dropped from our heights into the great depth of loneliness and sorrow; but it may have consequences beyond our power to estimate. We *owe* this debt of kindness, now that we have outgrown the brute stage where all intercourse is a challenge and a snarl; and let us pay it where it is fully due, at Christmas tide. May the world grow happier, may it grow more friendly, and may we come to recognize and love one another. AMERICANA sends out its warm greeting to its friends, and to those outsiders who may henceforth become friends. A Merry Christmas to rich and poor, to old and young. And more particularly to the children, for they, bless them! seem to have the purest delight of any of us in Christmas Day.

## LITERATURE

Travels of four years and a half in the United States of America. During 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801 and 1802. By John Davis. With an introduction by A. J. Morrison. Henry Holt and Company, New York. Price, \$2.50 net.

In the preface of this quaint and interesting volume, we are told that the author was induced to print his notes of travel by the accidental discovery that the works of some other voyagers who had gone over the some ground, "were wanting in taste,

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a message of congratulatory and encouragement to the Congress, and is signed by Abraham Lincoln.

2. The second part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Interior, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the Interior, and is signed by John P. Kennedy.

3. The third part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Treasury, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the Treasury, and is signed by William A. Richardson.

4. The fourth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the War, and is signed by George B. Frisbie.

5. The fifth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Navy, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the Navy, and is signed by Gustavus Franklin Frisbie.

6. The sixth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Army, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the Army, and is signed by George B. Frisbie.

7. The seventh part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Marine Corps, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the Marine Corps, and is signed by Gustavus Franklin Frisbie.

8. The eighth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and is signed by Gustavus Franklin Frisbie.

9. The ninth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the Smithsonian Institution, and is signed by Gustavus Franklin Frisbie.

10. The tenth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Patent Office, dated January 3, 1862. It is a report on the state of the Department of the Patent Office, and is signed by Gustavus Franklin Frisbie.

incapable of observation, and intent only upon supplying a bill of fare" of their sojourn in strange places. From which we are to conclude that we shall be entertained here in a truly original manner. In truth, the book is exempt from all faults of tediousness and trite detail, and has a winning simplicity and frankness, not only in its glimpses of the nature of the writer but in its portrayal of persons encountered. John Davis seems peculiarly unbiased, and his observations have the value of pen and ink drawings, which are accurate and unflattered. He is sometimes enthusiastic, occasionally severe, but never bitter nor unjust. Certain little scenes stand out with wonderful clearness; such as that between the Quaker and the old soldier, and the interview with the ignoble Charleston "Planter." The old south is depicted with strokes none too tender, but we must acknowledge the faithfulness of the reproduction of the Carolina log houses, as well as of the Virginia homesteads. For this state the writer has great admiration, and a finer eulogium could not be given than the following:

"The higher Virginians seem to venerate themselves as men; and I am persuaded there was not one in company who would have felt embarrassed at being admitted to the presence and conversation of the greatest Monarch on earth. . . . But whatever may be advanced against Virginians, their good qualities will ever outweigh their defects; and when the effervescence of youth has abated, when reason asserts her empire, there is no man on earth who discovers more exalted sentiments, more contempt for baseness, more love of justice, more sensibility of feeling than a VIRGINIAN."

Another enthusiasm is for the American Indian, whom the writer sees with the eyes of the poet, instead of with those of the chronicler. But with the plaintive cry of Logan in our ears we cannot find fault with this partiality. It is offset with excellent sketches of typical characters such as *Dr. Bow*, *Mr. Drayton*, and *Mr. Gallatin*, personalities that evidently belong to experience. The book is one which repays perusal, and may be read more than once, with increase of enjoyment. It is the work of a man of talent, and recalls Smollet and Fielding, without the coarseness of the one or the vindictive satire of the other.



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